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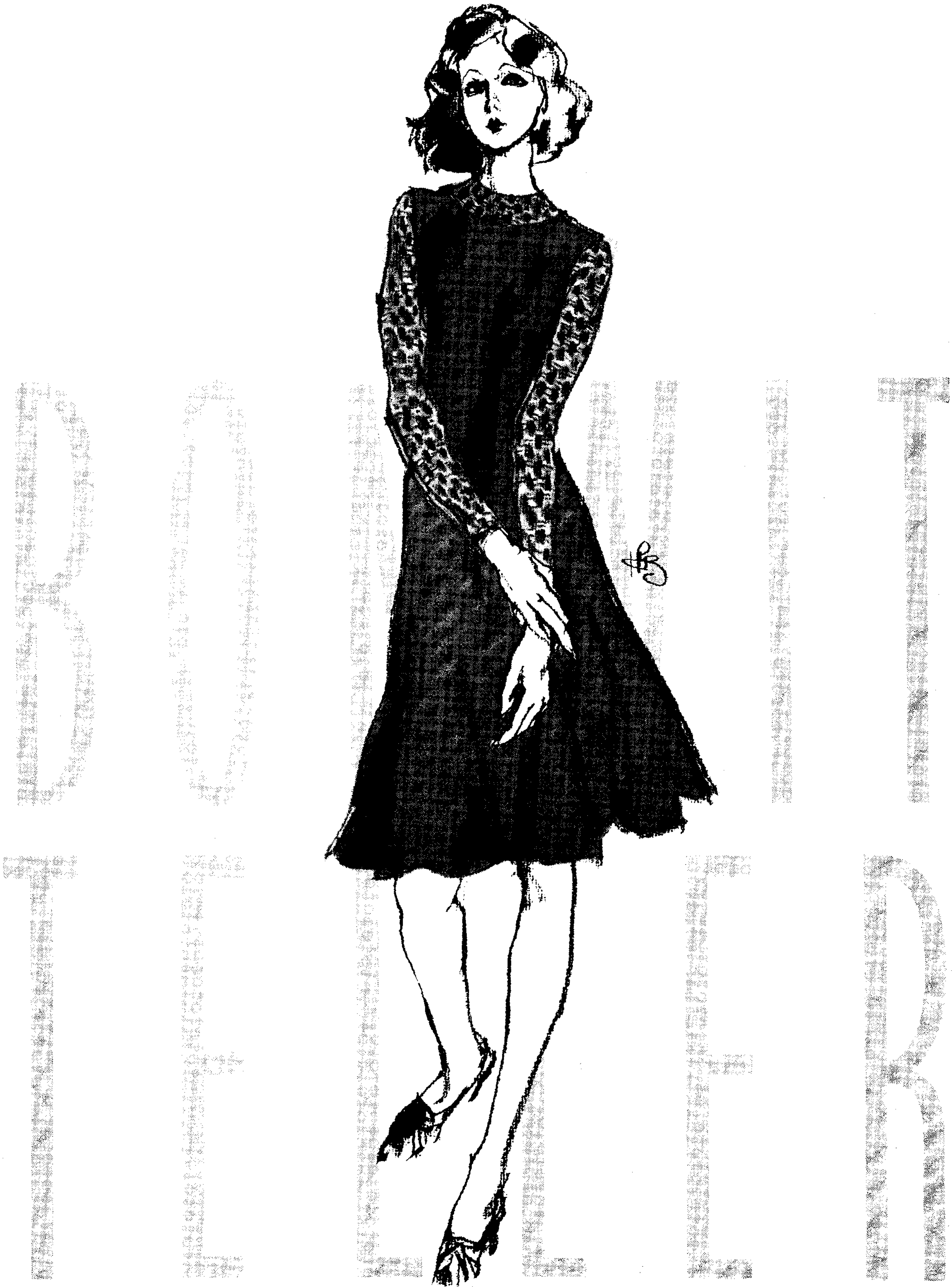

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANNA K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress *if ever there was one, here directs and participates* in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE BAR THAT NEVER CLOSES—A musical with a book by Louisa Rose, lyrics by Miss Rose and John Braswell, and music by Tom Mandel. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BERLIN TO BROADWAY WITH KURT WEILL—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DIE BRÜCKE—Final performances of Georg Buechner's **WOYZECK** will close out a two-week engagement. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 6-8, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2. For tickets, call CI 5-1800.)

BUTLEY—Alan Bates in the best role of his career, as a deteriorating don whose self-loathing becomes an all-out and often extremely funny attack on the entire human race. Written by Simon Gray, who knows a thing or two. (*Morosco, 45th* St., W. *246-6230.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

ANTON CHEKHOV'S GARDEN PARTY—An entertainment taken by Elihu Winer from the works of Chekhov. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

THE CONTRAST—A pesky, campy musical adapted from Royall Tyler's comedy, which was written in 1787. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS—Arthur Miller's first Broadway comedy is not very comic and too much Broadway. Bob Dishy, Stephen Elliott, and Zoe Caldwell do admirably. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DOCTOR SELAVY'S MAGIC THEATRE—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Martin Duberman's play **IN WHITE AMERICA** will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 7, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 17. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE GREAT GOD BROWN and **DON JUAN**—The opening performances of a seven-week (through Sunday, Jan. 21) engagement presented by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. John McMartin in Eugene O'Neill's **THE GREAT GOD BROWN**, directed by Harold Prince: Previews Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, at 7:30. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 10, at 6:45. Other performances Thursday and Friday, Dec. 14-15, at 7:30, and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Paul Hecht in Molière's **DON JUAN**, adapted and directed by Stephen Porter: Previews Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 7:30, and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 11, at 6:45. Other performances Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897.)

GREEN JULIA—A rather silly but lively comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman. James Woods (a good actor) and Fred Grandy (an amusing entertainer) appear as a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST OF MRS. LINCOLN—A play by James

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
"PROPERTY" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 38
"ARISTOTLE CONTEMPLATING THE BUST OF HOMER: AFTER REMBRANDT" (POEM) . . . . *J. D. O'Hara* 40
"THE MILK RUN" . . . . *Christina Stead* 43
"EMBLEM" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Eberhart* 47
PROFILES (A. PHILIP RANDOLPH—II) . . . . *Jervis Anderson* 48
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 109
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 109
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 111
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 112
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHILDREN) 114
A REPORTER AT LARGE (JOHN LENNON AND YOKO ONO) . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 138
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 163
ROCK, ETC. . . . . *Ellen Willis* 169
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 173
BRIEFLY NOTED 176

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

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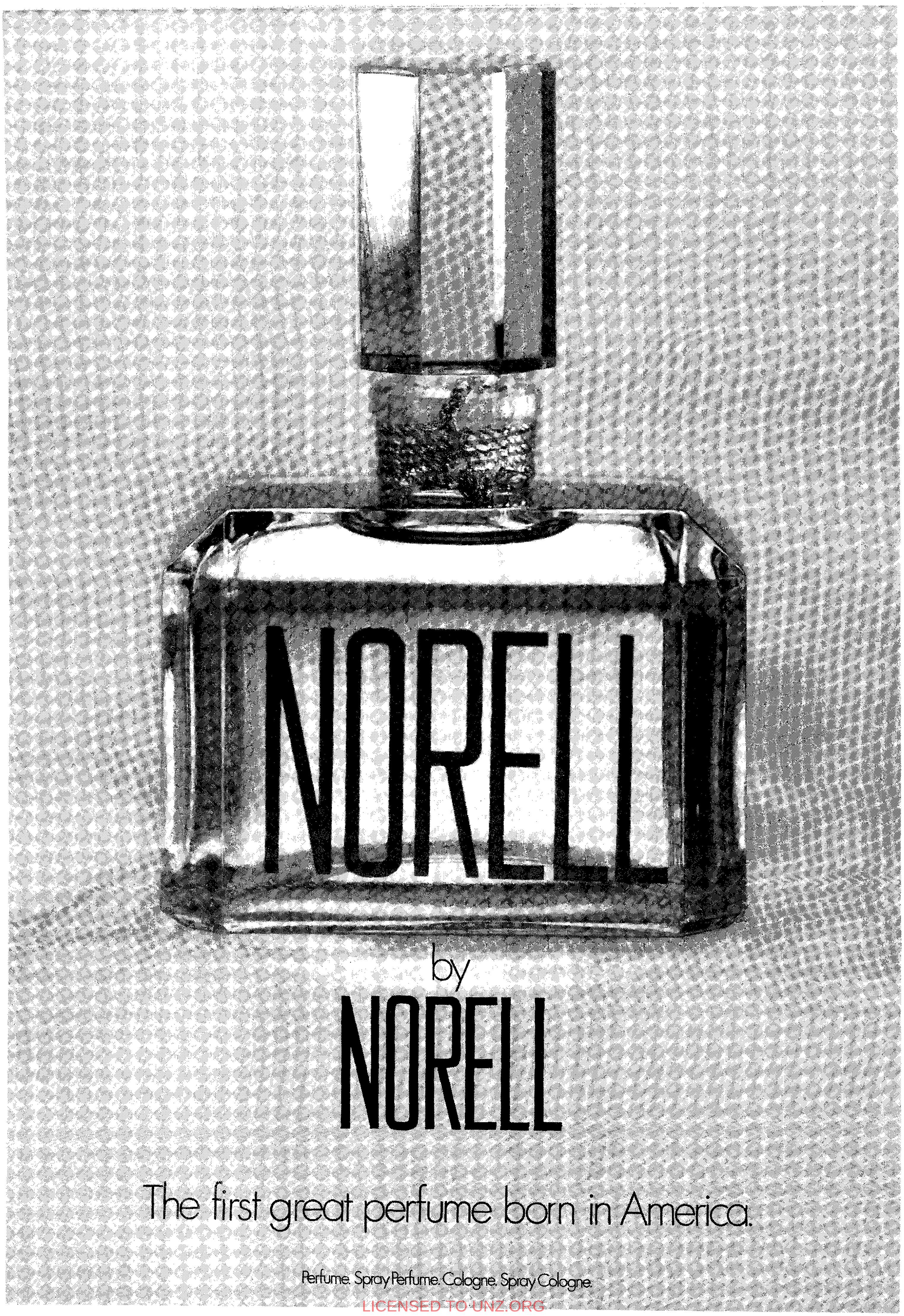

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Prideaux, starring Julie Harris as the *widowed Mary Todd Lincoln.* George Schaefer directed. Previews Thursday through Monday, Dec. 7-11. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 12. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Dec. 11, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mother of Us All—The Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson musical. (Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 369-1577. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—O'Neill's formidable reworking of the Greek legend in nineteenth-century New England terms is given *a superlative production under the direction* of Theodore Mann. Colleen Dewhurst and Pamela Payton-Wright head an able cast. (Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Much Ado About Nothing—High spirits never soared higher. This Shakespeare Festival version of the old comedy is enchanting from first to last. With, among many others, Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Please Don't Cry and Say No—Ethel Ayler heads an all-black cast in a trio of short plays by Townsend Brewster. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Maxim Gorky's play **ENEMIES**, in an English version by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair, directed by Ellis Rabb. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: The final performances of a Beckett festival, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. **NOT I / KRAPP'S LAST TAPE:** Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 2; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 12-13, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, all at 8.... **HAPPY DAYS / ACT WITHOUT WORDS I:** Wednesday, Dec. 6, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 16-17, at 2.

The River Niger—A play by Joseph A. Walker, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. The first in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Say When—A musical with a book and lyrics by Keith Winter and music by Arnold Goland. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sunset—A play by Isaac Babel, translated from the Russian by Mirra Ginsburg and Raymond Rosenthal. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 24.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is *all that any playwright could hope for.* Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee and James Broderick, in the leading roles, and the actors who support them are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,246 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan *production is crummy-colossal.* (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Martha Raye, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8; Friday, Dec. 8, at 4 and 8; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 12-15, at 6; and Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Batsheva Dance Company of Israel—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 6; Thursday matinée, Dec. 7; and Friday evening, Dec. 8: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Three Out of Me," and "Lyric Episodes."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 7: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Moon: Full."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 9: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," and "In the Playground of the Zodiac."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 9, and Sunday matinée, Dec. 10: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "After Eden," and "Strophe-Antistrophe." ...¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 12: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Lyric Episodes," and "Moon: Full."...¶ Wednesday matinée, Dec. 13, and Saturday evening, Dec. 16: "Diversion of Angels," "Transition," and "In the Playground of the Zodiac."...¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 13, and Friday evening, Dec. 15: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Herodiade," and "Strophe-Antistrophe."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 14: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Transition," and "Strophe-Antistrophe."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 16: "In the Playground of the Zodiac," "Herodiade," and "Song of My People." (City Center, 131 W.

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55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 17.)

Darpana Dance Company of India—A troupe of thirty dancers and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8; Thursday, Dec. 7, at 1 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strongmen, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and also Friday, Dec. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Monday, Jan. 1.)

Princeton Triangle Show—Benefit performances of a musical, "Blue Genes," this year's undergraduate production. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Shawn Phillips, who is capable of writing phrases like "non-dimensional plane of joy sublime," will remain through Monday, Dec. 11. Folk singer Jonathan Edwards will come in on Wednesday, Dec. 13. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Guitarist Mark Elf will be in charge of a trio on Wednesday, Dec. 6, and singer Barry Miles and a backup trio will play Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 7-10. Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 11-13, pianist Cedar Walton will lead a trio. On Thursday, Dec. 14, pianist Ray Bryant will bring in his trio. Music from nine to two, except Mondays, when there are soul sessions from eight until two.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Mike Abene, a spirited young pianist, is playing with a bassist. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ray Bryant is at the Steinway, turning out some fine and funky jazz in coöperation with bassist Wilbur Little. On Friday, Dec. 8, Teddy Wilson, a fine-and-dandy pianist who has been influencing people for years, will turn up with bass player Al Bruno. On Sundays, Dick Hyman takes to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Dave Bromberg will sing for the folks through Saturday, Dec. 9. The Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble will start Tuesday, Dec. 12. Sounds from nine.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Dancing is the latest innovation here, to various rock groups every night but Wednesday, when a twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge takes the stand. The refreshments range from apricot nectar to coffee.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this little spot and—holy moley!—it's a winner. Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. Weekdays, from five-thirty until eight, singer-pianist Tad Bruce does some discreetly swinging stuff. On Sunday, Dec. 10, Mr. Larkins will participate in a jam session from four until closing. Snacks.

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Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. At the moment, Jim Hall, one of the most accomplished jazz guitarists alive, is working with bassist Ron Carter. On Saturday, Dec. 9, guitarist Carl Thompson and bassist Midge Pike will sub for the Hall-Carter duo. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A limited soul-food menu.

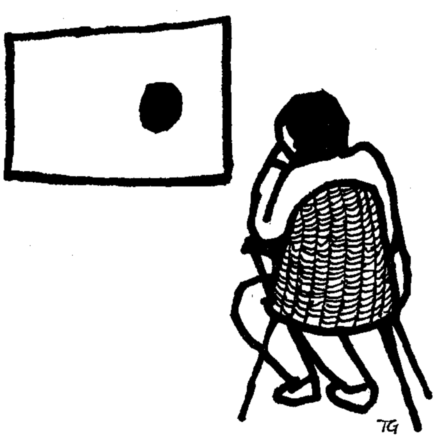
Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. Another innovation: there are two jazz groups each night. Through Saturday, Dec. 9, vocalist Joe Williams and the John Bunch trio will trade sets with a fivesome headed by saxophonist Charles McPherson. Anita O'Day—whose singing, though stylized, is interestingly vibrant—will come in with a trio on Monday, Dec. 11. A quintet headed by trumpeter Joe Newman will share the same program. Music from nine to four every night but Sunday, when the Duke Pearson seventeen-piece band plays between seven and one.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. Singers—usually folk—are in evidence most nights. Beginning Wednesday, Dec. 13, the entertainers will be John Hartford, who gets a lot of plinks and plunks into his rural music, and guitarist-singer David Nichtern. Mondays, from nine-thirty, there is a grab bag of entertainment. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. The Hoodoo Rhythm Devils, who are loud and basic, will be here through Sunday, Dec. 10. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band will arrive from the country on Wednesday, Dec. 13. Shows on Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty; on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from nine-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters. Drinks and snacks.



Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **Blue Room Cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows at ten and midnight each night. . . . ¶ In the **Oscar Wilde Room** (which the Bracknells and Windermeres would find very strange), on the same floor, there is dancing to high-decibel live groups starting at ten nightly.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, between nine and one, Barbara Carroll treats the guests to her full-blown jazz-piano technique. A bassist assists her. On Tuesday, Dec. 12, jazz pianist Stan Freeman will replace Miss Carroll. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young jazz pianist, plays with bassist Perry Lind Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—This is the room that used to house the Half Note—which recently moved to midtown—and, under its new management, it looks and sounds about as it always did. (It's congenial, but be prepared for deserted streets and minimal illumination.) The Jimmy Giuffre Three—with Randy Kaye on drums and Kiyoshi Tokunaga on bass—is onstage nightly except Mondays. Music from nine.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—An upper floor with tables and music, and a lower floor with a bar. Bassist Raphael Grinage and pianist Cecil Young are providing some pleasantly swinging jazz between eight and two Tuesdays through Saturdays. The menu has soul.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer is chanting her words to the wise, supported by the piano of Jimmy Lyon. Starting time is nine. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small, attractive, and with a pianoforte whose quality does not come up to that of the musicians. Pianist Frank Bell will head a trio Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9. The Tyrone Washington quartet will perform Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16. Music Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who is apt to get fancy, heads his trio as far as Sunday, Dec. 10. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman is also on hand. The rest of the time, an accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine-thirty, and goes on to play between sets by other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.

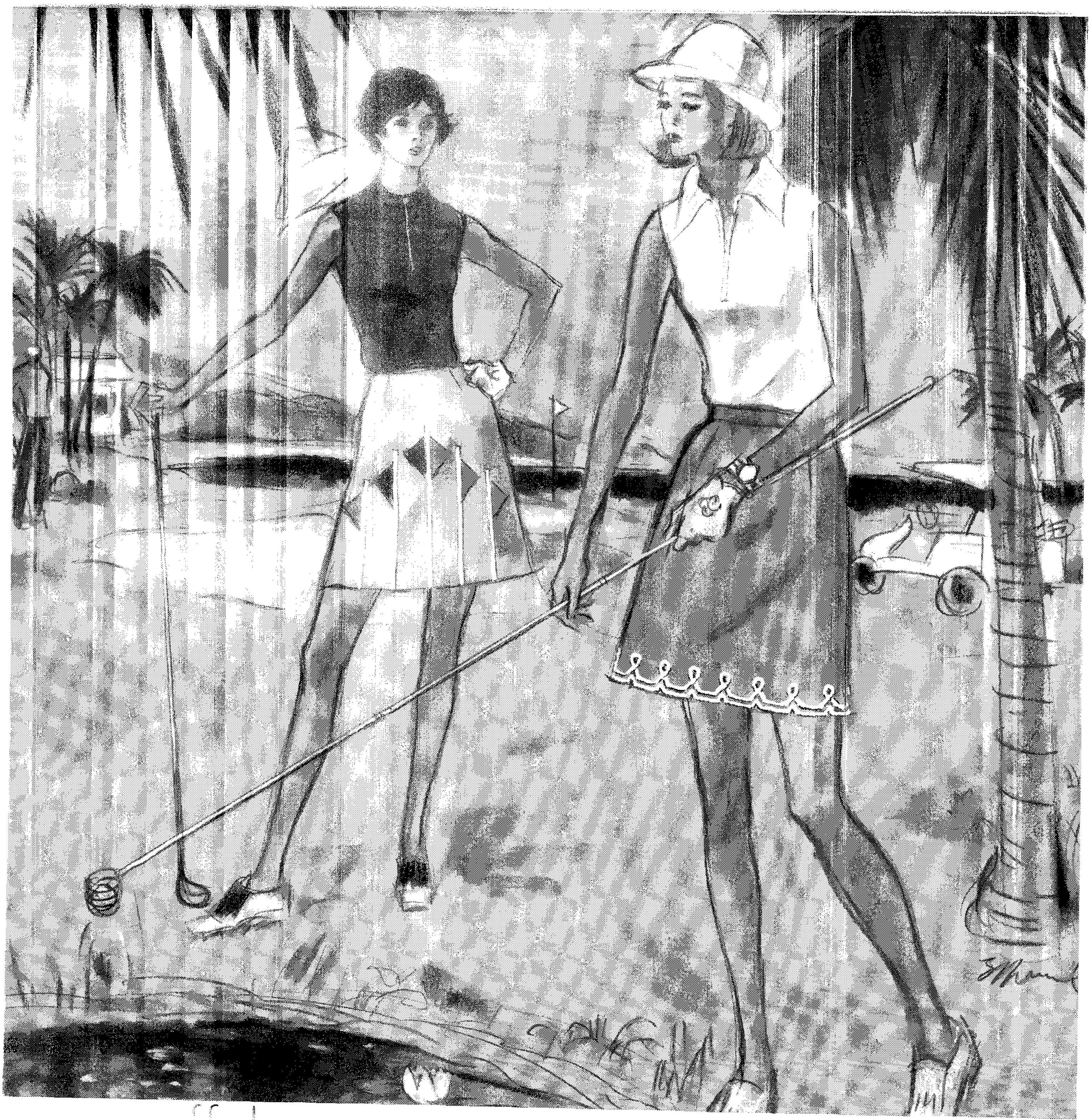
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist McCoy Tyner and his rapid-fire quartet are on the stand. Mondays are reserved for the big, power-drive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

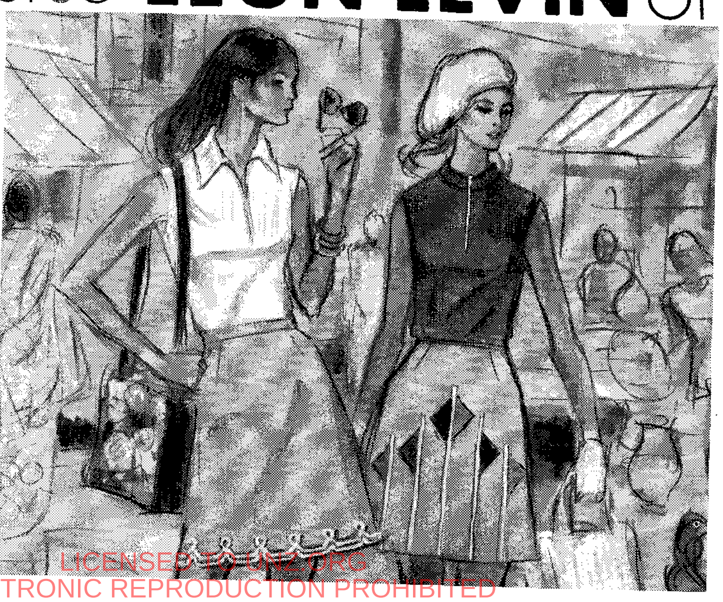
CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—



on or off the course **LEON LEVIN** of course



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Comic Morty Storm is currently in residence. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new miniature revue, is on tap at nine and eleven. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** the musical revue called "Catch a Rising Star," will give its final dinner and supper performances on Saturday, Dec. 9. Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The port of entry for many of the most *furioso* acrobats of the Latin world. The latest troupe is headed by Spanish singer Franciska. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Dec. 6, is the final night for singer Frankie Avalon and comedian Lou Cary. Next evening, humorist George Kirby and Australian singer Wilma Reading get going. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Mark Monte's orchestra during dinner and to some English, French, and American discs during supper. Only Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's dance threesome, whose tunes are gentle on the mind and ear, is around Tuesdays through Saturdays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's trio prevails Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** has a new format this season. Fledgling singers and musicians (the Troubadours of Spain are the present act) are being presented Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. On Monday, Dec. 11, a group known as the Westwood will come in. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** two musicians tiptoe through the tulips from five until ten. Discothèque dancing after ten. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting, at dinner and supper, singer Frank Sinatra, Jr. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lana Cantrell, a *cantatrice* of vim and vigor, is the dinner and supper tenant of the **MAISONETTE.** The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Jani Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

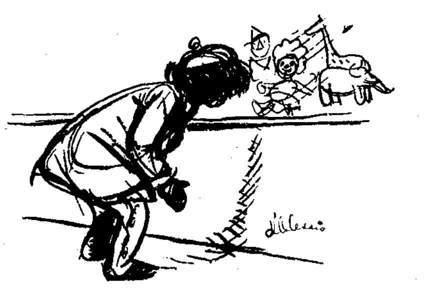
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Leslie Uggams, gay as a lark (and rightly, since being one is her career), ends up on Saturday, Dec. 9, in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** No further activity hereabouts for some time.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154)): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave., at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): The old silversmith might flip on finding that his tavern has gone Gaelic. Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan are doing Irish ballads on Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Tuesdays, Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn do the job, and on Wednesdays and Thursdays they join the other duo. Music from seven to midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from eight to one Fridays and Saturdays. The menu is in accord with the music.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. Every night but Sunday and Monday, from five to nine and ten to one, Beau Bergersen knowingly plies the piano. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the stint. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): An inn on the road to the castle. Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Gazing out at the Park, one might almost ignore the parti-colored interior—but one should not. Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-

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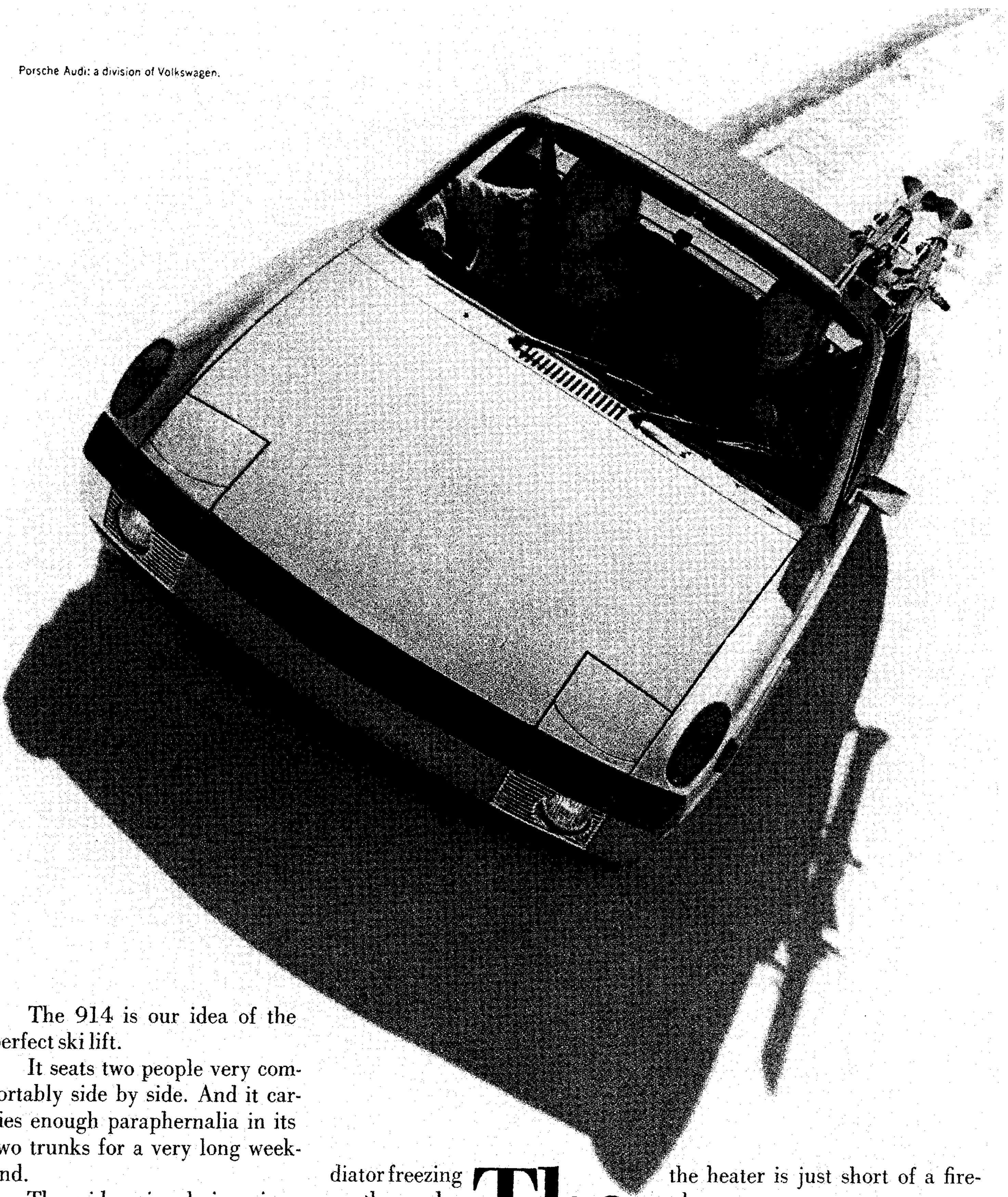

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, represents Bangladesh.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Large canvases that incorporate words; through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Edward Avedisian—Expressionist paintings on wood that emphasize texture; through Jan. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Drawings by this American colorist; through Friday, Dec. 15. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract compositions in acrylic and charcoal; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Bertoia—Metal sculptures with movement and resonances; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Natalie Bieser / Joseph Raffael—Sculptures of sticks, cord, and beads. / Landscapes with detailed surfaces. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Starts Friday, Dec. 8. Closed Mondays.)

Nell Blaine—Oils, watercolors, and ink drawings by a well-known figurative and landscape artist; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Bleifeld—Bronze, marble, and terracotta sculptures with suggestions of landscape; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Erotic paintings; starting Saturday, Dec. 9. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St Closed Mondays.)

James Brooks—Paintings by a prominent Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 16 (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bert Carpenter—Heads and eggs painted close up; through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Civitello—Sculptures made of rusted industrial materials; first one-man show here. Through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucien Day—City and country landscapes; through Jan. 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

José de Creeft—Figurative sculptures in stone and polished brass; through Jan. 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dewasne—Paintings of interlocking forms in strong colors; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Paintings and collages by a leading American Constructivist; through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Dobbs—Realistic paintings and drawings, most of them based on life along the highway; through Saturday, Dec. 9 (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Alexander Dobkin—Graphics from 1932 to the present, plus watercolors and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Sam Francis—Works on paper by this first-generation Abstract Expressionist, in a show that will run simultaneously with the one at the Whitney Museum, through Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—The first sculptures shown by the artist, plus works on paper; starting Saturday, Dec. 9. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kristina Friberg—Abstract embroideries, some of them evocative of landscapes; through Dec 23 (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ginnever—Monumental painted steel and wood sculptures, one making use of a tree cut by the artist in Vermont; through Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, at 47th St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Dec. 22 (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Greene—Figurative and abstract drawings in an Expressionist mood; through Dec. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Indiana—Paintings and sculptures employing geometric shapes, numbers, and letters by this Pop artist; through Dec. 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Insley—Thirty drawings of four imaginary buildings; through Dec. 22. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Angelo Ippolito—Paintings that combine interior and exterior scenes in stylized forms; through Friday, Dec. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kawashima—Abstract stone sculptures; through Dec. 30. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Posters and prints from the twenties and thirties by a socially conscious Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Dec. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Joseph Kosuth—Conceptual works, 1965 to 1967; through Dec. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kuehn—Poured-paint canvases by a sculptor; through Dec. 29. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Diana Kurz—Paintings and watercolors of landscapes and nude figures; first solo show here. Through Thursday, Dec. 14. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Les Levine—Objects having to do with this artist's speculations about art and its public; through Dec. 24. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudio Marzollo—Kinetic sculptures in glass boxes, with changing colors; through Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings of four decades by this foremost Surrealist, through Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rory McEwen—Realistic oil paintings of vegetables, flowers, and grasses; through Jan. 9. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

John L. McNally—Wood sculptures and kinetic- and static-light compositions; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (West Side Gallery, 250 W 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1:30 to 6.)

Clement Meadmore—Abstract steel sculptures; starting Saturday, Dec. 9. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two works, one consisting of seven painted panels representing the rehearsal of a dance company being painted by the artist, the other comprising two panels depicting family life; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Frumkin, 41 E 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Six oils, four gouaches, seventeen drawings, and one stone sculpture; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St Closed Mondays.)

Richard Nonas—Simply constructed floor pieces made of heavy beams, also wall pieces of lighter wood; through Thursday, Dec 14 (112 Greene Street Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, and etchings illustrating Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" through Jan 13. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Archie Rand—Abstract paintings with collage; first solo show here. Through Thursday, Dec. 14 (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Prints and clay pieces; through Dec. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Raymo—Wall pieces made of cloth, some of them containing words; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

John Rombola—Portraits in various mediums, collages, and takeoffs on Picasso's Cubist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Chicken-wire boxes in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Stanley—Realistic paintings, most of them of nature, in sharply contrasting colors; starting Saturday, Dec. 9. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Stokes / Kathleen Cooke—Atmospheric abstractions. / Sculptures, paintings, and drawings of animals. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Dec. 16. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Vickrey—Magic Realist interiors and landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Williams—Abstract paintings on chevron-shaped canvases; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Group Shows—At the **Emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Navajo blankets, pre-Columbian gold ornaments, and painted and sculpted Mayan ceramics; through Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **Forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tapestries by twentieth-century artists, among them Picasso, Klee, Chaim Gross, and Joseph Hirsch; through Dec. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **Graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporary paintings of birds of North America; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes, individual and group portraits, and still-lifes; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **Horticultural Society of New York**, 128 W. 58th St.: Sculptures by Boxer, Calder, Hepworth, Lassaw, Nadelman, Nevelson, and others, in a setting of plant arrangements; through Friday, Dec. 15. (Closes Saturdays at 3.)... **Hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **Lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)... **New School**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints devoted to humor, satire, and irony by such artists as Bombois, Botero, Red Grooms, William King, Klee, Magritte, Picasso, and Saul Steinberg; through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **Raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Works in several mediums by a large group of artists, among them Bonnard, Dubuffet, Korbel, Ernst, and Oldenburg; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.) ... **Washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Painting; through Jan. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **Westbroadway**, 431 West Broadway: Matthew Feinman, Robert Feldgus, and Charles Meyers; through Friday, Dec. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters, including Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Bonnard; through Saturday, Dec. 9.

Note—During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of paintings and sculptures, prints, and drawings. Following are a few: **Adam**, 21 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays... **Artists Equity Association**, 1780 Broadway, at 57th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 4, and Saturdays, 11 to 3:30. ... **Janis**, 6 W. 57th St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit of highlights of the career of Marcel Breuer, including photomurals, models and plans of buildings, furniture, tapestries, and full-scale mockups of elements of projects (the columns of the I.B.M. Research Center in France and the tree columns from the library at St. John's Abbey and University, in Minnesota); through Jan 14... ¶ Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections

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from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Nine paintings done by Hans Hofmann a few years before his death; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Nine abstract paintings with graffiti-like images, which constitute the last works of Gastone Novelli (1925-68), the Italian painter-poet; through Monday, Dec. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; starting Friday, Dec. 8. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 27. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty paintings done between 1947 and the present, constituting a retrospective of the work of Sam Francis, an early Abstract Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Dec. 12. A complementary show will be at the Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Lithographs from 1923 to the present by Louis Lozowick, the well-known New York printmaker; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Benny Andrews, Ann Freilich, Howard Kanovitz, and Herman Rose, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; starting Tuesday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; starting Tuesday, Dec. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Limited editions of books by poets, most of them French, which are illustrated by Picasso; through Wednesday, Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-three brilliantly colored illuminations from a fourteenth-century choir book, recently linked together and attributed to a Florentine abbot; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," taken in the kitchen of La Caravel restaurant. Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Over two hundred and fifty toy automobiles and accessories revealing the development in the design of the automobile as seen in its toy counterpart; through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About sixty paintings, many of them illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped," "The Last of the Mohicans," and other books, by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the celebrated American illustrator who was the father of Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ About sixty paintings by thirty-one artists constituting a survey of nineteenth-century Italian painting; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures representing various types of current realism in the United States; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Catharine Melhorn directing, with the Mount Holyoke Chamber Singers and Concert Choir and others. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

Handel's "Messiah"—Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra: David Randolph directing the first three in a series of five performances. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 and 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.) . . . **Musica Sacra:** Richard Westenburg directing a choir and an orchestra. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3:30, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 11-12, at 8.)

Triad Chorale and Orchestra—Byrne Camp directing a benefit concert, with Betty Jones,

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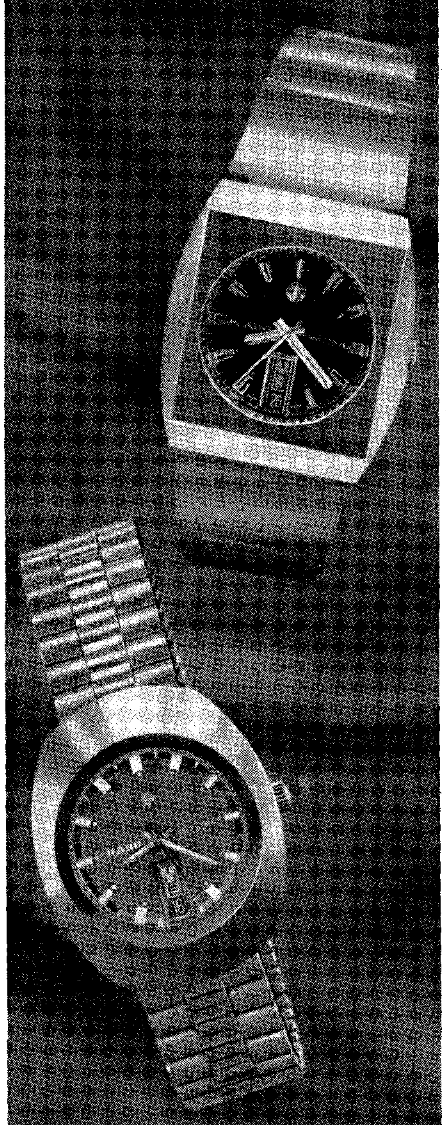

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soprano; Clamma Dale, mezzo-soprano; John Morrison, tenor; and William Warfield, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with soloists and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of fifteenth-century English carols, Gregorian chants, and Flemish and French motets. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Ruza Baldani, Helge Brilioth, Theo Adam, and Hans Sotin; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8: "La Bohème," with Adriana Maliponte, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lilian Sukis, Edda Moser, Stuart Burrows, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Judith Forst, Nicolai Gedda, Matteo Manuguerra, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7: "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Judith Blegen, Ruza Baldani, Helge Brilioth, Ragnar Ulfung, Thomas Stewart, Gustav Neidlinger, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Phyllis Curtin, Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, Dominic Cossa, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Adriana Maliponte, Edda Moser, George Shirley, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Theo Adam, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English. Staged by Gian Carlo Menotti, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRA AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Daniel Barenboim conducting on Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 8, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 15, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30 (all with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John Stewart, tenor; Michael Wager, narrator; and the Camerata Singers).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: A performance of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust," with Josephine Veasey, contralto; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Roger Soyer, bass; the Chicago Symphony Chorus; and the Glen Ellyn Children's Theatre Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8: A varied program, with Isaac Stern, violin.

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Clarice Carson, Jeannine Altmeyer, and Anne Paul Chase, sopranos; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and the Newark Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30, a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Helen Donath, soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; and the Musica Aeterna Chorus. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8, a varied program with Henryk Szeryng, violin.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Verdi's "I Lombardi" in concert form, with Renata Scotto, soprano; José Carreras, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Sarah Lawrence College Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Mannes Orchestra—A joint concert, with Daniel Paget and Carl Bamberger directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing, with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 7:30.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks directing a performance of Honegger's symphonic psalm "King David." (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Chorus and Orchestra—Robert Hickok directing. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

John Ogdon—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Albert Lotto—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in an all-Scriabin recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Jess Thomas—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Antonio Barbosa—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Chopin recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:15.)

Helge Brilioth—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 7.)

Festival of Court Music—The third in a series of six concerts, this one a program of seventeenth-century music performed by Frederick Renz, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Lynn Harrell and James Levine—Cello and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle, this one with John Graham, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

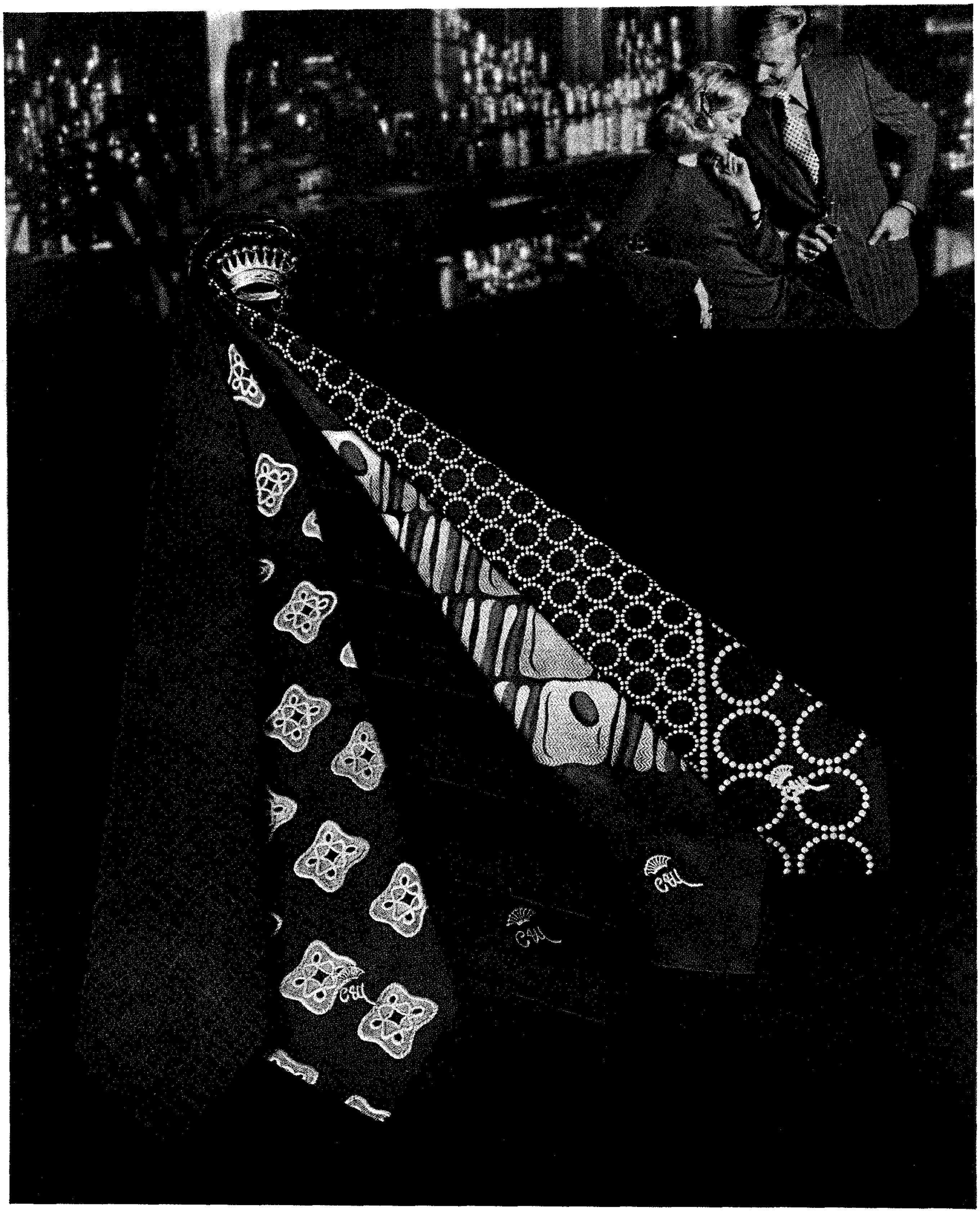
Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of three programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—Piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Computer Music—Works by Charles Dodge and Joseph Olive. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Jorge Bolet, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 17, at 5.)

Gaby Casadesus and the Guarneri Quartet—An



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all-Mozart program for piano and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Zara Nelsova and Grant Johannesen—Cello and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Ira Taxin and Philip Corner. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Chick Corea Quintet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.

Jethro Tull—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.

Harry Chapin—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8.

Jazz Concert—Art Miller, Gene Borst, and others. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Rare Earth—Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Dec. 11, at 8.

Uriah Heep, Manfred Mann, and Hemlock—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15-16, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay & the Americans, the Four Tops, and Martha Reeves—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 15, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Sunday, Dec. 10, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Dec. 15, at 8:05. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Dec. 16, at 8.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 9.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Miami Dolphins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Buffalo, Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Dec. 10, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Chicago, Monday, Dec. 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Quebec, Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Dec 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 16.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 16. The Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 6; the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 9, and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 1.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 17. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

Tennis—Clean Air Tennis Classic: Ilie Nastase, Pancho Gonzales, Clark Graebner, Manuel Santana, Tom Gorman, Nancy Richey Gunter, Virginia Wade, Françoise Durr, and others. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 6-10, at noon. For information about tickets, call 355-3611.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 16.

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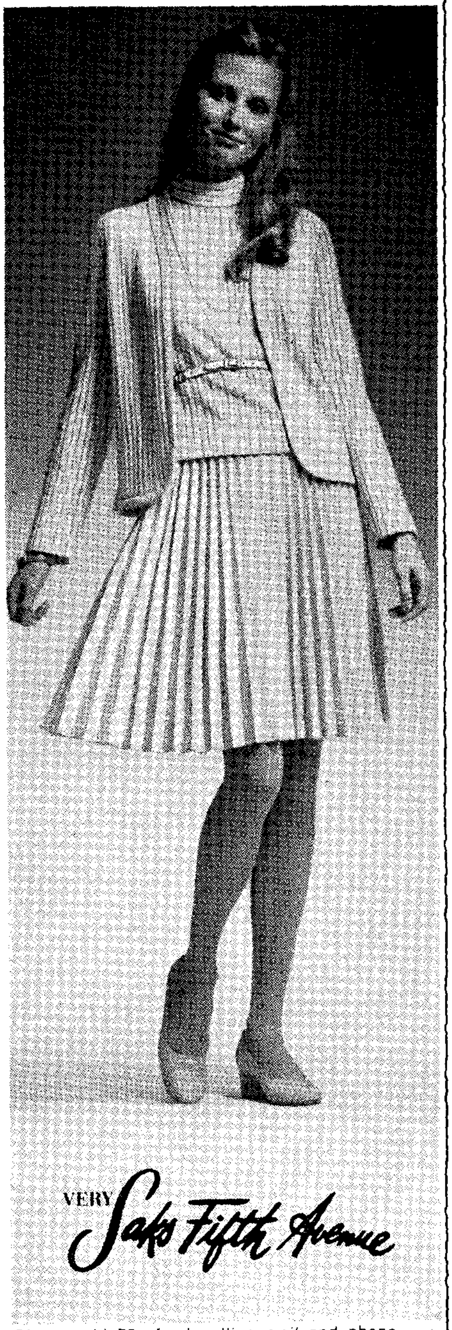

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 3.)... **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "Ruddigore," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 4.... ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 16, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)... **THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN:** An anthology of excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 8.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **KING'S PLAYERS:** "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays at 2.)... **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Cinderella." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM LIBRARY, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Gargoyles, Monsters, and Other Beasts," an exhibition of twenty-four sculptures by children, together with nine works by Shay Rieger; through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MOVIES—At **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** "The Canterville Ghost," with Charles Laughton, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.... ¶ "Heidi," with Maximilian Schell and Jean Simmons, Saturday, Dec. 16, at 2:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): "The Mouse That Roared," with Peter Sellers, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 3.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—John Hollander and Jean Valentine reading from their own works, Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.... ¶ James Harrison and Brian Swan reading from their own works, Friday, Dec. 15, at 8. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700.)

ARCHITECTURAL TOURS—A benefit tour focussing on the interior of the main branch of the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., will take place on Sunday, Dec. 10. Henry Hope Reed will be the cicerone. Meets at the Fifth Avenue entrance at 1. For reservations, call 838-7262.

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Dec. 13, from 12 to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, among them works by Kandinsky, Klee, and Vlaminck; from a number of owners.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 2: Jewelry, belonging to Mrs. Enid Haupt.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 2: Miniatures, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian works of art, from several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: French furniture and Continental porcelains, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Deane Johnson.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: English and American first editions, from many sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 8: Twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and watercolors by such artists as Shahn, Dove, and Prendergast. The property of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton and others. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 7.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian and Eskimo art, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 9.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)— Dec. 6 at 5:30: "Silent Witness" (1932), directed by Marcel Varnel and R. C. Hough, with Lionel Atwill and Greta Nissen.... ¶ Dec. 7 at 2: "Diary of a Teacher, Part I" (1972), in Italian, directed by Vittorio de Seta.... ¶ Dec. 7 at 5:30: "Diary of a Teacher, Part II" (1972).... ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "Diary of a Teacher, Parts III and IV" (1972).... ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "To Go and Come" (1972), in Italian, directed by Guiseppe Bertolucci.... ¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30 and Dec. 9 at noon: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), directed by James Cruze.... ¶ Dec. 9 at 3: "St. Michael Had a Rooster" (1971), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani.... ¶ Dec. 9 at 5:30: "The End of the Game" (1970), in Italian, directed by Gianni Amelio.... ¶ Dec. 10 at 12:30 and 3: "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), directed by Henry Koster, with Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin.... ¶ Dec. 10 at 5:30: "The Night of San Juan" (1971), in Italian, directed by Jorge Sanjines.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 2: "The Conspirators" (1972), in Italian, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 5:30: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jeanne Moreau.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 2: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1929), in French, directed by René Clair; no English titles.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 5:30: A program of films by the Yugoslav director Vlatko Gilic.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1929).... ¶ Dec. 14 at 5:30: "St. Michael Had a Rooster" (1971).... ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: "Every Sunday Morning" (1972), in Italian, directed by Carlo Tuzii. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Donald Siegel: Dec. 6: "An Annapolis Story" (1955), with John Derek and Diana Lynn.... ¶ Dec. 7-8: "Crime in the Streets" (1956), with James Whitmore and John Cassavetes.... ¶ Dec. 9-10: "Private Hell 36" (1954), with Ida Lupino and Steve Cochran.... ¶ Dec. 13-14: "Dirty Harry" (1971), with Clint Eastwood. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Jacobs, Hanoun, Markopoulos, Jordan, Landow, Keaton, Menken, Mekas, Murnau, Melies, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Dec. 9) at 10. No Mondays.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 13: "Eat the Document." Showings at noon, 1:10 (neither on Thursdays), 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40 (plus 6, 7:15, 8:30, and 9:40 on Tuesday evenings).... ¶ Starting Dec. 14: "Here Comes Every Body," directed by John Whitmore. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 5:45, 7:30, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—An eighteen-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 13, from 8 to 9, with fifteen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue from 68th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Four Nights of a Dreamer."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 9: "Riptide" and "Idiot's Delight."
Dec. 10-12: "Strictly Dishonorable" and "The Toast of New Orleans."
From Dec. 13: "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 12: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," "Elvira Madigan," and "The Clowns."
From Dec. 13: "Casablanca," "The Maltese Falcon," and "Little Caesar."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 12: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Dec. 13: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 7: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Copacabana."
From Dec. 8: "Moonwalk One."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 7: "Richard III."
Dec. 8-11: "Anna Karenina" and "The Philadelphia Story."
Dec. 12-14: "Conquest" and "Gaslight."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Valachi Papers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Emigrants."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 12: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 11: "Pygmalion."
From Dec. 12: "Child's Play."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sounder."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Dec. 6: "Baby Doll."
From Dec. 7: "Honey Comb."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Two English Girls."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Black Girl."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Asylum."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Separate Peace."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The King of Marvin Gardens."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 12: "Play It As It Lays." (No evening performances on Monday, Dec. 11.)
From Dec. 13: "The Poseidon Adventure."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 10: "Chloé in the Afternoon."
From Dec. 11: "Traffic."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 12: "Ulzana's Raid" and "Sweet Charity."
From Dec. 13: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 12: "School Girls Grow Up."
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 7: "Trouble Man."
From Dec. 8: "Gone with the Wind."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 12: "Rage" and "The Arrangement."
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Mechanic."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Valachi Papers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Black Girl."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Asylum."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Claire's Knee."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 12: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Dec. 13: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Women in Love."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 12: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "The Trojan Women."
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 12: "Rage," "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!," "Fantasia," "The French Connection," "M*A*S*H," "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg," and "The Go-Between."
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 9: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
Dec. 10-12: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
Dec. 13-14: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Red Desert."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Dec. 9: "Fiddler on the Roof."
Dec. 10: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 11, at 7:30: "Man of La Mancha." (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call 986-2062.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 14: "Dumbo" and "The Legend of Lobo."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 9: "Fellini's Roma."
From Dec. 10: "Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 9: To be announced.
From Dec. 10: "Fellini's Roma."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 10: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Dec. 11: Theatre closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 9: "Modern Times" and "City Lights."
From Dec. 10: "Limelight."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Man and a Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 12: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"
From Dec. 13: "Fiddler on the Roof."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Belated Flowers."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 12: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Claire's Knee."
From Dec. 13: To be announced.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Dec. 12: "Rage" and "The Wild Bunch."
From Dec. 13: "Finian's Rainbow" and "The Twelve Chairs."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 12: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"
From Dec. 13: "The Cocoanuts" and "Million Dollar Legs."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 12: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "The Touch."
From Dec. 13: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "Where's Poppa?"

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 6: "M" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."
Dec. 7: "The Red and the White" and "The Round Up."
Dec. 8-11: "Gate of Hell" and "Rashomon."
Dec. 12-13: "Forbidden Games" and "Mouchette."
Dec. 14: "Kanchenjungha" and "Mahanagar."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 7: "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."
From Dec. 8: "Gone with the Wind."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 12: "Super Fly" and "The Wild Bunch."
From Dec. 13: "Une Femme Douce" and "La Salamandre."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Murray Hill; Dec. 8-11.)

The Arrangement (1969)—Elia Kazan wrote and directed this monstrously unconvincing story of a successful advertising man's breakdown. With Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 12.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—Not for anyone who knows, or cares, anything about Leon Trotsky. With Richard Burton as a stuffed-shirt Trotsky, and Alain Delon as the angel-of-death assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Greenwich and Symphony; through Dec. 12.)

Asylum—With Peter Cushing and Britt Ekland, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Baronet; Dec. 6.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 13.)

Belated Flowers—Directed by Abram Room. In Russian. (Regency.)

Black Girl—The ad, featuring a girl with a knife in her hand, is deceptive: this isn't another black exploitation film. Peggy Pettitt is the young girl, living in a matriarchal family, who tries to free herself from the patterns of ghetto apathy and become a dancer. The structure resembles the well-made second-rate serious play of thirty years ago, and the movie is faltering and clumsy, but it's an honest, straightforward attempt to express black experiences. The actors embody these experiences, even when the theatrical mechanisms get in the way. Ossie Davis directed, from J.E. Franklin's adaptation of her own Off Broadway play. With the talented, queenly Louise Stubbs as the girl's mother; that powerhouse Claudia McNeil as the grandmother; Brock Peters; and, regrettably, the miscast Leslie Uggams. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the six-

Soft on the whisper of angel wings,
This is the Christmas that memory brings.
The rustling of elves in the watchful night
With secrets shelved from the children's sight.

The glimmering gold of candle-shine;
The shimmering fragrance of fir and pine,
And, savory there on the silver tray,
The great, proud ham for the holiday.

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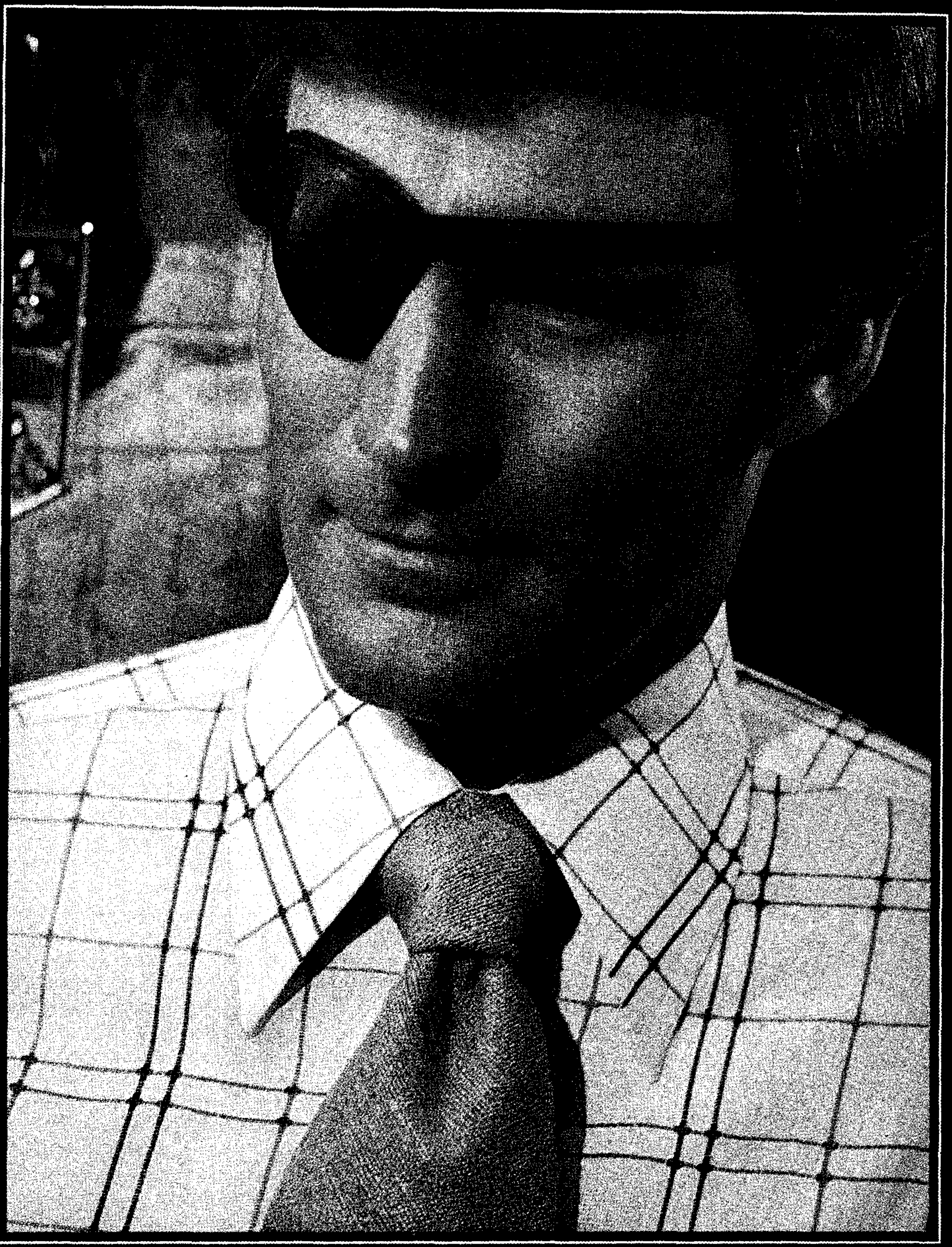
HOLIDAY TRADITION

Many a Christmas candle has burned brightly beside a Hormel Ham. For this was America's first ham in a can—the symbol of holiday hospitality. Hormel makes this same, famous ham today, still with the same patient skill. Boned, trimmed and cooked to full tenderness and flavor. Magnificently ready to heat and to carve. *Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.*



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A favorite chess move of The Man in the Hathaway shirt has long been the powerful, *discovered check;* an ingenious bit of development admired by every student of the game. In recognition of The Man's skillful ability, Hathaway created this Discovered Check shirt. Look carefully and discover! A subtle mesh check woven within each check, loomed in a fifty-fifty balance of cotton and **Fortrel®** polyester. It may not improve your chess play, but the whole idea is to keep you looking neat-as-a-pin all day. $16.00. For the store nearest you, write C. F. Hathaway Company, Waterville, Maine 04901, a division of Warnaco Inc.

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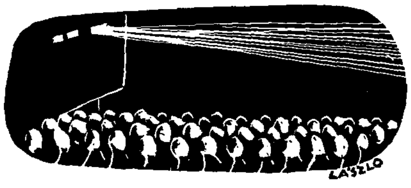
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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ties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. (Riverside; through Dec. 7.)

Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen (as the low-keyed police-officer hero) and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (Riverside; through Dec. 7.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Thalia; Dec. 6.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 13.)

Child's Play—Based on the Broadway play by Robert Marasco, with James Mason, Robert Preston, and Beau Bridges. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Fine Arts; starting Dec. 12.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 12.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art; through Dec. 9.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 12.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 12.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Elgin; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Dec. 13.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (Murray Hill; Dec. 12-14.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Kips Bay; through Dec. 7.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 13.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—A death-daring farce from Peter Nichols' London stage play of the same name, about the parents of a spastic child of ten called Jo. (Quad Cinema 4; through Dec. 12.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Elgin; Dec. 10-12.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Guild; through Dec. 14.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 12.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Sutton.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 12.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 12.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Ziegfeld; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 10.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. In French. (Olympia; starting Dec. 13.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli; through Dec. 9. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, at 1:30 and 8; Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 1, 5, and 8:45. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 13.)

Finian's Rainbow (1968)—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and, granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Beacon; starting Dec. 13.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 12-13.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 13.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture is so lifeless and empty, and so silly, that it borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Art.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Quad Cinema 3; through Dec. 12.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, starting Dec. 13.)

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won the Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-aged Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Murray Hill; Dec. 12-14.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Thalia; Dec. 8-11.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Quad Cinema 4; through Dec. 12.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 13.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Juliet 2 and Riverside; starting Dec. 8.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone, the foremost primitive at work in the musical form. (This is not a compliment.) (86th St. East. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45, and Sundays at 6 and 9. Matinées daily at 2.)

Honey Comb—With Geraldine Chaplin and Per Oscarsson, directed by Carlos Saura. (Baronet; starting Dec. 7.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (Elgin; Dec. 10-12.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—Robert Sherwood's high reputation as a dramatist was always a little mystifying, and never more so than when his windy intellectuality was recorded on film. This one, from M-G-M, has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a fake countess who was once an aerialist in vaudeville (the roles made famous on stage by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in a European winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth; and there's got to be an anti-war message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad, but oh, that Shearer. With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut. Directed by Clarence Brown. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 9.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Quad Cinema 1; through Dec. 12.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 13-14.)

Kanchenjungha (1962)—Satyajit Ray made this ambitious film in color on location in Darjeeling in 1961 (though it didn't open in this country until 1966). Under the primitive working circumstances, the story about love and ambition and the collision of cultures was perhaps too complex, but the setting and the beautiful women help to compensate for the awkwardness and naïveté. In Bengali. (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

The King of Marvin Gardens—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Columbia I.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Loews Orpheum.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz-comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Symphony; starting Dec. 13.)

The Legend of Lobo (1962)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Guild; through Dec. 14.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility, which proclaims Chaplin's artistry in the act of asserting another's, is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art; starting Dec. 10.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 13.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Thalia; Dec. 6.)

Mahanagar ("The Big City;" 1964)—The city is Calcutta, and Satyajit Ray's heroine, a young married woman, takes a job in order to supplement her husband's income (which must support them, their child, his teen-age sister, and his parents). The movie deals with the wife's discovery of life outside the home, and her changed relations with each member of the family. Madhabi Mukherjee is lovely as the gentle but strong wife, and there are telling portraits of her cruddy, hustling boss, and of an Anglo-Indian girl who is the victim of his discrimination. The film does what it sets out to do, and it's perceptive and revealing; it stays with one. Yet it is very quiet and rather thin; it lacks the depths and richness and creative imagery of the best of Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 13.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Paris.)

Man of La Mancha—The musical, with Peter O'Toole as Don Quixote, Sophia Loren as Aldonza, and James Coco as Sancho Panza. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Rivoli; starting Dec. 11, at 7:30. Thereafter Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Quad Cinema 3; through Dec. 12.)

The Mechanic—With Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (U. A. East.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti, singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 13.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art; through Dec. 9.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Elgin; through Dec. 9.)

Moonwalk One—A documentary, by Theo Kamecke, concerned with the first walk on the moon. (Kips Bay; starting Dec. 8.)

Mouchette (1966)—In recent years, Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 12-13.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 13.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (Kips Bay; through Dec. 7.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Murray Hill; Dec. 8-11.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is

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about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 12.)

Play It As It Lays—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll, as Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Beekman; through Dec. 12. No evening performances on Monday, Dec. 11.)

The Poseidon Adventure—With Gene Hackman, directed by Ronald Neame. (Beekman; starting Dec. 13.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. (Fine Arts; through Dec. 11.)

Rage—Directed by, and with, George C. Scott. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema 1, and Beacon; through Dec. 12.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film. In Japanese. (Thalia; Dec. 8-11.)

The Red and the White (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossack's. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Thalia; Dec. 7.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 13-14.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Murray Hill; through Dec. 7.)

Riptide (1934)—Norma Shearer, in satin, as a wife torn between her jealous husband, Herbert Marshall, and the ready arms of Robert Montgomery—both men in white tie and tails. This M-G-M melodrama with a few songs was made when Shearer was still at her star peak, and though the vehicle is a turgid, glossy bummer, audiences gobbled it up. The legendary Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in the cast, and Ralph Forbes, and slinky, funny Lilyan Tashman. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 9.)

The Round Up (1965)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (Thalia; Dec. 7.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema I.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Olympia; starting Dec. 13.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

Sleuth—Based on Anthony Shaffer's play, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Ziegfeld; starting Dec. 10.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen). Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Plaza.)

Strictly Dishonorable (1951)—Once upon a time, before he went to Hollywood, Preston Sturges wrote a small, charming play with this title. Many years later, Melvin Frank and Norman Panama turned it into this graceless mess—a starring vehicle for Ezio Pinza in his brief, disastrous career at M-G-M. There's a bit of opera, but the featured song is "Everything I Have Is Yours." With Janet Leigh, Millard Mitchell, Gale Robbins, Esther Minciotti, and Arthur Franz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10-12.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (New Yorker; through Dec. 12.)

Super Fly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Olympia; through Dec. 12.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—With Shirley MacLaine, John McMartin, and Ricardo Montalban; directed by Bob Fosse. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Dec. 12.)

They Only Kill Their Masters—With James Garner and Katharine Ross, directed by James Goldstone. (Playboy; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 12.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (New Yorker; through Dec. 12.)

The Toast of New Orleans (1950)—Sheer excruciation. Mario Lanza singing the execrable "Be My Love," and such minor horrors as "The Bayou Lullaby" and "Boom Biddy Boom Boom." Whoever it was who thought of teaming him with Kathryn Grayson had a streak of malignant humor: when those voices collide and his big chest meets her big bosom, pop culture is at climax. With David Niven, James Mitchell, and Rita Moreno; directed by Norman Taurog. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10-12.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Symphony; through Dec. 12.)

Traffic—Directed by, and with, Jacques Tati. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 11.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Greenwich; through Dec. 12.)

Trouble Man—With Robert Hooks and Paul Winfield, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2; through Dec. 7.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Beacon; starting Dec. 13.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Coronet.)

Ulzana's Raid—With Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison, directed by Robert Aldrich. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Dec. 12.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (34th St. East and Loews Ciné.)

What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? (1970)—An Allen Funt film. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 12.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Dec. 13.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Beacon and Olympia; through Dec. 12.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 13.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

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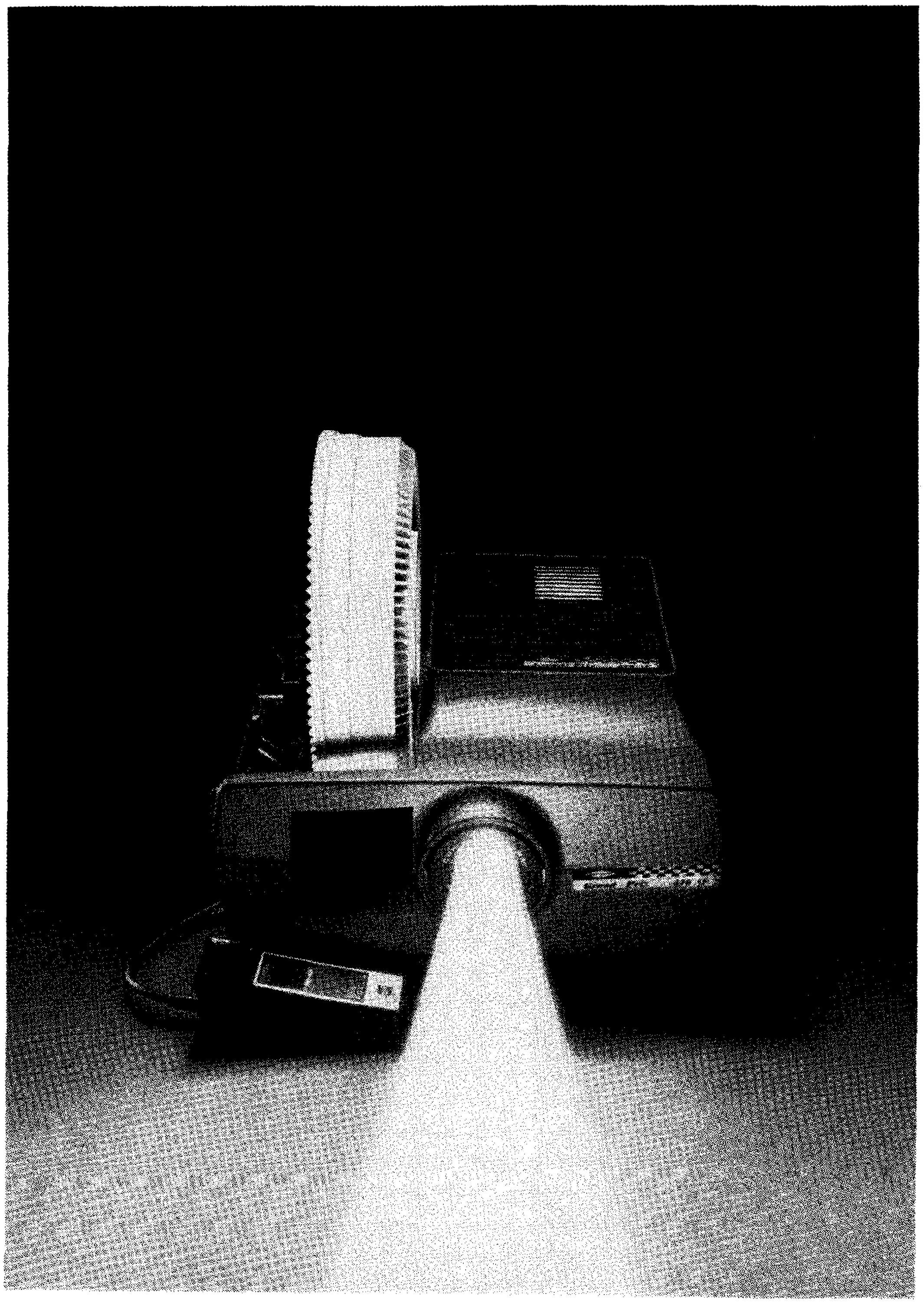

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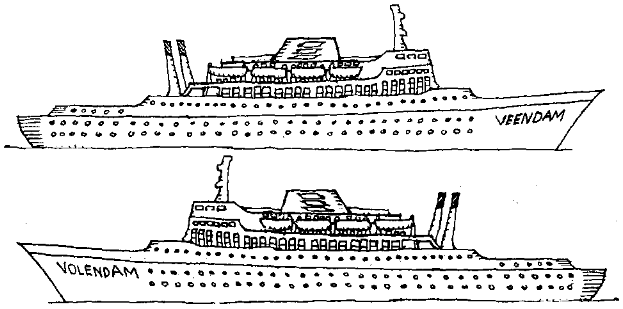
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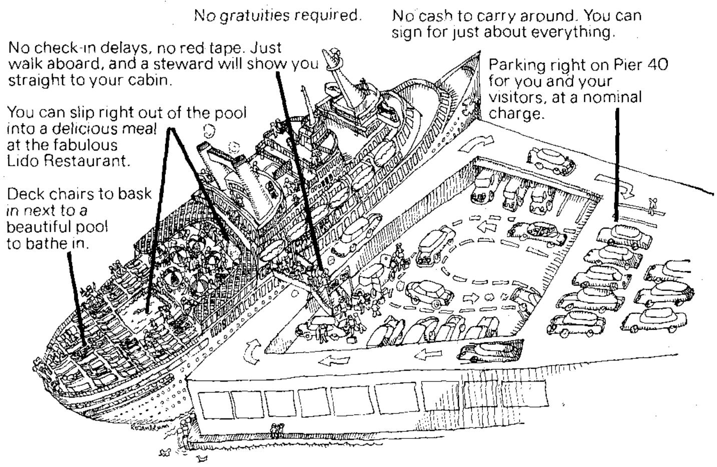
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WESTERN EUROPEAN CRUISE. AUG. 10, 1973. s.s. Veendam. From New York. 35 days. 20 ports. To Funchal, Casablanca, Gibraltar, La Goulette, Valletta, Syracuse, Naples, Civitavecchia, Ajaccio, Palma, Alicante, Malaga, Lagos, Lisbon, La Coruna, St. Peter Port, Le Havre, Isle of Wight, Torquay, Glengariff. From $1680 to $5680.

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FALL MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE OCT. 6, 1973. s.s. Volendam. From New York. From Port Everglades 10/8. 41 days. 22 ports. To Funchal, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Alicante, Mahon, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Portofino, Genoa, Civitavecchia, Piraeus, Delos, Mykonos, Istanbul, Izmir, Rhodes, Valletta, La Goulette, Malaga, Tangier, Lisbon, Ponta Delgada. From $1980 to $6850. Returning to New York and Port Everglades.

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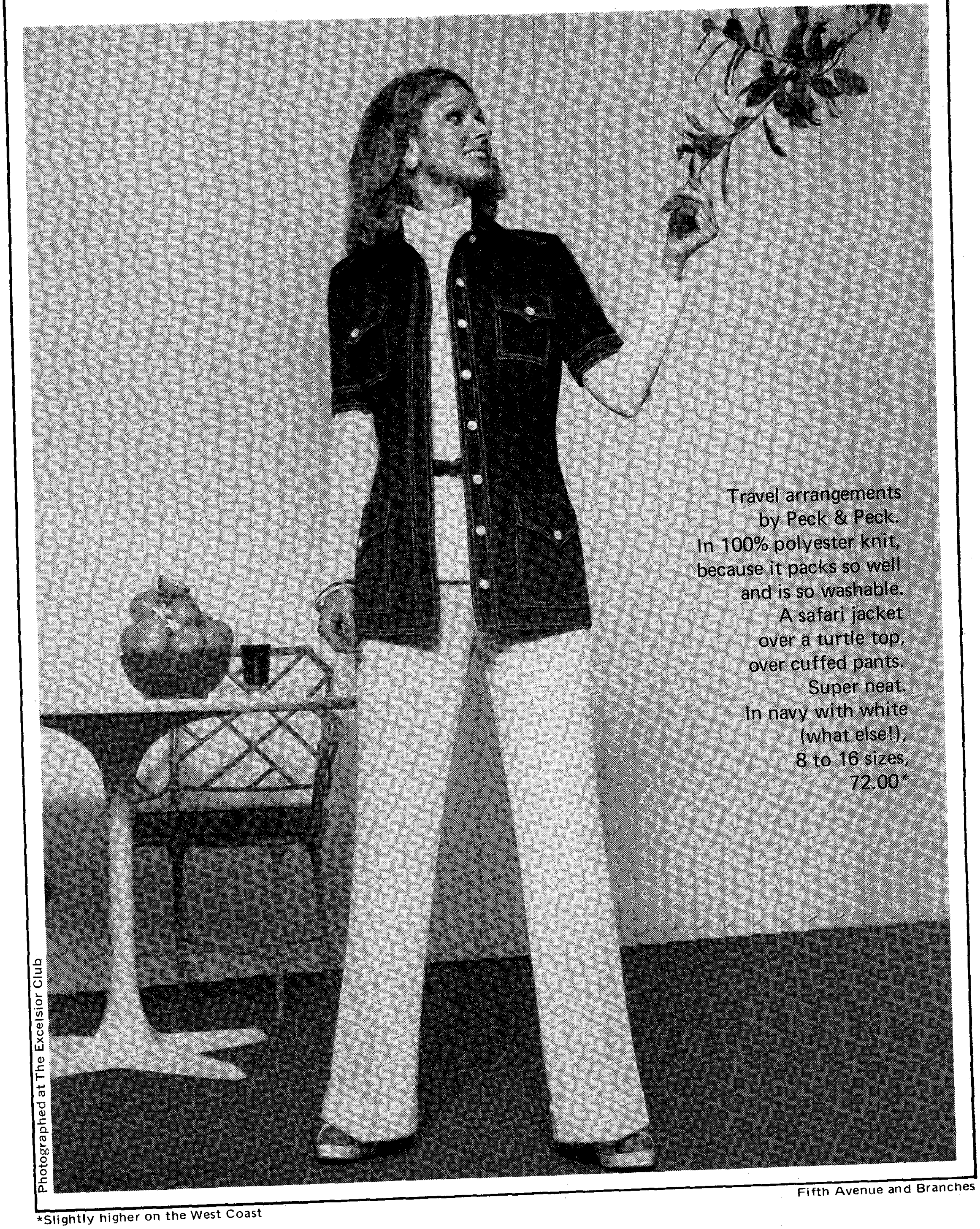

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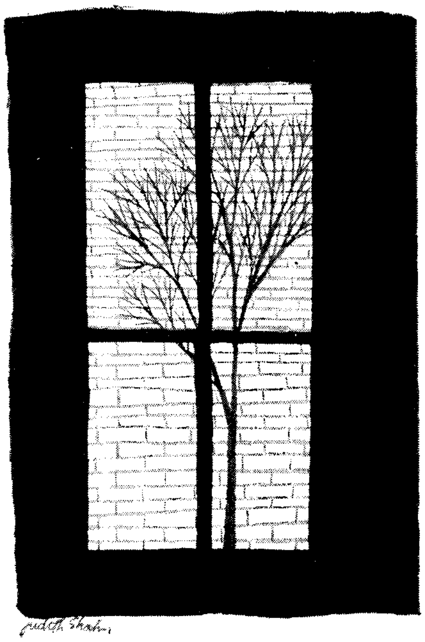
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN the President came to our city the other day, he heard his old friend Norman Vincent Peale praise him from the pulpit as "one of the great peacemakers of history." Now, it is true that the President has talked of peace incessantly. He has extolled the benefits of peace. He has promised a generation of peace. His advisers (by referring to our "peacetime economy" and the like) have implied that we are already at peace. He has told us, through his deputy, that peace is at hand. He has travelled all over the world in the name of peace. He has done everything, in short, but the one thing he must do if he is to deserve the title of peacemaker. He has not made peace.

When the President himself tells us of his efforts to bring peace to the world, he usually lays the greatest emphasis on his trips to Moscow and Peking. And, indeed, it may well prove that at some future date, in one part of the world or another, war will be avoided because of developments set in motion by the President's trips. But the effect on the war that is with us here and now seems to have been just the opposite. One might have thought that, inasmuch as the war in Indo-China was conceived as a front in the Cold War—a front, that is, in relation to Russia and China—the friendly atmosphere of the trips would constitute a reason for ending the war quickly. Instead, what seems to have happened is that the President enlisted the coöperation of these two Great Powers in the war's continuation. For if fear that these powers might enter an expanded war once operated as a check on our warmaking, that check now seems to have been removed. The Chinese, by receiving our President in their capital not long after we had supported an invasion of their next-door neighbor Laos, appeared, in effect, to acquiesce in our action. And the Russians, by entertaining the President in Moscow shortly after he had offered them the extreme provocation of barring their ships from the harbors of their ally North Vietnam, appeared to remove a further check. So, whatever the long-term effects of the trips may have been for a future world peace, the immediate effect was an expansion of a war. Although mankind as a whole may have benefitted from the restraint shown by Russia and China, since the danger of war between the Great Powers was modified, the peoples of Indo-China were made to suffer more, since the acts of restraint had the effect of sanctioning a wider war on their soil—a wider war that has continued with unabated intensity to this day. It is as though, as a price for good relations with us, the Chinese and the Russians were willing to allow us a freer hand in Southeast Asia. And when they did so, the war, which had until then been largely the responsibility of the United States, became, in a sense, an arrangement sanctioned by international agreement, albeit tacit agreement. The Great Powers, having failed for so many years to bring peace, had, in a rare show of "international coöperation," reached a sort of agreement to continue a war. The result has been that in the year and a half since the President first announced his trip to China what we've had has not been a stable peace so much as it has been a stable war. It is as though by tacit international agreement the Great Powers had decided to turn Vietnam into the sink of the world—where the rest of us, living in peace ourselves, could vent what is suspicious, brutal, warlike, and vile in our natures. So Dr. Peale's description of the President as a peacemaker was, at best, premature. Naturally, we all pray that it was not premature by much, and that the President's trips will help swiftly bring peace in Indo-China, and that they will prove, one day, to have helped make other parts of the world safer, too. But until this happens we must judge that their only immediate effect has been to make the world safer for war.



Judith Shahn

Spider Man

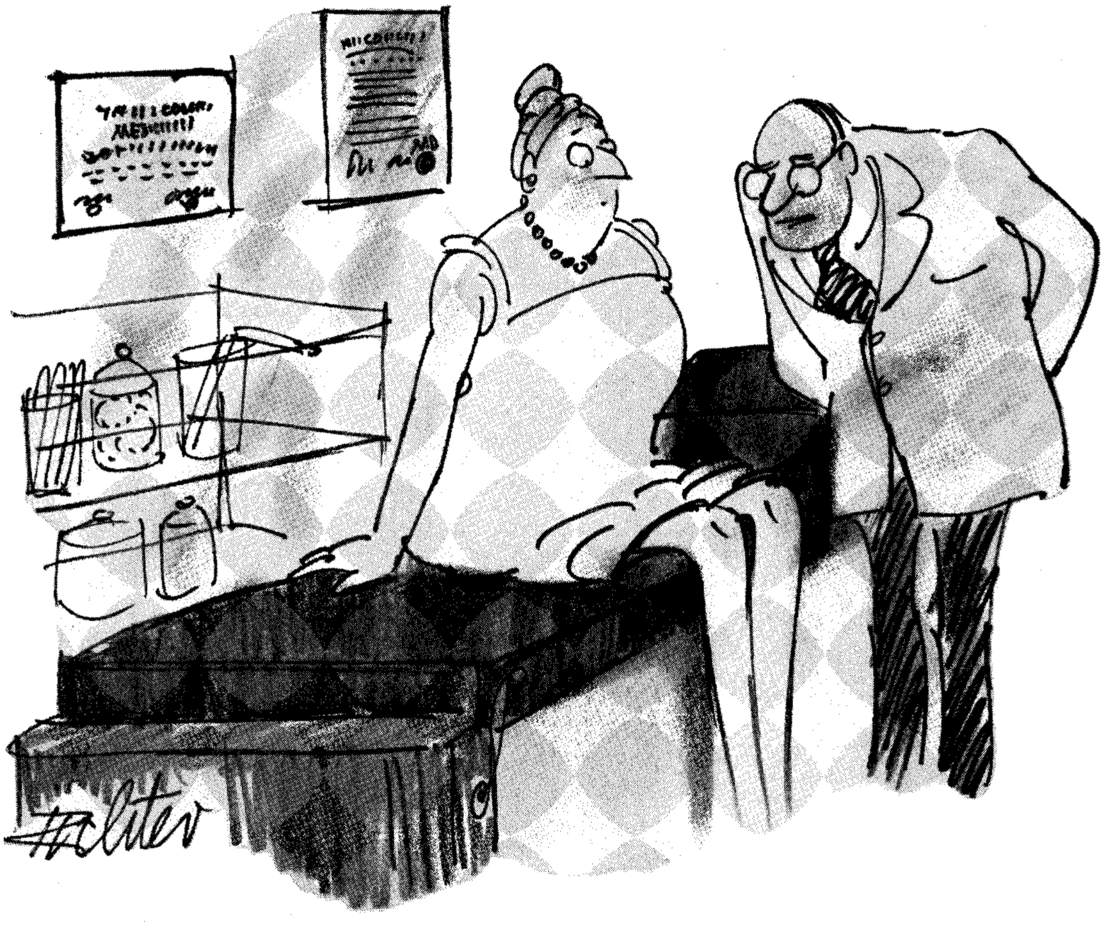
THE Museum of Natural History recently received a windfall of two hundred and fifty thousand spiders, thus increasing its collection of arachnids—already the largest in the world—from seven hundred and seventy thousand to one million and twenty thousand. This prompted us to visit its spider curator, Dr. John A. L. Cooke, who has occupied his post since 1969, when he succeeded Dr. Willis J. Gertsch. (Dr. Gertsch is now living in Arizona, a great place for spiders.) The recent additions are a gift of the University of Utah, which had acquired them through the efforts of Dr. Ralph V. Chamberlin, a member of its faculty, and, after his death, in 1967, had found the problem of maintenance too burdensome. In September, Dr. Cooke went out to Salt Lake City, where he supervised, and participated in, the filling of forty thousand vials of specimens with some eighty gallons of alcohol preservative. The Museum's haul was brought here, in a hundred and nine large cartons, by a tractor trailer. "Many new species are included," Dr. Cooke said to us. "Invaluable in the organizing of family trees. Someone may be revising a group of spiders, and he has to look at a series of specimens to see where one species ends and another begins. Harvard has already picked up eight cartons for research. Dr. Chamberlin became very possessive about the collection; he didn't like to let any part of it out of his sight. We're glad to lend. We're glad to reduce the mystery of enigmatic species."

We asked about the Museum's own maintenance problem, and Dr. Cooke said, "We have no space for the new specimens. They're just sitting in their cartons. We hope to have space for them within a few months, but there's no money to buy steel storage cases. These cost around two hundred dollars apiece, and we really need at least twelve. Spiders aren't much good for exhibition. They don't make decorative display material, like butterflies and beetles. Being soft-bodied, they decompose unless they're pickled in alcohol. You *could* freeze them and mount them, but then they would lose their scientific value; they'd become brittle and couldn't be examined. Alcohol, on the other hand, can't preserve their color—it turns them a dull brown."

Dr. Cooke showed us a vial containing the biggest spider in the world—*Theraphosa leblondi*, found in Guyana and Venezuela. Its body was three and a half inches long, and it looked like hell. He then brought out a living, breathing tarantula, which he exercised on the back of his hand. It was most attractive. "Tarantulas are far from lethal, despite their bad reputation," he said. "My wife and I took our three children, whose ages range from four to nine, out to Arizona last summer for field work on tarantulas, and the children picked them up and put them in paper bags. Our only problem was to keep the children from picking up rattlesnakes."

Dr. Cooke, who has a beard and is, he says, "a perfectly normal six foot five," was born in 1935 in Oxford, England, where his father was dean of the medical school of Oxford University. The son's present stay in America is not his first. "I spent the whole of the war living in North Haven, Connecticut. The children of Oxford professors were offered hospitality by Yale. My mother brought my two sisters and me here. We were settled in three families. I was five. It was absolute paradise—I chopped firewood and sailed on the Sound." He later attended Merton College, and taught zoology at Oxford for six years. He went on spider-et-al. trips to Turkish Kurdistan, Tanganyika, and Jamaica, where he produced biological films for schools and universities. "I collected beetles and butterflies from an early age, but spiders have dominated my life since I was twelve or thirteen. I originally wanted to be a doctor, like my father, but then I decided spiders were more appealing than human beings. I had known Dr. Gertsch through correspondence for many years, and on my way back from Jamaica I met him in New York, where he told me that he was soon to resign and that the Museum was looking for a successor. He recommended me for what was the most desirable spider job in the world."

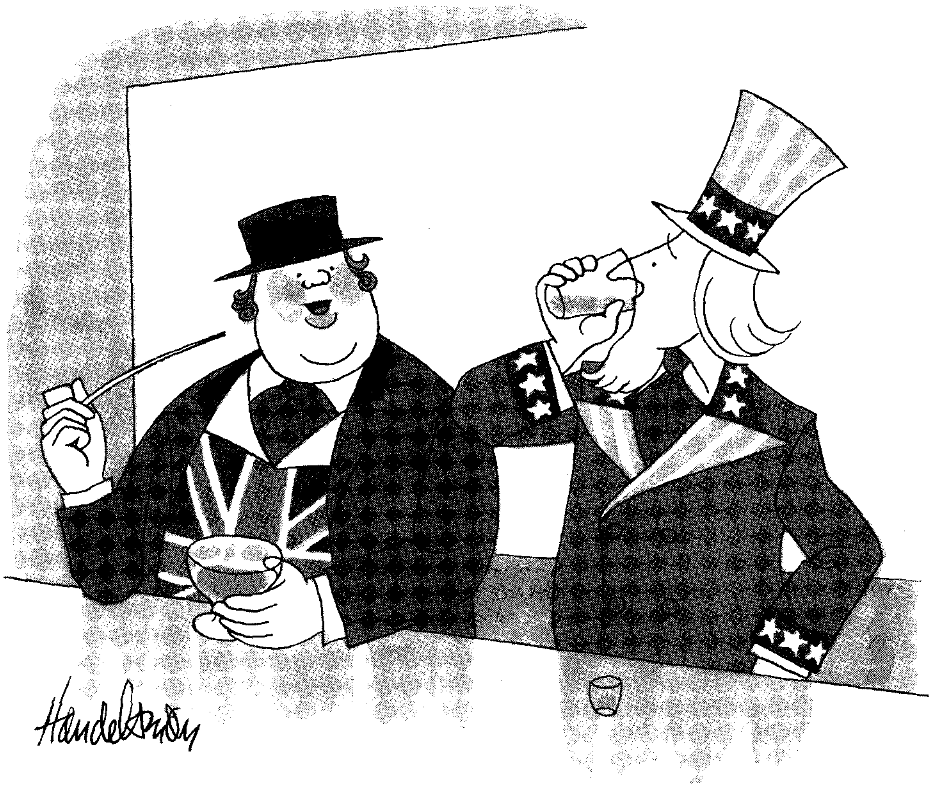
After pausing for a moment, Dr. Cooke said, "I have just resigned, as of next spring. I had no idea how terrible New York had become. I live in Riverside, Connecticut, which is delightful, but I resent the enormous time and energy spent in commuting. I don't like New York, and it's getting worse. One doesn't like to run down a great city, but people here are so inhuman, and it rubs off on me as a matter of self-defense. I don't like going this way. One of my colleagues, who lives a few blocks from the Museum, looked out his window the other night on a gunfight. I wish I could move my research to the country. Though I am dedicated to my science, I think life should be enjoyed. I'm going back to England, where I've been made a director of Oxford Scientific Films, Ltd., the best company in the field of biological movies."



"You and Joe Namath, Mrs. Trowbridge."

Breadline

A FEW mornings ago, we went down to the St. Francis of Assisi Church and Monastery, at 135 West Thirty-first Street—between Sixth and Seventh—to take a look at what we had heard was the oldest breadline in America. It was started in 1929, around the beginning of the Depression, and has been functioning every day since. Before going down, we did some checking, and found that this department had looked in at St. Francis in August of 1936, and, mentioning the



"Uncle Sam? Strange sort of name. Are you foreign?"

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breadline briefly, had reported, "In winter as many as two thousand persons a day are given food—and, if they need it, clothing. For a time each person in line was given a dime, but that was stopped when the fathers were advised the money often went for liquor." Since those days, the need for and the resources of the breadline have declined considerably. Today, only about two hundred people are in the line, clothes and money are not given out, and the food, which in the old days included cooked meals, is only coffee and sandwiches at seven in the morning.

When we got there, shortly before seven, the line had already formed. It stretched along the sidewalk from the service entrance of the monastery—or the friary, as it is also called—a good way toward Sixth Avenue. The morning was chilly, and the men in the line stood with their hands deep in their pockets and their shoulders hunched up in jackets or light overcoats. There was both the habit of patience and an air of certainty in the way they stood waiting, as if what brought them there, what had been bringing many of them there for years, had never failed to arrive. Many of them had the soiled and frowzy appearance of people who are accustomed to falling asleep in their clothes at night, and not always in a bed. And there was a degree of democracy in the setting. The line was made up of blacks and whites in roughly equal numbers, and a reasonable number of women had turned up. But democracy ended at this point; from here on the women were favored. Unlike the men, they were not required to stand in the line; they would be served first, when the time came; and they would receive four sandwiches each, while the men would receive two.

Around seven, the breadline suddenly stirred to life, and we looked to see why. Two metal tables were being wheeled out and arranged alongside each other on the sidewalk. On one of the tables were a tall coffee urn and paper cups, and on the other four cartons containing sandwiches. In charge of them was a short, youthful-looking man in a brown Franciscan habit, whose name, we learned later, was Brother Albert Aldrich. Brother Albert stationed himself at the table with the sandwiches, and a man hobbling on crutches instantly left his place near the head of the line and took up a position behind the coffee urn. Everything was now set, it seemed, and—like a sort of blessing, without which the proceedings could not appropriately begin—Father Benedict Dudley, a priest who is one of the friars of St. Francis, walked down the front steps of the monastery and stood on the sidewalk.

Father Dudley, who, as far as we could make out, was wearing the same habit as Brother Albert, is a tall, graying man of sixty-eight. He was born and brought up in Philadelphia, and has been at the St. Francis of Assisi Church and Monastery on and off since 1930. An ardent football fan, he is also the chaplain of the New York Giants, and a close friend of Wellington Mara, who owns the Giants. We went to stand beside Father Dudley, and, as the breadline filed by, he told us, "When I first came here, our breadline was about a year old. It started very informally. St. Francis being a religious institution, people used to just come by and ask for something to eat. It was the Depression, you see. We had a brother here at the time named Brother Gabriel Mahler, and it was he who started the regular breadline. Knowing that people called here every day for something to eat, he used to spend his mornings making sandwiches. When he was finished, he took them into a little cubicle at the front of the church, and as people came up he handed out the sandwiches. That's the way it started, but it grew much larger later on. In 1929 and 1930, you had men on the breadline who had been holding down first-rate jobs in first-rate offices. They had just lost everything in the Depression. In later years, when the economy recovered, many of them came back to St. Francis and made substantial contributions to the church and to the fund that supports the breadline. By 'fund' I don't mean that we ask for anything. We don't. We simply set up a box in the church and one in front of the monastery. As a matter of fact, we are standing next to that one right now. As you can see, it is marked 'St. Francis Breadline.' People in the community and around pass here whenever they can and put a donation in the box to keep the breadline going. It's rather hard to keep it going these days, though. The contributions do not always cover the cost, and Horn & Hardart has jumped the price of sandwiches. The coffee is made at Teddy's Coffee Shop, across the street. We buy it from them, and they bring it across every morning. There are about a hundred and fifty cups of coffee and four hundred sandwiches a day. The people who come here today are different from the ones who used to come during the Depression. Those were just people who had been thrown out of jobs by the Depression. But these, as you can see, are people who have been hurt badly by life. No matter how wretched the weather is, these men stand here, so they must be hungry. They are derelicts, you might say. But, as Christ said, 'Whatever you do for the least of these my brethren you do for me.' "

The sandwiches ran out about seven-thirty, and a few minutes later our attention was caught by an exchange at the coffee urn between a member of the breadline and the man on crutches.

"Any coffee left?"

"No coffee left."

"Why?"

"*Why!* Because it ran out, that's why."

We thanked Father Dudley for his running commentary, and went to talk to the man on crutches. He seemed to be in his late fifties. His face was criss-crossed with fine lines—prematurely, we felt. The expression in his eyes was both kind and pained. Replying to a few questions, he told us, "My name is Krzewski. Good old Polish name—Ignatius Krzewski. The reason for the crutches is osteoarthritis. Got it in both hips and both knees. Been through a million operations, but none was any help. Been coming here for more years than I can remember. I think I know most of the guys on the line; the same ones been coming for years—every day, almost. I help out Father Dudley here in the mornings, by serving the coffee. I appreciate what the church is doing, so I help out. But in helping them I'm helping myself, too, you know. For guys like us, this breadline is breakfast. We got to look out for ourselves when it comes to lunch and dinner. For instance, by lunchtime I'll be up at Sally's. That's the Salvation Army, on Forty-eighth between Tenth and Eleventh. For lunch at Sally's you're liable to get eggs, oatmeal, and coffee. Cost you twenty cents or thereabouts. Then by dinnertime you'll find me down at the Municipal Lodging, on Third Street near Third Avenue. Dinner there could be beef stew, franks and beans, or corned-beef hash. Runs you—what?—twenty-five, thirty cents. After that, you're on your own till St. Francis opens up in the morning."

Selling

David Douglas Duncan, one of our favorite photographers, came to town a few weeks ago from his home, in Castellaras, France, to sell copies of a portfolio of his photographs. He dropped in at our office one afternoon, carrying a load of portfolios, each of which weighs three pounds, and, with a lot of zest for his self-imposed job of salesman, showed us what he is selling. Price: twenty-five dollars. Contents: twelve beautiful color prints, each about seventeen by twenty-four inches, including several of his famous ones—Turkoman horsemen cantering across a carpet of painted sand (1958), the Bois de Boulogne (1963), Pablo Picasso in his studio (1962). Mr. Duncan himself looked fine: lean, tanned, cheerful, healthy, and dressed for plenty of walking, in mule-hide boots, and a gabardine trenchcoat over a heavy maroon sweater over a plaid wool shirt open at the collar.

"I'm back to peddling my pictures," he said. "This reminds me of the days when I was a kid, thirty-five years ago, going around Kansas City trying to sell my pictures, at three dollars apiece, to the rotogravure sections—with the editors always so nice. They always had time for you. This week, I've been going around seeing all the top buyers in the bookstores. I wish you'd been with me when I went down to Barnes & Noble. I saw Elsa Lichtenstein, the trade buyer. God, she's electric! She's tall and slender and dynamic and full of enthusiasm for her work. She's a real pro. Then I went to see Erich Hirschfeld, president of Willoughby-Peerless, the chain of camera stores. First, I called up and talked to him. Over the telephone, I heard this voice—a very fast-talking, businesslike man. I thought, Here's a guy who lets you in and sends you out fast. But he wasn't that way at all. He was very responsive, very sensitive to the pictures. And he immediately said he would sell them *now*, at this time of the year—the busiest time for a camera shop. I wish you'd seen the way he reacted when he saw the portfolios. He's putting them up on an entire wall. A very big display. His response was so warm. It's very exciting. Everybody is being so nice about it."

Mr. Duncan speaks in the lightest of light voices. It's difficult to imagine anybody *not* being nice to him and his pictures. He invited us to come out with him while he peddled, and we accepted.

"My portfolio has to find its own level," Mr. Duncan said as we started up Fifth Avenue, against a mean and cutting north wind. "As soon as it starts to go, it goes, though. I believe that photography is for everybody. 'Why sell a print for five hundred dollars with your name on it?' I began asking myself about two years ago. I wanted to find a way to reach a whole new market."

"Why should you have to be doing all this yourself?" we asked. "Isn't this what publishing houses are supposed to be set up to do *for* you?"

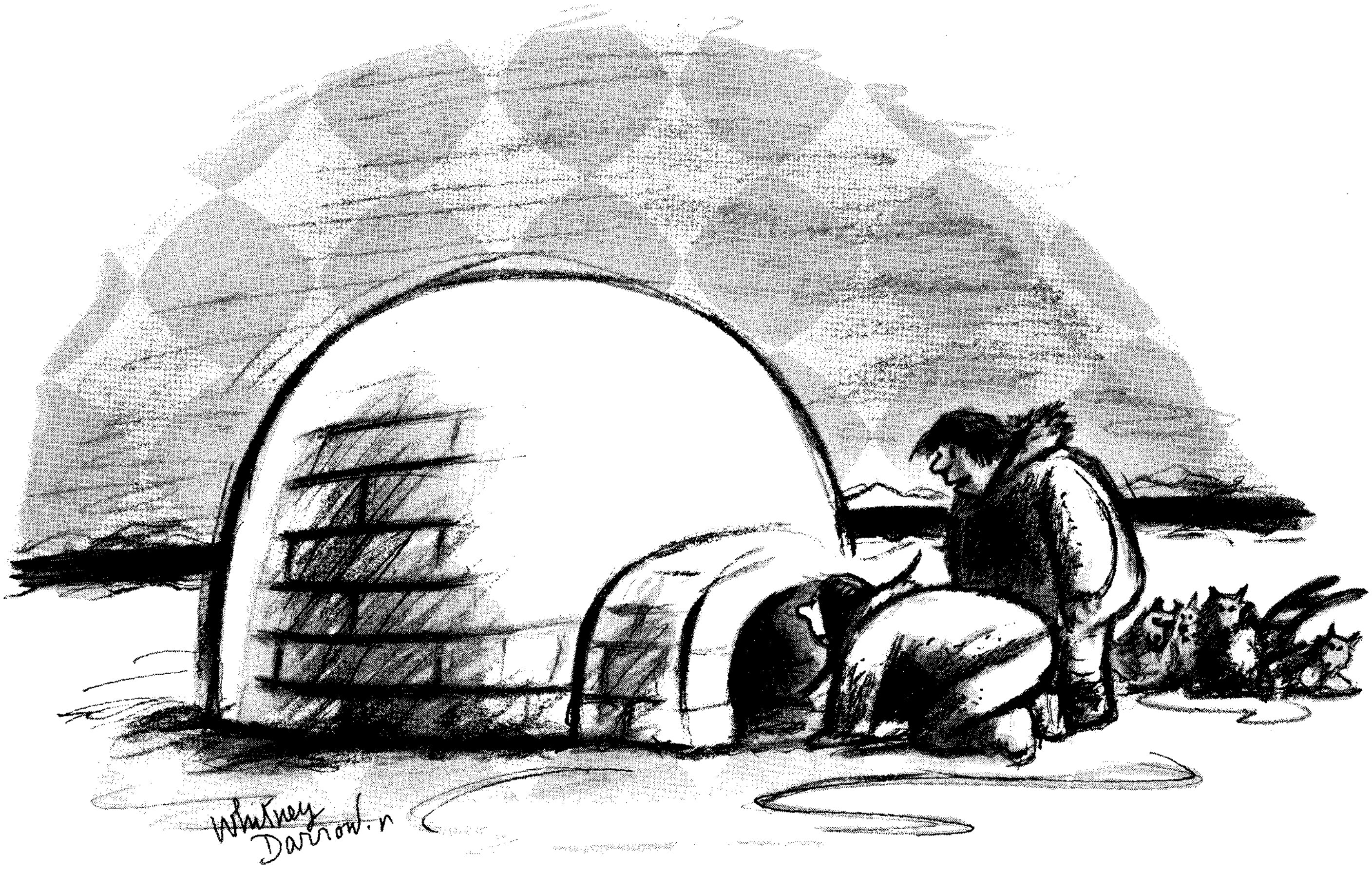
He gave a light little laugh. "Bless your heart!" he said. "I went to ten publishers with this portfolio, and no one would go into it with me. Not one publisher. Harper brought out my first book, 'This Is War!,' and then 'The Private World of Pablo Picasso,' 'Picasso's Picassos,' and 'War Without Heroes,' but they wouldn't do it. The New York Graphic Society brought out 'The Kremlin'—which became a best-seller—after nobody else would touch it, but they wouldn't go along with me on this one, either. I also got a no from the publisher of 'Self-Portrait: U.S.A.' I carried these big dye transfers around to everybody and succeeded in convincing nobody. So I decided to do it myself. I had to sell one of my most treasured paintings to get the money to do it. I spent a hundred thousand dollars of my own money to do what I wanted. I went to several printers in Europe and settled on Jean Genoud, in Lausanne. He has a small firm—only four presses—but each print is inked individually and printed two at a time. We used the finest paper, the finest ink, and the finest—I think—printer in the world. And since I did it myself there's nobody in between, and that's why the portfolio can be sold for twenty-five dollars."

"How many do you have to sell to get your money back?" we asked.

"Why, bless your heart!" he said. "I haven't figured it out yet. I printed five thousand at first, and then I thought I'd better have ten thousand more, so I went ahead and printed them. I shipped eighty-nine cartons of them—fifty-five portfolios to a carton—to the place of an old buddy of mine from the Marine Corps. It's right up here at 18 East Fiftieth Street—Jones-Howard, Ltd. Gene Jones and his twin brother, Charlie, were in the Second World War, and Gene was wounded on Iwo Jima. I'll have to tell you all about them someday. Anyway, nine tons' worth of my portfolios were hauled into Gene's office, and the rest of them are being stored by Morgan & Morgan, publishers of how-to photography books, who have offered to be my distributor."

"How long have you been selling?" we asked.

"A few weeks," he said. "I'm holed up in the Plaza. As soon as I started walking up and down Fifth Avenue, I began to get a heartening response. The minute I walked in with the finished product to Doubleday, Rizzoli, Brentano's, Scribner—all of them—it started to catch fire. I go in and make



“They said sevenish Tuesday, didn’t they?”

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the initial contact, and it’s been most gratifying. Last summer, when I had an exhibition at the Whitney, I met Stanley Marcus, of Neiman-Marcus, in the Palm Court of the Plaza to have an ice cream. I said, ‘Mr. Marcus, do you think you can sell this portfolio?’ His eyes got all crinkly, and he said, ‘Mr. Duncan, I sold some Chinese junks in Dallas for eleven thousand five hundred dollars apiece, and you ask me if I can sell your portfolio!’ Rizzoli put the portfolio in their window, when to give someone a corner of a window is an act of great generosity these days. Gimbels took it and made it the focal point of a full-page ad for gift books in the *Times*. It may really be on its way now. But I want to see a few more people. Lillian Friedman, the top buyer at Brentano’s—I don’t want to leave without seeing *her*.”

At Brentano’s, Lillian Friedman had a vague and somewhat distracted (probably by fifty thousand other books) hello to offer.

“When are you going to ship the book, dear?” she said to Mr. Duncan.

“They should have been on the way two days ago,” he said.

“We don’t need it this minute, dear. Selling time hasn’t begun yet. You sent me this stuff for the window. Let me see, when can we do the window?”

“Here, take these for now,” Mr. Duncan said, offering Miss Friedman the portfolios he was lugging.

“We can wait, dear. Just tell your people to send the books. We’ll put them in the window the minute we get them, and we’ll be off to the races. I can’t get the window now anyway.”

“I’ll check with Morgan & Morgan,” Mr. Duncan said.

We both went back out to Fifth Avenue and the cold wind. “Imagine how many salesmen descend on them at this time of year!” Mr. Duncan said.

We made a brief stop at Scribner. “Igor Kropotkin, the top guy here, was really enthusiastic,” Mr. Duncan said, leading us upstairs. “I love this place. It really feels as if it’s from the time of Dickens.”

Mr. Kropotkin was in shirtsleeves. He looked only a mite less distracted than Miss Friedman.

“Just to see if I can be of any help at all,” Mr. Duncan told him.

“Everything’s fine,” Mr. Kropotkin said.

“I have some extras here,” Mr. Duncan said. “In case you need extras for display.”

“We already have it in two places downstairs,” said Mr. Kropotkin.

“No problems, then?” Mr. Duncan said.

“Everything’s fine. We’ll do the best we can.”

“Give it a chance, and I’ll justify your faith in it,” Mr. Duncan said.

Next stop was the Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Bookstore, on Third Avenue at Forty-eighth Street, whose manager, John Armstrong, was expecting Duncan and still hadn’t seen the portfolios. Mr. Duncan unwrapped one and showed it to him.

“Beautiful,” said Mr. Armstrong. “Terrific.”

“I tried to find the pictures with the broadest appeal,” Mr. Duncan said.

“What does it sell for?” Armstrong asked.

“Guess,” Duncan said.

“Thirty-five dollars?” Armstrong asked.

“*Twenty*-five,” said Duncan.

“I’ll tell you what we’ll do with it. We’ll put it up right behind the cashier’s box,” Armstrong said.

“God, that’s really gratifying,” Duncan said. “First, that you believe in it.”

“This is a pretty classy operation,” Armstrong said.

After Mr. Duncan had arranged for delivery of the portfolios, we left the bookshop. Mr. Duncan looked back at the one that had been put up behind the cashier’s box. “That’s an act of real friendship,” he said.

PROPERTY

I SAT in the Café Royal with Max Peshkin—that's what I shall call him here. I was young, recently from Poland, and he was a former anarchist whose memoirs had just been published in three volumes. In the thirties, anarchism was already "played out" in the United States (it was Peshkin's own expression), but there was still a remnant of the old group, and they published a magazine in Yiddish. Max Peshkin had invited me to lunch and had brought me his books as a gift. He was small, with a head of milk-white hair, a round red face, and eyes that were not yet tired.

We ate onion rolls with sour cream, drank coffee in glasses, and Peshkin said, "What used to go on here—it's all over. Our Socialists have completely cooled off. They use the old phrases, but the spirit isn't there. As for our Communists, they read the Red sheet every morning and repeat it like gospel. Yesterday Bukharin was a great leader; today he is a traitor. If their paper came out saying that Stalin was an enemy of the people and a mad dog, they would repeat that, too. The anarchists were different. Anarchism always attracted people with individuality—even the ignorant ones had a kind of independence. When I came to America in the early nineties, active anarchism was already declining, though they went on talking about the protest meeting at the Haymarket in Chicago and about the four who were hanged: Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel. The Marxists had taken over. But in the Yiddish neighborhood on the lower East Side anarchism still flourished. Not all of us wanted to wait until capital was concentrated and Kautsky or De Leon gave the signal that the hour of the revolution had arrived. It's true we had no important theoreticians or leaders in New York, but we had literature from London, where Kropotkin was king. Besides, guests used to come from Russia and Germany—sometimes even from Spain. Our meetings were always crowded. Most of the delegates from Russia spoke Yiddish. We were vain enough to believe that if a couple of bombs were thrown the masses would rise up like one man and abolish all governments.

"I don't have to tell you that anarchism is a name for many different theories and movements. There's a big difference between Proudhon and Bakunin. As for Stirner, he is a chapter by himself. Before I came to America, I was a student. I read all these theoreticians—first in Russia and then in England. But on the lower East Side most of our people did not know one from another. They were emotional anarchists. They used to say, 'Let's get rid of the tyrants, then something will happen.' Alexander Berkman went to prison and was half forgotten, but Emma Goldman and her preachings of free love made a tremendous impression—especially on the women.

"When you read my memoirs, you will find the names of Maurice and Libby. I couldn't tell all the facts about those two, because there are still people alive who knew them and might guess whom I meant even if I changed the names. Besides, it would take a writer of fiction to do this story justice. I thought it might interest you. If you have time and nothing better to do, I would be glad to tell it to you."

"I have time and I have nothing better to do," I assured him.

"Good. Probably in fifty years nothing of this will be remembered. But you are still a young man. How old are you? Not thirty-five yet? I thought you would be older."

"I will be thirty-three in July."

"*Nu*—you are still a baby. With that Maurice I got acquainted around eighteen hundred and ninety-three, four—even five. Here in the United States the anarchists were just talking, but in Russia they were red hot with zeal. They were divided into a dozen groups: the Chernoye Znamia (The Black Flag), Chlebovoltsy (Demand for Bread), the Beznatchaltsy (Without Government). The most remarkable were the Bezmotivniki (The Motiveless). They claimed that man is allowed to kill, rob, and commit arson without any motive—simply to spite authority. I don't remember exactly when, but they threw a bomb at the Hotel Bristol in Warsaw. You might not have been born yet. In Odessa, they blew up a ship. In Bialystok, one of their bombs killed a Bundist leader, Esther Riskin. Later we learned that a number of the anarchists had become ordinary bandits—perhaps they were bandits to begin with.

"Maurice was a little man with black eyes and long curly hair. He also had a beard—a tiny beard. He used to hold forth at our meetings. I am ashamed to admit it, but of all our

"God, I wish *I'd* been able to start life with parents as hip as us!"

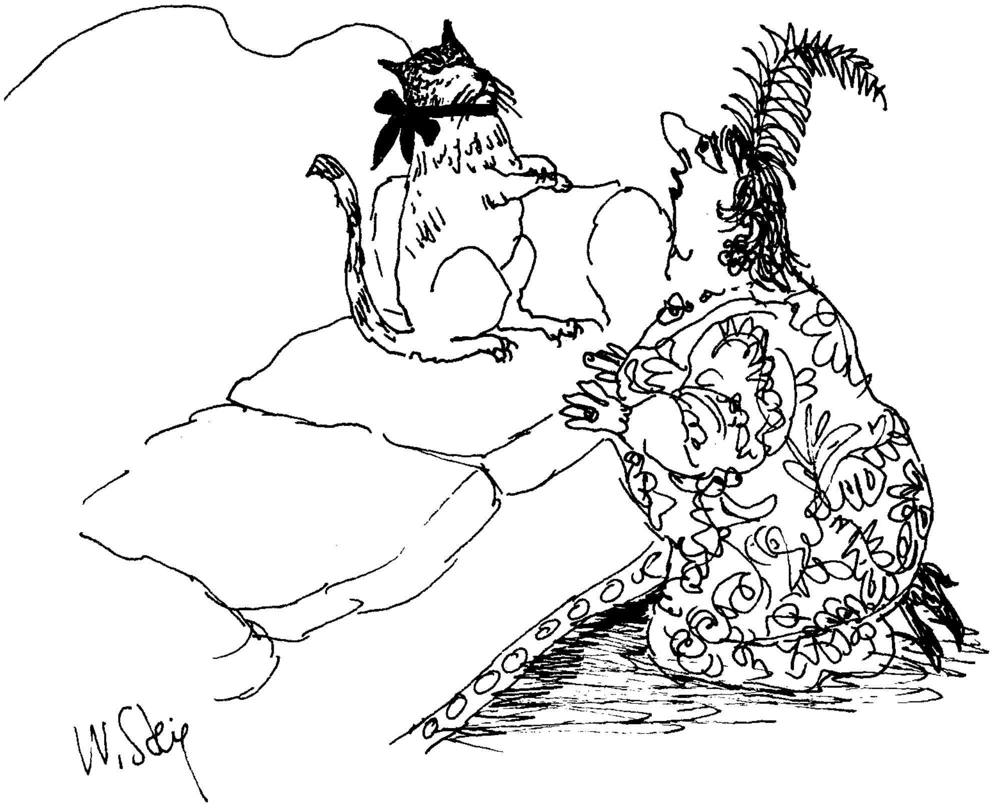
activities our infamous Yom Kippur balls were the most important. It was considered an atheist mitzvah to have a ball on Yom Kippur, to eat non-kosher food, preferably pork, just to annoy the Almighty. Maurice was the very soul of these undertakings—not as a dancer but as a propagandist. What did he do for a living? Nothing, really. His wife, Libby, was the provider. She sewed ladies' blouses for the shops. I think she made men's shirts, too.

"Even though I was a greenhorn, I taught English to foreigners at the Educational Alliance. I happened to be looking for a room. The place where I boarded was terribly dirty. The food was unspeakable. Someone told me that Maurice had a room to let. He was a funny type. He always wore a pelerine, a black hat with a wide brim, and a flowing tie. Though he was small and frail, his speeches were fiery. Normally he had a soft voice, but when he got on the subject of capitalism he grew shrill. He attacked those anarchists who put their reliance on propaganda. He believed only in terror. His wife used to come listen to him, but I had the feeling that she didn't take him very seriously. She wasn't much taller than he—darkish, appealing. She wore her hair long, combed back in a bun—not cut short like the anarchist women's. When she smiled, there was a dimple in her left cheek. She often wore a pleated skirt and a blouse with a high collar. When Maurice raged against Rockefeller, she sat on a bench at the back of the room and yawned. Sometimes she had her knitting with her.

"One evening after his speech, I went up to him and asked if it was true that he had a room for rent. He seemed pleased and called Libby. They told me that they had a large apartment on Attorney Street and that they would be more than glad to have one of their circle as a boarder. In those days, for me to move was a small matter. All I had to do was pack my valise and carry it from Rivington Street to Attorney Street. The house where they lived was in an area that would be called a slum today—a third-floor walkup. The toilet was in the hall. If one wanted to take a bath, one went to the barber; the barber was also the bath attendant. The room they gave me was small, the window faced the street, and the furniture was an iron cot. What else did I need? Where I had been, we slept three in an alcove.

"There was a sign over the living-room door of the apartment: 'Property Is Theft'—a quotation from Proudhon. Pictures of Godwin, Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Johann Most hung on the walls, and, of course, the Chicago Martyrs. Perhaps Maurice wouldn't have left Stirner out, but no picture of him existed. A bookcase was filled with brochures on anarchism and Socialism. I forgot to tell you that I was an ardent follower of Stirner. I had studied not only Stirner but also Feuerbach, whose disciple Stirner had been before he rebelled. My own ideal was a 'community of egotists.' I wanted to become the 'perfect egotist'—a 'world history in itself,' ready 'to serve myself and everything that is mine.' Those were the Stirner phrases. For Proudhon, property was evil; for Stirner, property was the essence of humanism. What real tolerance was, none of us knew. Since I did not approve of the slogan over the door, I immediately fell into a debate with Maurice. That's all he wanted. He was always ready to argue. I went on quoting Stirner and he quoted Proudhon. I had taken the room without meals, but Libby made supper for me anyhow. We were all three sitting at the table, and Maurice was railing against property and everything connected with it. He foresaw that after the revolution the words 'mine' and 'thine' would be dropped from the dictionary. I asked him, 'How will you tell a man the good news that his wife has given birth to a son?' And Maurice screamed, 'The whole institution of marriage will disappear! It is all built on slavery. What right has one person to own another?' He became so wrought up that he almost knocked over the table. Libby said to him, 'Your plate—I mean our plate—will soon fall, and our belly will remain empty. In addition, we will make spots on our pants.'

"I laughed—the woman had a sense of humor. But Maurice was dead serious. He yelled, 'You are joking, eh? All injustice and wickedness come from property. Why are the imperialists at one another's throats? What is the cause of all exploitation?' In his rage he attacked Stirner, too: 'What a contradiction—a "*community of egotists*."' I said, 'What about love? If a man loves a woman, he wants her for himself, not for others.' 'Jealousy is not a natural feeling,' Maurice answered. 'It is a product of feudalism and capitalism. In ancient times when people lived in communes, all children belonged to the commune.' 'How do you know this?' Libby asked. 'Were you there?,' and Maurice said, 'It's an established fact.' He mentioned Buckle or some other historian. We went on arguing until one in the morning. Meantime Libby washed the dishes. She opened the door from the kitchen and



"All right, darling, I promise. No more canned food."

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said, 'I am dead tired. Can't you put off the discussion until tomorrow? It won't get stale.' Maurice was so excited that he didn't even answer her. She said, 'In that case, I will go to sleep.' Then, turning to me, she added, 'Your bed—I mean *our* bed—is made.' "

"Did she become your lover?" I asked.

Max Peshkin lifted his eyebrows. "Really, you have intuition. But don't be in a hurry. One needs to have patience, too.

ARISTOTLE CONTEMPLATING THE BUST OF HOMER: AFTER REMBRANDT

His steady hand rests on the vanquished head,
that fading, eyeless, disembodied head,
where once a world of thought was conjured up
for us to set our hearts on and to serve.
Homer has lost, heroes and gods are lost,
and Aristotle rules a world of things,
a world of glorious gold and fur and cloth.
His eyes are clear. He sees things as they are
and knows their certain values and their cost.
Nothing was worth it—nothing perhaps but love,
whose dancing fountains left *no* lasting trace
except the desiccation of regret
in those bleak eyes that see things as they are.

—J. D. O'Hara

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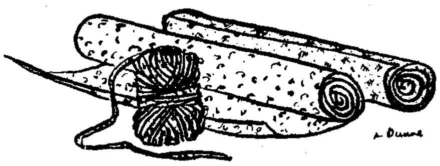
"I HAVE forgotten to tell you that after supper I had a slight argument with Libby. I asked about the cost of the meal and she was insulted. 'I am not your cook,' she said. 'I invited you as a friend.' The next morning she gave me breakfast and I said, 'To be invited once is one thing, but to eat free of charge steadily is a different thing.' I was earning five dollars a week, and that was considered a decent salary. I told her that I would not eat with her again until she set a price for the meals. After some haggling we came to a decision. I could pay the cost of the food. In a few days we became like old friends. I went to the market on Orchard Street and bought bargains for her. I carried her bundles to and from the shops for which she worked. She knew Russian and Polish quite well but her English was bad, and I offered to give her private lessons. Now *she* wanted to pay *me*, and there was another argument. We were all young, but we didn't realize it. You learn that you were once young only when you are old.

"Since I am by nature a jealous person, I have never been able to imagine that someone else is not. I was careful not to make Maurice jealous. But he seemed happy that Libby and I were close. Once when I told him I wished to go for a walk, he proposed that Libby go with me. Libby blushed and said, 'What kind of business is this? Perhaps he wants to be alone.' 'Nonsense,' Maurice said. 'It's pleasant to have company.' Another time when I had two tickets to the Yiddish theatre, he asked me to take Libby with me. 'She sits all day at the sewing machine,' he said. 'Let her have some diversion.' I took her to the theatre and we saw Jacob Adler—the Great Eagle, as he was called—in a melodrama by Gordin. Then we went to Grand Street to eat knishes. The streets were crowded with people who bought next day's Yiddish newspaper and discussed the editorials as well as the Second Avenue plays. We came home late; Maurice was beaming with delight. He was preparing a speech about the exchange of products in a free society. Before Libby went to bed she said to me, 'Thank you for the evening.' 'Saying thank you is not enough,' Maurice said. 'What shall I do—fall at his feet?' And Maurice said, 'At least he has earned a kiss.' 'I was not brought up to kiss strange men,' Libby said, 'but since you order it I will do so.' She came over, put both hands on my cheeks, and kissed me on the mouth. I must tell you that I was still a virgin at the time. I had had affairs, but they were all romantic and platonic. On Attorney Street, right across from our house there was a brothel, but those females disgusted me. Besides, how can an idealist make use of white slavery? That was a capitalistic institution, a sport for Morgan and Company.

"That night Maurice was tired and went to bed at the same time as Libby. A gas lamp burned in my room. It had happened a few times that I had fallen asleep without extinguishing the lamp. My door opened and Libby appeared in a nightgown and slippers. Her hair was loose and fell to her shoulders. She said, 'If you are not going to read, I will turn off the lamp. It's a pity to waste gas.' And she smiled and winked.

"It's more than forty years since that evening, but it seems to me like yesterday. In those days, the minute I put my head on the pillow I slept. But this night I was too restless. Libby's kiss had aroused me—not so much the kiss as the way she had held my face. Her hands had been warm, almost hot.



"Just the same, after a while I did fall asleep. It was winter and the nights were long. I woke up not knowing whether I had slept one hour or six. The room wasn't completely dark; there was a glow from a street lamp. Suddenly I saw Libby. She was standing near my bed. Even though I considered myself a freethinker, I thought for a few seconds that it was a she-demon—one of the Lilith spirits who tempt yeshiva boys to sin. I said, 'Libby?' She bent down and there was both passion and mockery in her whisper, 'Take me into your bed. I am cold.' I almost died from fright. My teeth chattered. 'Where is Maurice?' I asked. 'He gave me permission,' she said. 'He doesn't wish to own any property.'

"If a thing like this should happen to me today, I would probably have a heart attack, but I was twenty-three years old and my blood was boiling. I forgot all prohibitions. Some time ago, I read that a man who was forced to fast forty days ate a rat. There is a kind of hunger that deadens all other feelings. Only when she left me a half hour later did I realize what we had done. But I was so exhausted that I couldn't stay awake.

"The next morning all three of us ate breakfast in the kitchen as usual, and Maurice seemed solemn, almost happy. He said, 'I cannot preach one thing and practice something else. Among us there is brotherhood.' In those years we did not know the things that we know today. But I had read Forel, or perhaps it was Krafft-Ebing—I don't remember exactly—and I understood that it wasn't all altruism. There are men, and also women, who have an urge to share. I was a lucky devil; I had everything all in one—a room, food, a mistress. Maurice became overwhelmingly friendly. He

"Gracious! Here it's five o'clock already, and I haven't spent a cent!"

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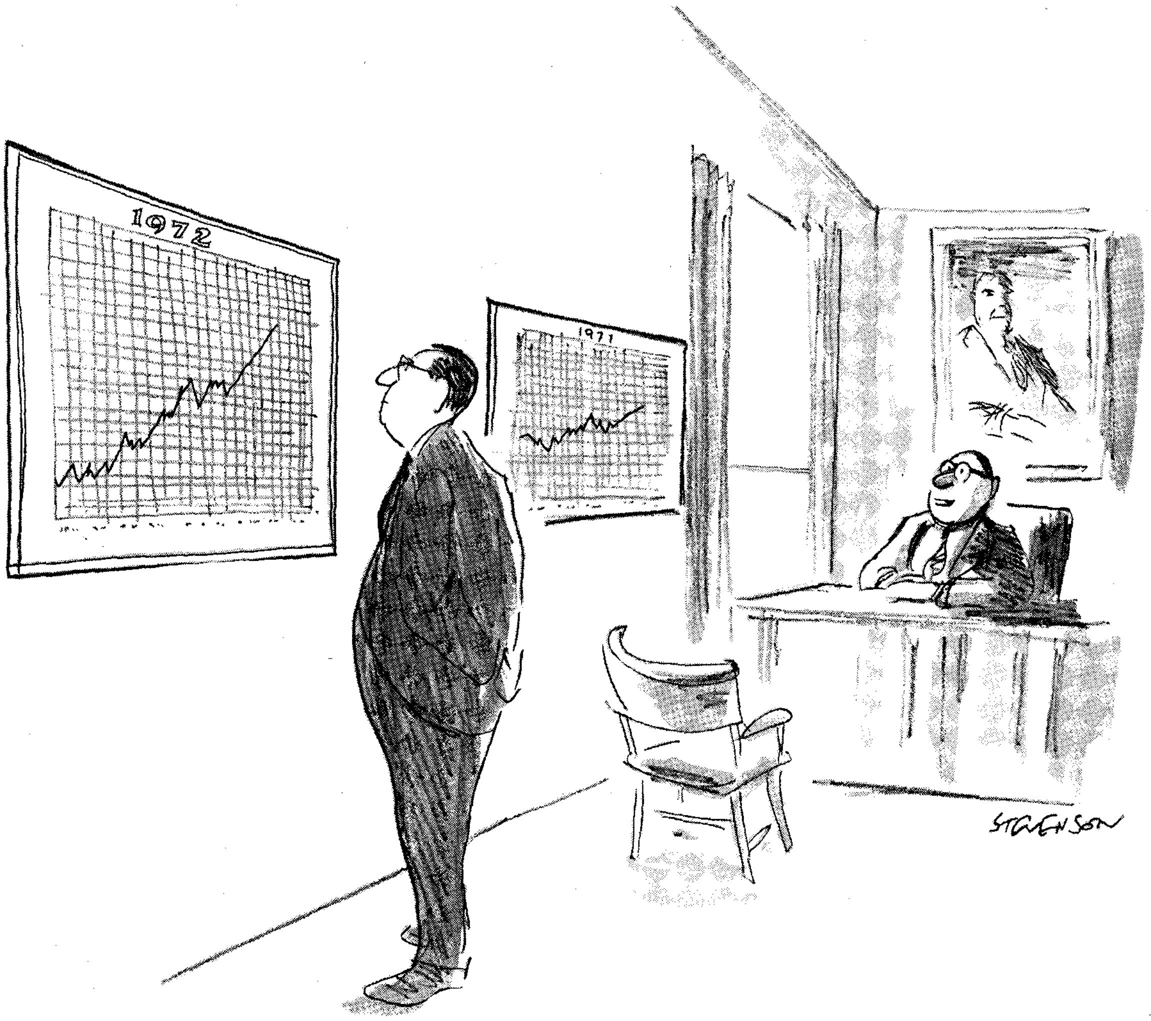
praised me to the skies. He also kissed me. When he made a speech, I had to sit with Libby in the front row. And he always found an excuse to quote me. He was ready to concede everything to me with the exception of Stirner. He still criticized him without mercy. At this time, Stirner had not yet been translated into Yiddish and our comrades knew little about him. But Maurice attacked him at every opportunity. He actually made Stirner known on the lower East Side.

"TWO years passed, and they seemed my happiest years. After a while I was bringing my paycheck—the *paydy*, they called it in our Americanized Yiddish—to Libby. And she did great things with those five dollars. I believe I even got a raise. She fed me, bought my clothes, and pampered me. There are no secrets. The lower East Side is like a little village. Besides, Maurice did not conceal our affair. He actually boasted about it. Our comrades were busy discussing it. They all asked the same question: What will happen if there is a baby? But we were careful that there shouldn't be one.

"After a while the thing became routine, and I noticed that Libby was less ardent. The people on Attorney Street maligned us. Libby had *landsleit*, and they wrote to her relatives in the old country and told about our abominations. Some even threatened us with deportation. We made plans to settle in the West. Somewhere in Oregon there were the remains of the original communes founded by Socialists and utopians. They were falling to pieces because each member had his own ideas not only about how to liberate humanity but also about how to stack hay and milk cows. Many of the members became lazy and refused to work. Some went mad. In the midst of all this there was a sensation: A Russian Revolutionary who had been sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in Siberia had managed to escape, and after wandering for weeks and months through forests and over tundras had made his way to America. He had reached the Pacific and was said to have become a stowaway on a freighter bound for San Francisco. You will not believe me, but at this moment I have forgotten what he called himself. Was it Barushin? No. Kalushin? Also no. This is the trouble with old age—one forgets names. I mention him in my memoirs. It turned out that he was not a Revolutionary at all but a criminal liar, a charlatan. He was sentenced not for throwing a bomb, as we had been told, but for robbery. But this is putting the cart before the horse. We believed then that a pillar of the Revolution was visiting New York and that he refused to divulge his true name because he planned to return to Russia. There was a notice in the Yiddish press that he was going to speak in one of the largest halls downtown. There even were hints that he was a rebellious son of the Russian aristocracy. All false. But one thing was true: he was a Great Russian, not a Jew—a huge fellow, blond, blue-eyed, and he spoke true Russian. With our comrades, this was a mark of distinction. So many guests from Russia had been our own



"They don't actually represent *anything*, George, but they cheer me up."

brethren—small and dark—and they all spoke Russian with an accent. He received so much publicity that hundreds of the faithful who came to hear him had to be turned away from the hall. They remained standing outside—I among them. I happened to arrive late. Maurice was to introduce him and Libby had a front-row seat. Naturally, I could not hear what Maurice said, but that Muscovite had the voice of a lion. I remember that after he had spoken for ten minutes I said to someone standing near me, 'He is as much a Revolutionary as I am a Tartar.'

"You might be able to write a whole novel about this, but I will give the plain facts: Libby fell in love with him. She told me about it later: she glanced at him once, she said, and knew that her fate was sealed.

"Strange, I remember in all its details how our affair began, but I have forgotten how it collapsed. It seems to me that I did not sleep at all that night at Maurice's. It might very well have been that Maurice had taken the Muscovite home after the lecture and that I had to go somewhere else. It happened so suddenly. One day in Maurice's house I had everything—and the next day I had to pack my bag and go. They both were infatuated with him, Maurice and Libby—Maurice even more than she. Now that there is a Freud, we at least have the names for such behavior. Such is man that if he has the name for something it ceases to be a riddle. But then we didn't have the names. Or, if we did, I did not know them. I remember carrying my valise down East Broadway and stopping every few steps. I had been driven out of Paradise without even knowing my sin.

"After a few months, this impostor was unmasked. Letters came from Russia denying all his pretensions. But by that time I had awakened. I grasped that people like Maurice are hero-worshippers. Living with him, Libby had grown to be like him. I understood that since they could exchange me so easily for someone else, there had not been any substance there to start with. What good could come to a young man from staying with a perverted couple? Not long after, I met the woman who became my wife and the mother of my children. She died some time ago.

"WHAT happened to Libby and Maurice? They were divorced. Heaven and earth conspire that such things do not endure. Libby married an elderly man, a druggist. Maurice went, if I'm not mistaken, to Oregon, where he lasted until the colony disintegrated. He came back with an ugly woman older than himself. Both he and Libby withdrew completely from the movement. I met him many years later in Miami Beach. I was looking for an efficiency apartment, and a building on Meridian Avenue had been recommended to me. I came into the lobby and saw Maurice. He was the landlord. A woman tenant was quarrelling with him because she had no hot water. He had grown fat and flabby and was dressed in the Miami Beach fashion, in shorts and a pink flowered shirt. He had become bald, too.

"For a while I stood there and listened, and then I approached him and said, 'Maurice, my dear, "Property is theft." '

"He fell over me and cried like a child. He had been divorced from his second wife and had remarried. He offered me an apartment for a song. His wife boasted to me that her kreplach were famous all over the world. But I was not in a mood for nonsense. Besides, his third wife was even uglier than his second. They are both dead."

"What happened to Libby?" I asked.

Max Peshkin closed his eyes. "She too is already in what we all tried to make—a better world."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.*)

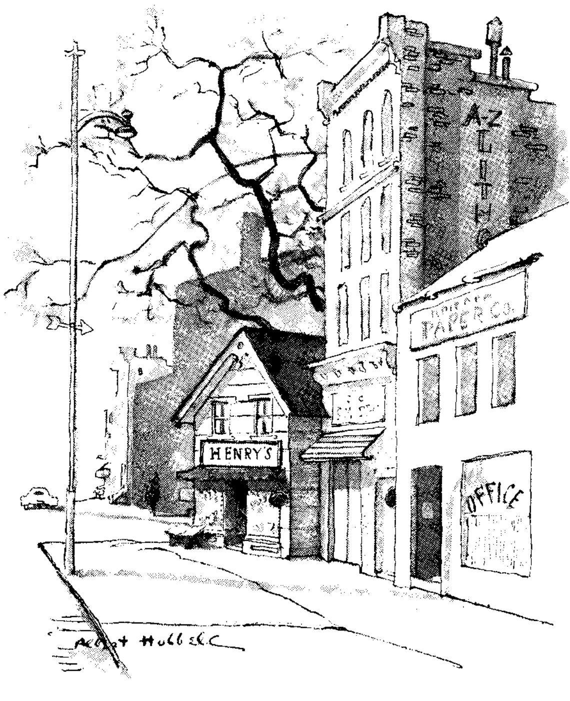
THE MILK RUN

LYDHAM HILL was the name of the knoll and of the cottage, too; it was painted on the stone pillars where the iron carriage gates closed the now unused drive. The cottage stood on the crest of a high ridge overlooking Botany Bay, some eight miles distant, and was built foursquare, east-west, so that they could look from the veranda straight between the headlands, Cape Banks and Cape Solander, to the Pacific. They could see the obelisk standing where Captain Cook first landed with his botanists—Banks and Solander—and they could see on stormy days the little launch they called the Peanut tossing between the heads as it went toward Kurnell.

The cottage was built of rough-hewn sandstone blocks cut out in the quarry down the hill and hauled up in the old days. The trees round the house—Norfolk Island, Monterey, and other pines, pittosporum, camphor laurel—were seventy and more years old, and the pines had seeded in the old neglected orchard, where the seedlings grew higher every year, faster than the children. The knoll itself was ironstone, capped and penetrated by heavy, thick, and almost pure clay, gamboge yellow, stained red where the ironstone stuck out its nodules.

It was almost country still—few houses, large pastures, unpaved streets of sand or clay, foul and grassy gutters.

The short street Lydham Avenue, which went over the hump before the house, westward, was a hazard, almost impassable in wet weather. Cart wheels, horseshoes, boots, umbrella ferrules were sucked in by the clay. In the hot sun the clay soon turned to dough and then to pottery. A messenger boy, the young postman, the women and children of Lydham Hill had to cross the clay to get to the tram or the shops and might lose a handkerchief, a parasol, a shoe, a parcel; poking at it gingerly, afraid to fall in the muck, they would abandon it and struggle to the clay bank and look back just as if the thing had been carried out to sea. The postman's prints, first of a sand shoe that he lost as he crossed to Lydham and then of his naked foot, and a copy of the *St. George Call* that he dropped while trying to get his shoe back remained week after week. The footprints and tracks did not disappear even at the next big rain, but only formed little foot-shaped puddles and long canals. The council occasionally sent men with a cart and shovels to scrape off the surface, and they gleaned the lost articles and went away in the cart, leaving behind a similar clay surface but with the banks higher now, until the people in Lydham Hill had to cut steps in them—yellow clay steps.



It was warm, October, summer just beginning. October is the month of the roof-raising equinoctial gales, which, shouting, bring down trees and capsize sheds. It was a Saturday. The day and night before, there had been gales—rain in the morning; in the evening, a sunset the color of the saffron tea rose at the gate. Matthew, going for milk on Friday, had lost a sand shoe. "Clumsy ape," said his father good-naturedly, flipping the boy's cheek with the nails of his left hand and at the same time explaining that he and Matthew were left-handed; he went on to explain how very difficult this made things for his neighbors—a lady, say, at a public dinner—and that Matthew, later on, would find it awkward, too. Matthew was seven. Then his father, going barefoot, had squelched happily out into the mud and got the shoe back. It needed soaking and cleaning. Said his father, "From now on you go to Dappeto barefoot; it's good for the feet anyway." Dappeto was Matthew's grandfather's place, where he got the milk.

All week in the evenings, his father, with Matthew's elder brother, Jimmy-James, had been lopping the lower boughs off the Norfolk pines down the horse-paddock side. They called it the horse paddock because it was rented to a brown horse for one pound a week—a lonely horse, which could be seen streets away on their slope and which people thought was their horse, but they were not allowed to speak to it. With the cut branches, the three of them built a gunyah, a blackfellows' shelter, placing the tall boughs against a good-sized trunk, lacing them together with small branches. It made an odorous half tent, green, dark, with a floor of old brown pine needles nine inches to a foot thick, so that even now it was dry and warm on the surface.

Matthew had dragged some of the other boughs to the bottom of the white paddock—a pony's paddock—so called because it had a white railing. In it they kept two full-grown emus named Dinawan (a native word for emu) and Dibiyu (a native word for the whistling duck, because in excitement this emu whistled). Dinawan and Dibiyu had come to them newly hatched chicks, striped and about the size of fowls. Beyond this fence at the bottom, Matthew had built a gunyah of his own to share with his friend Lyall Lowrie, also seven years old, a boy who lived in one of the new brick cottages downhill. There was building all around them, fascinating to the boys.

Matt and Lyall were sitting in the gunyah close together, talking in low, interested voices. It was quite warm, but the sun was striking higher at the trees as it westered. Matt, though he did not say so, was hiding from the house. The boys had torn away the pine needles and were poking in the soft, blackish, felted earth. They had found some small red ants.

"That's the beginning of an ants' street," Matthew said.

"I know, one street on top of the other," said Lyall.

"Like a city of the future," said Matthew.

A whistling began. Matthew peered through the pine branches. A woman's voice came down the hill.

Matthew said, "I have to go for the milk. Do you want to come?"

"Where is it? The dairy?"

"It's my grandmother's place—about a mile."

But Lyall had to go home. He climbed a branch, reached out for the fence top, dropped down, shouted, "I'll see you tomorrow!"

"If I don't have to work," Matthew said.

Matthew toiled up the orchard path, made of pebbles stuck in clay. At the south end of the house was a lattice with one panel sagging from the gale. His father was repairing it. A tall, strong, fair man, burned red by the sun, he stood in the opening leading to the brick yard—a courtyard almost entirely enclosed by domestic buildings in sandstone, a shelter from the hilltop wind.

"Milk-oh!" said his father.

"I made a gunyah," Matthew said.

"Good-oh. And now skedaddle."

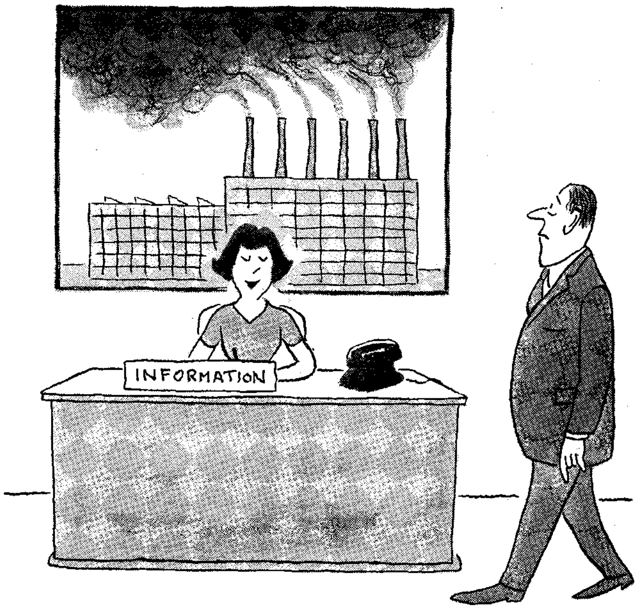
Matthew was a fair, sturdy boy, who closely resembled his father. His sun-bleached hair was whiter; he had a thick down over his temples joining his pale eyebrows, and it ran over the sides of his cheeks where his beard would be. As soon as he came in sight of his father, his eyes became fixed on the man's face; he smiled with an unconscious, faint rapture, and his glances followed his father—a restless, energetic man, never still.

"Do you love your dad?" his father asked, smiling with coquettish cunning at the child.

The boy burst out laughing. "Yes, Dad!"

His worship of his father was a family joke, a public joke, and something that irritated his mother. They talked about him when they thought he was not listening. He was always listening idly, his head turned away, while he played with ants, bees, wasps—mooned, as they said. The ants, bees, wasps did not sting him; they would hang resting on his hand. His idling, playing, was not a ruse. In his dreamy pastimes, he liked to be a part of what he heard—the snatches and inconsequence of their talk part of the wasps, the rush of wind, an entire life, vague but delicious. He could sit in the sun watching the ant trails for hours; he never hurt the ants. His father told him there were ant engineers, ant architects, ant soldiers, ant nurses, ant scouts, but he scarcely thought of it. "Perhaps another Darwin," said his father, and he said the same when it turned out that Matthew was slow in school; Darwin had been slow in school. But at other times Matthew galloped about shouting; no one knew what he shouted.

His father was pretending to block the way. Matthew could get very angry. His father was curious about it and teased him. With a rough push, the boy got past and went to the kitchen. The milk can stood on the table, a workman's billycan, of gray-flecked enamel, with a tin top that served as a cup.



MATTHEW set off. His feet were bare. They were solid, well-formed feet, with the skin grown thick and horny on the soles and blackened underneath, dark gray with dirt you could not get out, yellow-splashed at the sides, with deep cracks on the soles right down to the red flesh. He was used to having sore feet and dug deep into the soft mud, soothed. He went down the grass slope outside the iron gates, where they were now laying the foundations to build; the men had gone, and he picked up a few bright nails from between the floor joists for his father. The men liked him and let him take nails anyway.

At Wollongong Road, he scanned the dairy farm opposite. Then he crossed the road and walked along by the two-rail fence. The farm buildings of whitewashed planks lay slightly below the swell of the meadow, toward Stoney Creek gully. Matt trotted down the tussocky footway. He had not gone far before the boy he feared—the milkman's son—came out from the brick wall of the old house where he had been waiting, with a mad scowl, his features jumping as if on red and black wires, his teeth showing. He rushed to the fence and swung his greenhide thong onto Matthew's shoulder and face. He did not say a word but, with a fierce grin of hatred, jerked and swung.

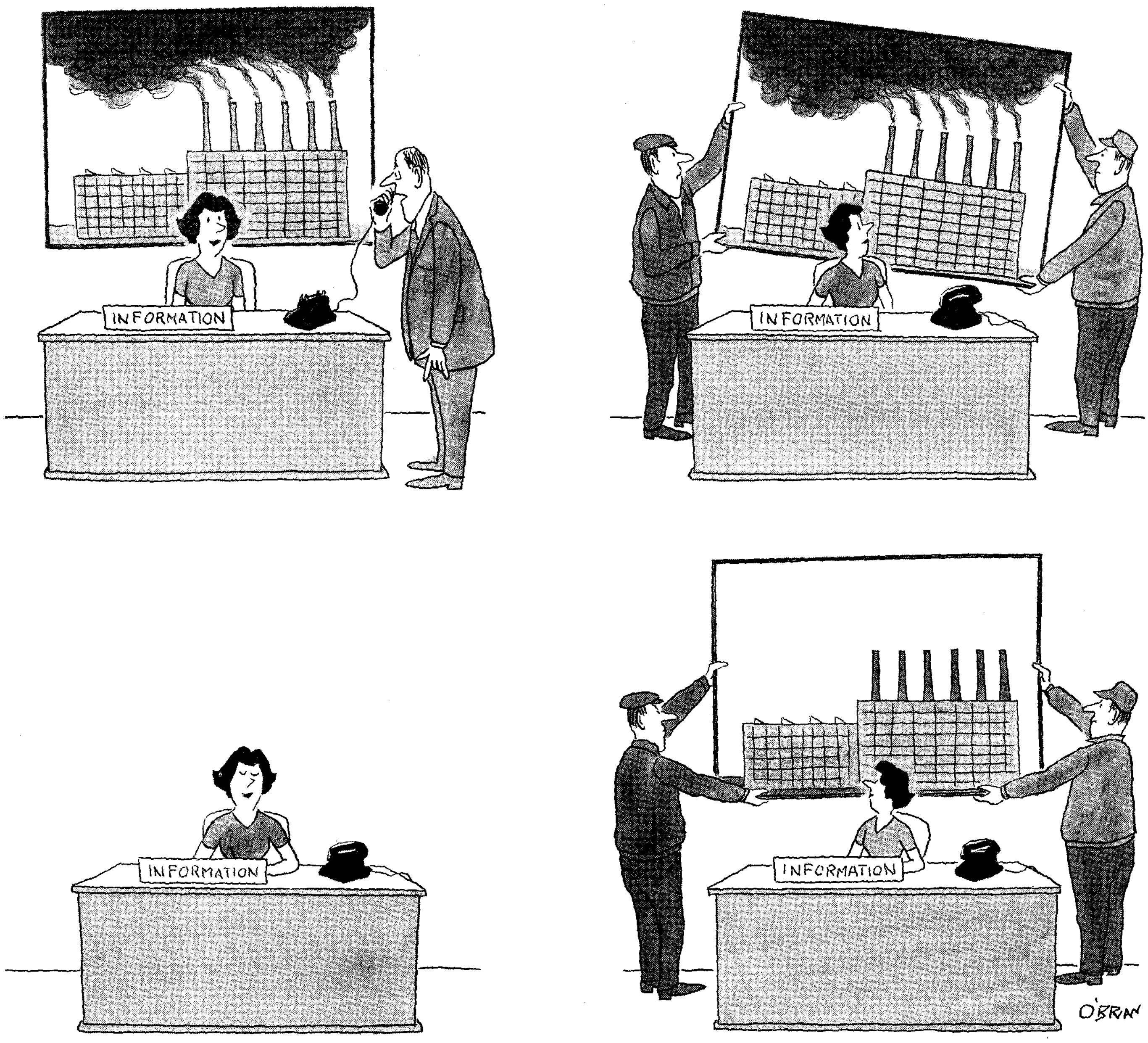
"Don't," Matthew said. He hurried along, the milk can swinging wildly on its wire handle. His enemy followed him to the next panel and the next, but did not get through the fence onto the footway. The greenhide thong, about fifteen inches long and three or four inches wide, slapped down on Matthew's left side. He started to cry and ran along the ruts, the milk can insensately hopping up and down and doing somersaults. But the boy, having caused terror, ceased after a few more panels and walked diagonally toward the milking sheds, turning round to make a face. The cows were coming up from the gully side and gathering at the door of the shed. The milkman's son was a thin, muscular boy of about ten, with dark hair and regular features, but when Matthew saw him he was always snarling, grinning in fury.

Matthew reached the next block, all small red-roofed houses; it was some time before he saw the picket fence of Dappeto. Until a fortnight before, it had been his sister Emily, a clumsy girl of eleven, "always in the wars," as they said, who had gone for the milk to Dappeto every evening after school. Then one day, almost home, she fell in the clay and sent the can flying. She came home dirty, her long, fair hair wet and dark-streaked over her red cheeks, with no milk for the baby and the story "A boy beat me." "What boy?" "I don't know." Though Matthew knew the boy, their unbelief made him think it was a lie, too. Now, though they did not believe her and he was smaller, it had become his job to go for the milk. Even his mother had made no protest.

Here was his grandfather's house, Dappeto. Inside the fence grew all kinds of trees—camphor laurel, pittosporum, swamp box, eucalyptus, wattles. He went down the lane to the side with a big gate for the buggy. He dug his toes into the asphalt softened by the day's sun. There was the old camphor laurel with the broad, low arms, good for climbing and hiding, there the giant Araucaria Bidwillii, with shining dark-green stabbing leaves. There was the man Tom Grove, called the Man, in the cow paddock at the salt lick. Matthew went in under the archway where the feed bins were and up into the scullery. No one was there. Up a step into the kitchen. Mary the maid sat at the window knitting.

"I saw you coming. How's your mother?"

"All right."



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"What dirty feet! Where are your shoes?"

"I lost one."

He went up another step, onto the veranda, turned right; there was the double pantry: preserves beyond in a dark room, here on the shelf three large shallow pans of milk for skimming. Mary came and poured milk into his can.

The parrot sitting on his perch on the veranda put down his head engagingly, said, "Cocky want a bit of bread and sugar?"

Mary dipped a crust in milk and sugar and gave it to the boy. "Give it to Joey."

"No, no," he said, flushing. The parrot had a cunning eye and heavy beak.

"Emus have bigger beaks," Mary said. She was a countrywoman from Hay and saw no sense in keeping emus.

"Emus don't bite," Matt said.

Mary, in her long flowing skirt, stepped along the veranda and handed the parrot his crust. He was a handsome Mexican, said to be forty years old—as old as Mary herself.

"Go and see your grandmother. I'll get some butter for your mother."

Up another slate step into the house, where right beside the door there was a little room called the housekeeper's room, where his grandmother liked to sit.

"Is that you, Mattie?" called a voice very like the parrot's voice. A large, solid, neat old woman, with white hair strained back into a little bun, in a black dress with white trimmings—a housekeeper's dress—sat in an armchair stuck between the table and the wall. She could look out through two windows in the angle, one toward Wollongong Road, one toward the greenhouses. She smiled fondly but did not stop revolving her thumbs in her clasped, bloated hands. "Look at the dirty feet! Doesn't your mother give you shoes to wear?"

"I have sand shoes."

"Where are they?"

"It's healthy to go without shoes."

"Come and kiss Old Mum. How's your brother?"

"Jamstealer is all right. He's playing football this afternoon."

The grandmother said suddenly, "Jamstealer is not a nice name to call your brother."

"It doesn't mean jam stealer—it's a name. Daddy calls him that."

"It's not a nice name for your father to call his son."

Matthew frowned.

The old woman rose and took his hand. "Come and I'll get you some flowers for your mother. How is she?"

"Mother's lying down."

She plucked flowers from the beds

along the cracked asphalt drive. Her flat monk's shoes slid off the grassy verge. "I nearly fell down on my bum," she said, and began to laugh, opening her mouth wide in her creased, floury face. She kept her eyes on the little boy. "What would your father say to that?"

Matthew was shocked and said nothing.

"Milking, we had a stool called a bumstool," she said. She had come from a dairying family on the south coast.

He eyed her straight. They came back to the kitchen.

"Tell your mother to come and see her mother one of these days."

Mary handed him the butter in a bag and the flowers and the milk.

"Scratch Cocky," the parrot said. He lowered his head and ruffled the feathers, showing gray skin.

"Beat the gong," Matthew begged.

Mary picked up the chamois-headed stick that hung on the gong beside the back door. Joey shifted his feet in a slow, respectable dance. Mary hit the gong twice. Joey screeched, "Stephen! Walter! Edward! Anthony! John! Arthur! Matthew! Robert! Frederick! Albert! William! Leah! Rachel! Pitti!" It was a countrywoman's screech.

No air-thin boys and girls came gambolling from the paddocks and orchard, from the gardens and bowling green, hungry for dinner, though in years long gone they had come racing, in flesh and blood. Those were his uncles and aunts, and Pitti was his mother, the youngest—"Pretty."

Matthew went back up the asphalt drive, the homemade butter in one hand, the flowers and the quart milk can jostling in the other.

WHEN Matthew came back to the dairy on Wollongong Road, he hesitated. He could cross toward Forest Road, heading round a triangle of land just being fenced in, and be invisible to the milkman's son. But he was a little afraid of the new route. He crossed and came along that side of Wollongong Road, along a tall apricot-colored fence of new hairy boards. At the farther point of that triangular plot, too, was an interesting wooden post, very old and gray and eaten inside by termites. It had been smoldering for weeks, set alight by the sun, not extinguished by the rain.

"Oh, Og! You're sweet!"

The sun was on the horizon. Shafts of red touched him across the dairy. He reached the end of the new fence, and Lydham Hill could be seen with its great head of trees. He stumbled on a big tussock and fell. Though he kept hold of the things, the milk spilled. He got up quickly and righted the can, but there was very little milk left. He tried with the lid to catch some from the ground, but it had soaked away into the sand, leaving a light stain. Just a few of the grass blades held a dew of milk. When he shook them, the dew fell. He did not know what to do. He was too tired to go back to Dappeto. At home, they might beat him—worse, shout and deplore. As he still poked stupidly about looking for milk, he saw a gold coin, a sovereign, under the tussock. He knew it, for his father brought home his pay on Saturdays, spread the coins on the table—gold, sovereigns and half sovereigns, silver—and let the children finger them. He was proud of it, what he earned.

Matthew picked up the gold coin and hurried home up the yellow clay, past the saffron tea rose, a tree with yellow bellflowers—the Chinaman's Finger Tree, so called because they put the flowers on their fingers and rushed at each other, shrieking, "I'm a Chinaman!"

He had his statement ready. "I fell over the grass and spilled the milk."

His mother was in the kitchen in her gray silk dressing gown with the silver and gold dragons on it, at the bottom gold water waves and a gold tower. She had a baby's white shawl round her head, a sign of neuralgia.

"I was tired," he complained.

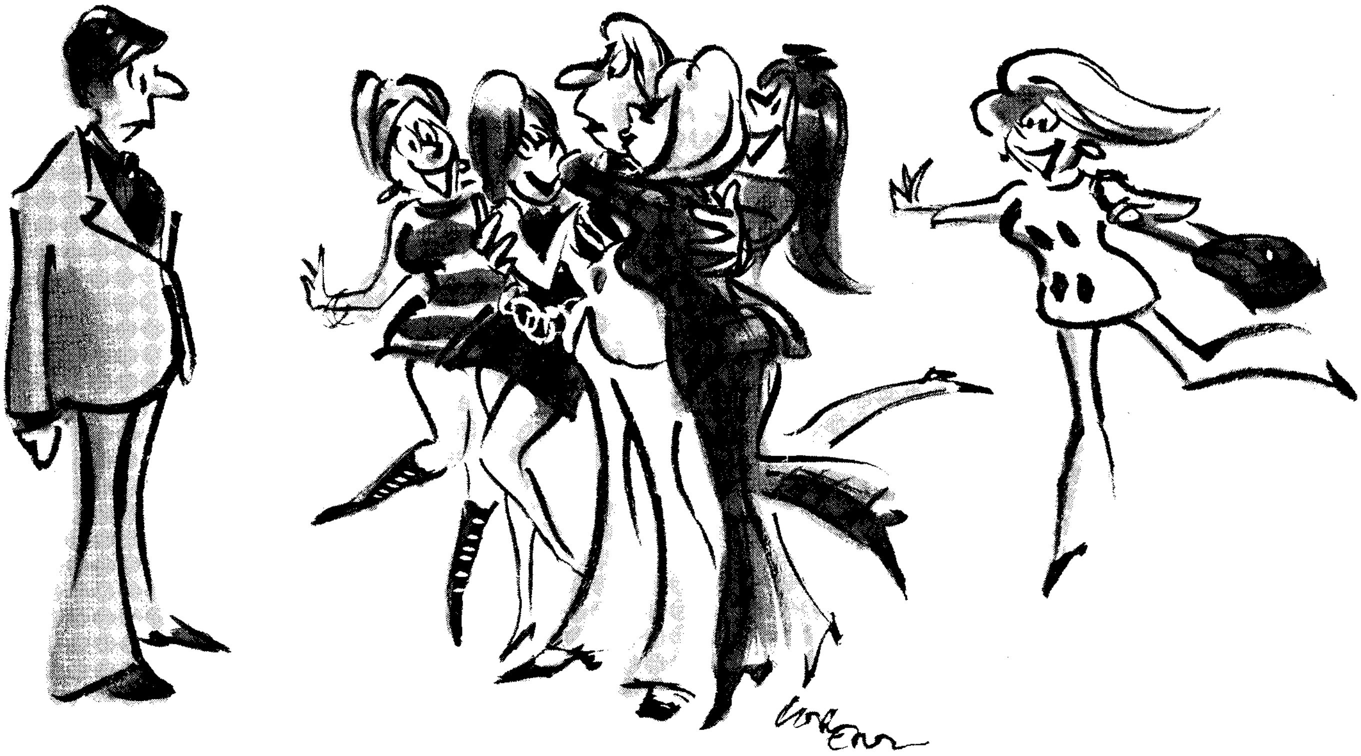
"Barely a cupful," she said contemptuously. "Open the condensed milk, Eva. What's that?"

"Butter and some flowers, and Old Mum says to go and see her."

"I'll go and see Mother tomorrow. I wish I could leave this darn windy barn. And the emus walked in this evening and ate your father's cat's-eye waistcoat buttons that were lying on the kitchen windowsill."

"I found this," Matthew said. "It's a sovereign." Until he had shown it, he had not been quite sure—was it really there?

The two women came close. "Yes,



"The hell of it is I don't know whether it's my haircut, my shirt, my new boots, or my aftershave."

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so it is," his mother said. "Some poor brute of a workman lost his wages and is getting a tongue-banging this minute, I know."

"Can I keep it, Mother?"

"I don't suppose so. We'll ask your father."

But his father said, "It's no use crying over spilt milk," and he said Matthew could keep the sovereign. "You can start a savings account at school on Monday."

Matthew turned up his fair flushed face, radiant, and looked at his father's face; it seemed to him all pure love. He exclaimed, "Tommy Small whaled me with a greenhide bat."

They drew back, inspecting him curiously. "Where?"

He pulled up his sleeve and there, to his surprise, there really was a broad bruise. He expected his father to break into shouts of indignation. His mother stood in doubt; his father also stood away with a strange expression—a queasy, almost greedy expression, yet shy and frightened, too. Matthew felt that they would do nothing about it.

"It's a dirty dairy," his father said.

"Must I go for the milk tomorrow?"

"Of course—gee-up, milk-oh!"

His mother said, "You must be a man, my son."

They did not believe him. They thought he was copying Emily. He did not go further. Muteness crowded his mouth; his throat closed. He saw that they had abandoned him, and he expected nothing.

On Sunday he went with his mother for the milk. "It isn't half a mile," she said. After that, he never saw Tommy Small again. This, too, was something he did not comprehend; he began to feel that perhaps he was a liar, like Emily. But then the gold coin was inexplicable, and what astonished him most, in secret, was that it was he who had found it. He knew he was not clever or lucky. A thought grew inside him, evolving out of doubt and fluff: Perhaps later I will have just one big piece of luck; and the gold coin remained shining in the soft animal darkness of his mind.

When the new houses were finished and he could no longer go there for nails for his father, people came to live, and presently a new dairy sent round a cart. He would rush out when the milkman came, glorying in the spurting, foaming quarts that they took in in two big jugs they had bought. He stood on the brick landing outside the kitchen and watched, his tongue at his teeth. "Two quarts, please," his mother always said, standing in her long pink morning gown, her black hair fluffed out. Oh, the milk! The flowing milk. —Christina Stead

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EMBLEM

A great snowy owl
Sat on a cupola
Looking wise,
But undoubtedly thinking of mice
Who might be down under the barn
To come out to be devoured.

He had flown in from the far north,
So large and commanding a bird
Hundreds came daily to gape.
His head swivelled,
His eyes were astonishing,
His silence complete.

Where is the snowy owl of yesteryear?
Overlooking the snowy plain,
The snow hills from his perch
Atop the cupola,
Gazing at small creatures
In and out of cars below.

Where has he gone, honorer?
The cupola is unadorned,
The site as it used to be.
In deprivation of eye joy
And nature dressed to fineness,
My heart flew north, absolutely white.

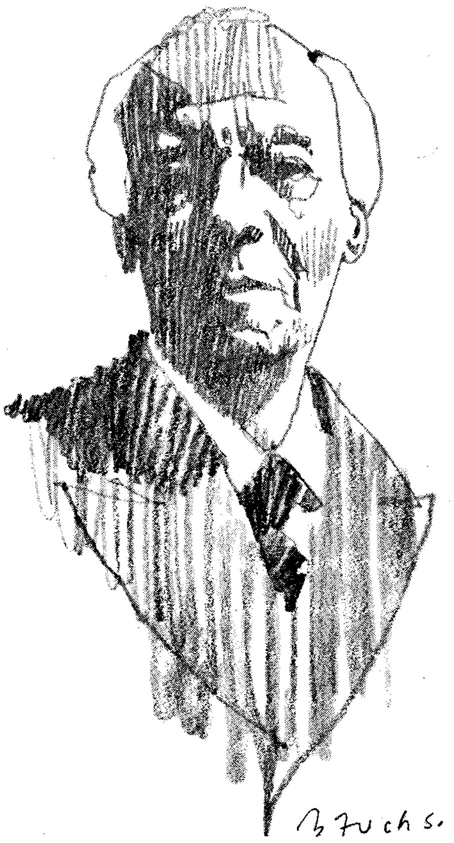
—Richard Eberhart

PROFILES

EARLY VOICE

II—REACHING FOR THE MOON

ONE morning in June of 1925, when A. Philip Randolph was two months past his thirty-sixth birthday, he was walking up Seventh Avenue, from an apartment that he and his wife had recently taken, at 314 West 133rd Street, on his way to the office of the *Messenger*, the monthly magazine of black politics and culture. Randolph and a close friend, Chandler Owen, had started the magazine in 1917, and for several years it had been what one writer described as "one of the ornaments of its age." But by 1925 the *Messenger's* brand of politics—Socialist and radical—was in decline, and the magazine, which had never been financially secure, had lost the prominence and a good deal of the status it once enjoyed. In 1923, Owen, having become disillusioned with Socialist politics, had left for Chicago, and Randolph had since been struggling to keep his promise to himself that the *Messenger* would never die. As he made his way to work that morning, he was stopped at the corner of 135th Street and Seventh Avenue by a man who doffed a panama hat, introduced himself as Ashley L. Totten, and asked to have a word with Randolph. Totten was a well-built man of medium height, with a strong, handsome face and a decisive manner. The panama hat was the crown of one of his favorite ensembles—white gabardine suit, flowered red or blue tie on white shirt, and white shoes. A native of Christiansted, St. Croix, Totten had been living in Harlem since 1915 and had been working most of that time as a Pullman sleeping-car porter, out of the New York Central District. Aggressive and outspoken, he had, by 1925, developed a reputation among New York porters as a "firebrand." Totten told Randolph that he had been reading the *Messenger* for several years and had been a regular listener at the Sunday-evening soapbox forums that Randolph and Owen once conducted at the corner of Lenox Avenue and 135th Street. What he had on his mind was this: Would Randolph consider coming to a social club known as the Pullman Porters Athletic Association and speaking to the members on the subject of trade unionism and collective bargaining? Randolph said he would be glad to.



A. Philip Randolph

The meeting was not an accident. Totten had been thinking for several months of approaching Randolph, and, in fact, was on his way to the *Messenger's* office, on Seventh Avenue, when he ran into the editor. His invitation to Randolph grew out of a widening unrest among sleeping-car porters in New York and other cities over their working conditions and, specifically, over the functioning of the Pullman Company's Plan of Employee Representation—a glorified company union, which Pullman had presented to the porters five years earlier. Toward the beginning of 1924, Totten and another porter, Roy Lancaster, who were delegates to the Plan of Employee Representation, had returned from a wage conference at the Pullman headquarters, in Chicago. The conference, they felt, had been a sham. There had been no genuine attempt at bargaining; the representatives of the Pullman Company—supported by a number of what Totten called "weak-kneed" porter delegates—had simply made a take-it-or-leave-it offer, to become effective on April 1, 1925, and the porters had accepted.

A week or so after meeting Totten, Randolph addressed the Porters Athletic Association, and his speech, which was well received, encouraged Totten in his resolve. Yet he and his colleagues in New York knew only too well the dangers and difficulties of what they wanted to attempt. Every previous effort by Pullman porters to organize themselves had been crushed by the company, and the ringleaders had been fired. Historically, it was not the policy of the Pullman Company to recognize bona-fide labor organizations. The company simply fixed its wage rates and working conditions, and employees were free either to accept or, if they disliked the terms, to quit. According to one labor historian, that was the extent of their rights. As Totten and his disgruntled colleagues thought about their need to organize a labor union, it occurred to them that there was no better man to undertake the task than Randolph. He had some formidable liabilities, to be sure: his impeccable dress, his "Harvard" accent, and his highly cultivated manners were scarcely compatible with the popular conception of a labor leader or a champion of the workingman's cause. But he also possessed assets that were remarkably expedient to their purpose. Totten knew from reading the *Messenger* and from listening to Randolph's soapbox speeches that no one in Harlem had a deeper understanding of the need for labor unionism or a greater concern for the problems of workers. Randolph was one of the best public speakers that Harlem had ever heard. He also had a magazine, a ready-made platform for a new labor organization. And, most important, he wasn't a Pullman porter. There was an irony here, of course. A Pullman porter would have been—considering such things as rapport and an experience in common problems—really the best man to organize his peers. But, as the porters' history had shown, no Pullman porter could survive the attempt to form a new union. Randolph's preëminent credential was that he could not be picked off by the Pullman Company.

A few weeks after Randolph addressed the Porters Athletic Association, W. H. Des Verney—one of the older and more prosperous New York porters—invited Randolph to a secret meeting at his home, on West 131st Street. Four other porters were there: Totten and Lancaster; Thomas T.

Patterson, a tall, courtly, ascetic-looking Jamaican; and R. R. Matthews, a part-time Christian Science reader, who was an inveterate pro-unionist. During the meeting, Totten and Des Verney put it squarely to Randolph: Would he organize the porters? Randolph said that, flattered though he was by the request, he had no further interest in organizing anything. He told them of all his previous efforts—between 1917 and 1925 he had organized several labor and political groups, in addition to founding the *Messenger*—and all these either had been taken over by others or had died. Randolph said that he was now satisfied to consider himself merely a propagandist for the idea of unionism. Then again, he said, the *Messenger* was now his whole life, and he was fully occupied in the struggle to keep the magazine going. Moreover, he added, he couldn't see himself jumping into a fight with an institution like the Pullman Company, which he called "one of the most powerful Brahmins of American business." Nevertheless, he would not close the door entirely. He would like to give the idea some more thought, and in the meantime he would prepare a series of articles for his magazine calling public attention to the plight of the Pullman porters.

"*Have you no code, man?*"

BY the early nineteen-twenties, the Pullman Company had become one of the country's industrial giants and its largest private employer of black labor. As the years passed, the early porters, many of whom were former slaves—those "with the wicker-lamp, wooden-car mind," Randolph called them—were gradually replaced by elementary-school and high-school graduates, by students working their way through college, and by more than a few young men with bachelor's degrees, to whom America could offer nothing finer than Pullman livery. "Among this army of porters," one of them said, "may be found skilled mechanics, lawyers, doctors, scientists, theologians, philosophers, orators, men of ability in the field of literature; in fact, every line of human endeavor."

Among his neighbors, the porter of the early nineteen-twenties was regarded, on the whole, as a model of solid black citizenship. He had a secure job; he mixed with white people, including many of wealth and distinction; he usually owned his own home, even if he had to take in boarders to pay off the mortgage; he was a pillar of the local church; he saved to send his children to college; he voted the Republican ticket; he subscribed to the American way of life; and, as far as people could tell, he was never unfaithful to his wife. In his community, the porter was not, to be sure, on the same social level as the black middle-class professional—or, at least, so it seemed to the black middle-class professional, who saw the porter as something of a joke. But many people who lacked professional credentials—and who held a less exalted estimate of their own social status—saw the porter as an example of what black men could make of their lives within the limits of their situation.

For several years, however, the majority of the porters had not been as happy in the Pullman service as everyone seemed to feel. A few of them had stopped smiling, not only at their situation but also at the passengers. Such men meant business; they wanted to change both their working conditions and the way the public regarded them. In 1915, when the porter's minimum monthly wage was twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents, the chairman of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations asked the company's general manager, L. S. Hungerford, who was testifying before the commission, "Do you consider twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a month sufficient for a man who is required to discharge all the duties you have detailed here and to follow all the rules referred to?" Hungerford replied, "All I can say is that you can get all the men you require to do the work." Between 1915 and 1919, the porter's wage rose to a minimum of forty-eight fifty a month. And during the latter year—following a General Order issued by William Gibbs McAdoo, the Director-General of the United States Railroad Administration in Woodrow Wilson's Administration—the porter started making sixty dollars a month, a wage that was still considerably lower than what a New York Factory Commission study had established as a decent minimum for an American family.

But that was not the sum of the porter's exploitation. The basic work month consisted of almost four hundred hours or eleven thousand miles, whichever was logged first. No overtime was paid until a porter exceeded one of these figures, and then it was paid only at the rate of sixty cents for every extra hundred miles or twenty-five cents an hour over four hundred hours. It is hardly surprising that no more than a few porters—a favored handful who were given extra runs—managed to log more than four hundred hours or eleven thousand miles a month. Out of his salary and tips, moreover, a porter paid for his own meals and bought his own uniforms and equipment for the first ten years—down to the

"He's waiting to greet the dawn of the Wankel era."

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polish he used to shine the passengers' shoes. And if he ran out of polish on the job he was reported by the white conductor and penalized. A porter was also expected to work many hours or log hundreds of miles a month without pay. It worked this way: A porter scheduled to leave New York at 12:30 A.M. on a train for Washington, D.C., say, was required to report for duty at 7:30 P.M. He spent the next few hours preparing the train for departure and receiving passengers. His paid time, however, did not begin until 12:30, when the train pulled out. And if, at 12:30, there were no passengers, the porter was required to deadhead into Washington, in the hope that there would be passengers coming back.

Then there were times when the porter had to "double out," whether he liked it or not. That is, when he returned from a long run—which may have lasted as much as a week—he could be ordered out on the very next train, without a rest period and at a lower rate of pay. This, of course, gave him no time to shower, shave, change his clothes, or see his family. But if while he was doubling out he was found untidy, unclean, or asleep, he was docked, suspended, or fired. A porter could also be ordered to run "in charge." On such runs, he performed not only his own duties but also those of the conductor. If he was "lucky" enough to run in charge for a month, he received ten dollars above his basic salary. This, of course, was a considerable saving to the company, for a conductor's salary in, say, 1925 was a hundred and fifty dollars a month. "Then, too, there was this thing of 'George,' " one porter recalls. "No matter who you were, or how old, most everybody wanted to call you George. It meant that you were just George Pullman's boy—same as in slave days, when if the owner was called Jones the slave was called Jones. It got so you were scared to go into the office to pick up your check, for fear some little sixteen-year-old office boy would yell out 'George.' "

BECAUSE of all their grievances, porters had been trying to form a union since 1900. Milton Price Webster later recounted the struggle in the *Black Worker*, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters:

> It was told to me by old porters that as far back as 1900 efforts were put forth to organize. . . . The first concrete effort . . . was manifested along about 1912. This effort took the form of petitions which were circulated among the porters throughout the country, virtually begging the Company for some consideration and relief from the very meagre wage, which at that time was $25.00 per month. We found that there were many porters at that time too timid to sign even a begging petition. However, as a result of this first petition, an increase in pay was given to the porters of $2.50 per month, making their salary $27.50 per month, which was not a big salary in 1912. Several years later another petition was submitted to the company which, it is believed, brought forth an additional increase of $2.50 per month. . . . At this rate the porters' wages remained until the year 1917 when a 50% increase in pay was granted . . . raising their wages to $45.00 per month. . . . Shortly thereafter the Pullman Car Lines became part of the United States Railroad Administration [when President Wilson nationalized the railroads during the war], under the direction of Director-General William G. McAdoo. The porters were receiving the lowest classification of pay that was obtained in the Railroad Administration at that time and were paid $47.50 per month, the rate that was paid to office boys.
>
> One of the first proclamations issued by the Railroad Administration was that employees of the Administration seeking consideration with respect to wages and working conditions, must come through organized groups, and that the Railroad Administration would not deal with individuals, and the Lane Wage Commission was set up by the Railroad Administration at that time to hear, determine and recommend to the Railroad Administration on all matters concerning wages and working conditions.
>
> Following the edict of the Railroad Administration . . . a number of organizations sprung up among the Pullman porters, namely, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters Protective Union, several local organizations in the American Federation of Labor organized under the Hotel Workers' Alliance and the International Railroad Men's Benevolent In-

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GEOFFREY BEENE. THE FRAGRANCE.

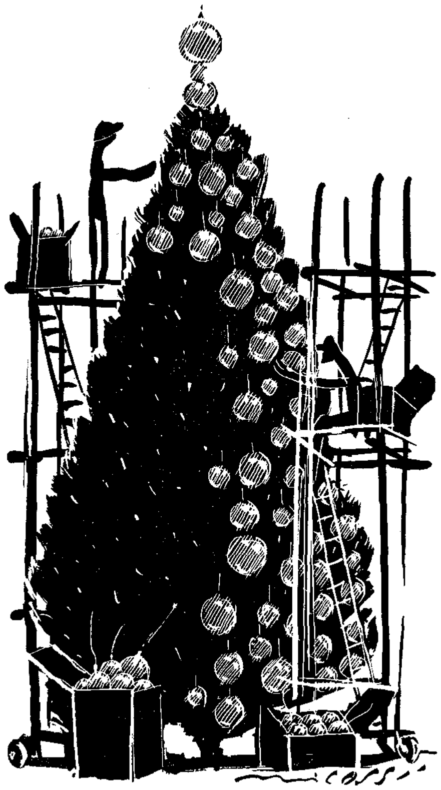
> dustrial Association, of which the writer was an official for several years.
>
> Most of the activities of the various porters' organizations of that period were taken up in each telling what the other could not do for the porters.... However, during the period of the United States Railroad Administration the Pullman porters were raised from $47.50 a month to $60.00... and placed on the eleven thousand mile basic month....
>
> At this rate the porters' wages remained until... 1924. At the conclusion of the United States Railroad Administration and the passage of the Transportation Act of 1920, the Employee Plan of Representation of The Pullman Company was set up and presented to the porters in the various districts throughout the United States. Many porters, because of the chaos and confusion that existed among the several organizations at that time, accepted the Pullman Plan of Employee Representation and among the early members were such men as Frank Boyd of St. Paul; A. Briggs of Denver, Colorado; A. L. Totten of New York City; John C. Mills of Chicago, and others.
>
> During... 1924 another effort was made to organize the porters into a bona fide labor union, and shortly thereafter there was called by the company the first so-called joint conference under the Pullman Plan of Employee Representation. Pullman porters throughout the country made an effort to select the best possible men to represent them, and there were included among those in the first conference such good... men as John C. Mills, C. S. Wells of Cleveland; M. C. Oglesby of Boston, Mass., and A. L. Totten.

It was what occurred at this joint conference that convinced Totten of the need for a new effort to organize a bona-fide porters' union, and that led him to seek the aid of Randolph. Totten later reported on the conference in the *Black Worker:*

> Delegates were treated like the dignitaries of Europe visiting America. We were met by an army of guards, calamity howlers and self-seekers who belong to the official staff of the Pullman family.... We had to be guarded while we slept, lest evil spirit in the form of labor leaders ran away with us. We ate the best meals, slept in the good beds of the Y.M.C.A. and smoked the best cigars but we did not have to pay one cent to anybody.... BIG Negroes... held elaborate banquets in our honor, supposedly at their own expense.... The Pullman Porter's Band played for us.... We were paid $5 per day in addition to our regular wages and an extra allowance for taxicab and other expenses....
>
> We were told of a number of new jobs to be created and if we behaved ourselves we would be promoted. We listened to Pullman officials who called us the chosen children of the Pullman family and to the BIG Negroes who advised us of the danger of a labor union.
>
> Thus, fourteen of the twenty well fed delegates walked into the conference ready to vote for anything that the management wanted and against anything that the porters were asking for.... When the management representatives entered the room with Perry Parker [an ex-porter, who had been appointed by the Pullman Company as a welfare officer] we gave a wild cheer. F. L. Simmons [*management*] *announced that* Perry Parker had something to say after assuring us that there is no man in whom the management had any higher regard than its national welfare worker.
>
> Perry thanked us for the applause and request that he sit with the management but reminded us that he would have to also protect the side his bread and butter came from and left the room.
>
> The conference put on the appearance of an armed camp. The six delegates determined to fight to the bitter end for the 240 hour work month. We held the floor all morning in an effort to keep our weak-kneed opponets quiet and to keep the management from calling for a vote any too soon.
>
> The late Supt. Leach announced that there was a delegation of porters outside with a protest against the 240 hour work month. They were seeking admission he said. That statement made us fighting mad. We would not yield.

But it was all in vain. Totten's forces were routed, and when the conference was over the basic work month remained at close to four hundred hours or eleven thousand miles. What the porters received was nothing more than what the company had come prepared to offer: an increase of seven dollars and fifty cents, raising their monthly wage to sixty-seven fifty. And, as Milton Webster said later, "This was the beginning of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters."

AFTER looking into the history of the porters' working conditions, Randolph wrote two articles—"The Case of the Pullman Porter" and "Pullman Porters Need Own Union"—which appeared in the *Messenger* in July and August, 1925. They aroused so much interest among the porters in New York that Totten renewed his pressure on Randolph to take on the job of organizing a union. This time, Randolph agreed. An organizing committee was set up, with Randolph as general organizer, W. H. Des Verney as assistant general organizer for the Eastern zone, and Roy Lancaster as secretary-treasurer. Lancaster also became the business manager of the *Messenger*, which Randolph agreed to transform into the voice of the new union.



The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was inaugurated on the night of August 25, 1925, in the auditorium of the Imperial Lodge of Elks, at 160 West 129th Street. Five hundred people met there that night, and the *Amsterdam News* called the gathering "the greatest labor mass meeting ever held of, for and by Negro working men." But not all were well-wishers and potential members. According to the *Amsterdam News*, "a few of the company's spies and several old hat-in-hand porters were there, waiting to get information to carry back to the Pullman offices." Because of this, it had to be a rather cautious and restrained inaugural meeting. Randolph likes to recall the occasion to friends:

> I told the men I didn't want one porter to open his mouth in the meeting, lest the stool pigeons reported them to the Pullman Company. So I ran the whole meeting myself. I told them I would now give the invocation, and I gave it. I told them I was going to sing the Brotherhood's song, "Hold the Fort," and I sang it. I told them I was going to make the announcements and introduce guest speakers, and I did. I told them now I was going to make the main speech, and then I did. At the end of the meeting, I moved the vote of thanks, said the benediction, and told everyone to go home and not hold any discussions on the street corners.

Randolph also told the porters that the Brotherhood would be demanding recognition of the union and the abolition of the Employee Representation Plan; an end to tipping, and a minimum monthly wage of a hundred and fifty dollars; a basic work month of two hundred and forty hours, compensation for deadheading, and an adjustment of doubling out; conductors' pay for conductors' work; and, "not the least . . . is that of being treated like men."

The following day, more than two hundred porters came to the *Messenger's* office—now also the headquar-

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ters of the Brotherhood—to join the union. The initial enthusiasm was so great that within two months the Brotherhood said it had a majority of the nine hundred or so porters in New York. But now the message had to be spread. Pullman porters in cities all over the country had to be organized. There seemed no way, at first, for this to be done, because the Brotherhood had no money to conduct a national membership drive. The parent organization in New York took in just enough dues (fifty cents per man per month) to keep itself alive. Randolph turned to his connections among white Socialists and liberals in New York, and the Garland Fund, a supporter of liberal causes, came through with a grant of ten thousand dollars. In mid-October, Randolph left New York on the first leg of a national organizational tour, on which Chicago would be his first stop.

The man to see in Chicago, Totten had told Randolph, was John C. Mills, one of the few delegates who had tried to hold out against Pullman during the 1924 wage conference. But Mills had neither the liking nor the talent for organization, and he referred Randolph to the one man in Chicago who could get the porters together—Milton Webster. Not long before Randolph arrived in Chicago, Webster, who was thirty-eight and had worked as a Pullman porter for twenty years, had been fired by the company for attempting to get porters to join the Railway Men’s International Benevolent Industrial Association, one of the groups that had tried in 1918 to organize Pullman employees. Taller than Totten and more powerfully built, Webster was blunt-spoken and gruff, with a cigar always in his mouth. He seemed like a man who would be at home in the back room of a political clubhouse. His stern face inspired fear and declared its owner to be a man who fed on power and who was guided by the philosophy that “you get nowhere unless you push people out of the way.”

It was not by accident that Webster seemed to give off the aroma of the political clubhouse. He had spent the most recent years of his life there. He was born in Clarksville, Tennessee, from which he and his father had been “chased up North by the crackers,” as he once told an audience. He had spent most of his years in the North working as a Pullman porter out of Chicago and supporting the black Republican machine in that city. After he was fired by the Pullman Company, he began working as a bailiff and as the Republican leader of Chicago’s Sixth Ward—which was why, he once said, he had come to know “all the crooks and all the different angles” around the city. This was why Mills felt that Webster was the only man in Chicago who could “get the boys together” for a meeting with Randolph.

The first Chicago meeting—there would be one every night for the next two weeks—was held on October 17th, in the Metropolitan Community Church hall, on Giles Avenue. “Randolph came into Chicago looking keen,” one porter has recalled. “He was a sharp-looking youngster. I remember he had on a blue serge suit. Webster introduced him to the men, stumbling around for a while, because he wasn’t the orator that Randolph was. And when Webster was finished he left the platform and went to sit in the back of the room with John Mills. When Randolph started to speak, you could hear a pin drop. He said he saw the day when a Pullman porter would be making a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Of course, who could believe that? Why, that was almost three times what we were making.” Benjamin McLaurin, who later became an official of the Brotherhood, was also in the audience, and he said later to an interviewer that he could not himself “see the day when the men would have their own union, much less make that kind of money. That was like reaching for the moon,” McLaurin said. But Webster was impressed. He turned to Mills when Randolph finished speaking and said, “That’s our man. Count me in.”

Starting the movement in Chicago turned out to be more difficult than Randolph, buoyed by his experience in New York, had expected. Though Chicago had the largest number of Pullman porters in the country—more than two thousand—and would in time become the strongest local of the Brotherhood, the men there were nowhere near as eager to sign up as the New York men had been. In October, though, the movement received a strong, if unexpected, infusion of life. Perry Howard, a black Republican national committeeman from Mississippi and a special assistant to the United States Attorney General, had attacked the Brotherhood as an agent of Communism and called its members “starving bolshevists.” When, soon after, Howard challenged Randolph to a debate, Randolph accepted readily, seeing an opportunity—

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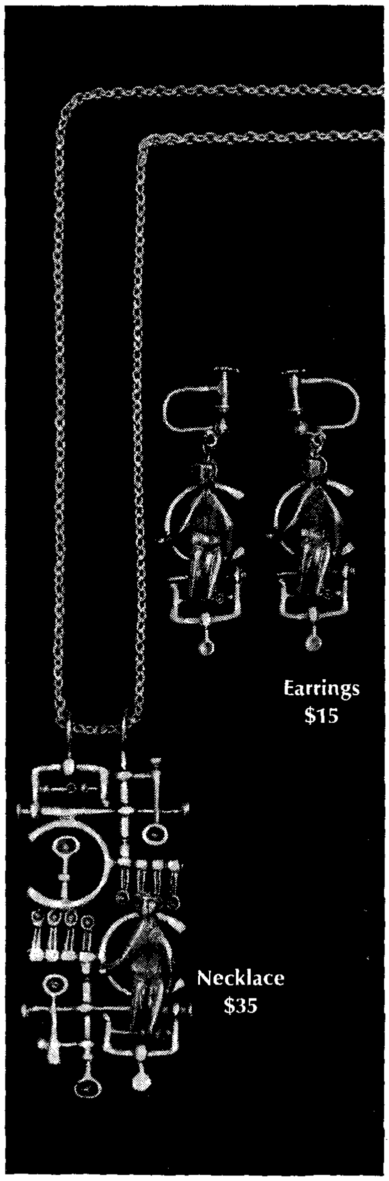

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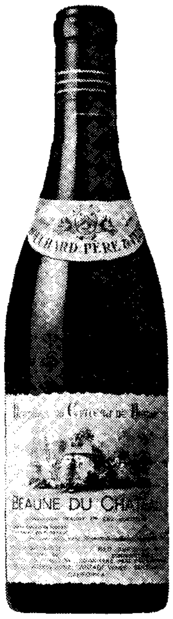

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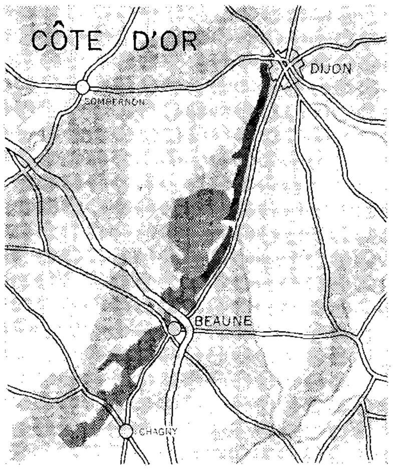

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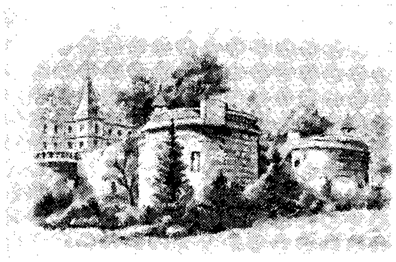

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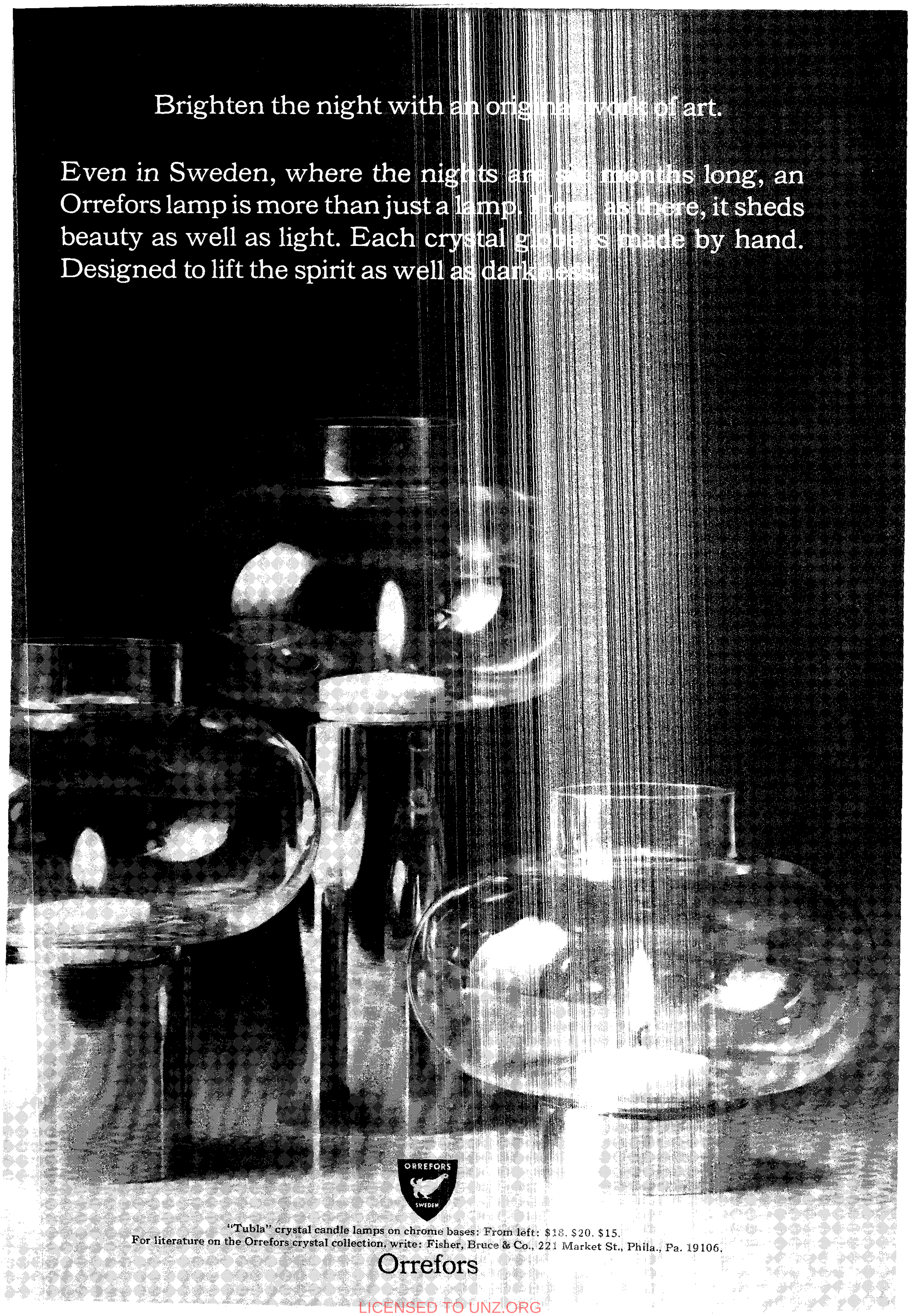
as he wrote in the *Messenger*—to defend "the question of the right necessity and value of the Pullman porters' organizing a union." Here is Webster's account, given to one of the later gatherings of the union:

> Randolph and I were holding a lodge of sorrow. We were pretty nearly down and out.... We couldn't pray hard enough that the Lord would preserve Mr. Howard's good health until the night of the meeting, and not allow him to change his mind about meeting Randolph. The Lord was with us. Howard showed up all right, in the biggest hall in the Negro section. In almost less time than it takes to tell, Randolph ran him out of gas. I got my coat ripped off helping the police get Howard out.

This effectively launched the Chicago division of the Brotherhood, for, according to Randolph, Howard's appearance "provided a platform for the first major statement of the porters' case." It was followed by a sudden influx of new members.

Randolph and Webster were unexpectedly joined the following night by another campaigner—Totten. Arriving on one of his runs from New York shortly before the Randolph-Howard debate began, Totten sought permission to remain overnight in Chicago. As a delegate to the Employee Representation Plan, Totten told a superintendent, he had an important mission to carry out in the city that night. The superintendent guessed the nature of his mission, however. Every Chicago official of the Pullman Company—which, it was later disclosed, had paid Howard to attack the Brotherhood—knew that a debate was to take place that night, and that porters coming into Chicago would want to stay over to hear it. Totten was ordered to return to New York immediately. He refused to go, and was dismissed on the spot for "unsatisfactory service." At the union meeting the night after the debate, Totten took the platform to rail against the arrogance of the Pullman Company. "Totten was fired up," a colleague who remembers that meeting has said. "He had no technique, he had never made a big speech before, but he told his story in a dramatic way. He just roamed up and down the platform like a caged lion. He stormed the house." Webster, watching with admiration as Totten "strutted his stuff" up and down the platform, whispered to Randolph, who would soon be leaving to continue his organizational campaign across the country, "That's the man. Take him along."

Webster was now fully committed to the struggle for a porters' union, but it was some time before he would whol-



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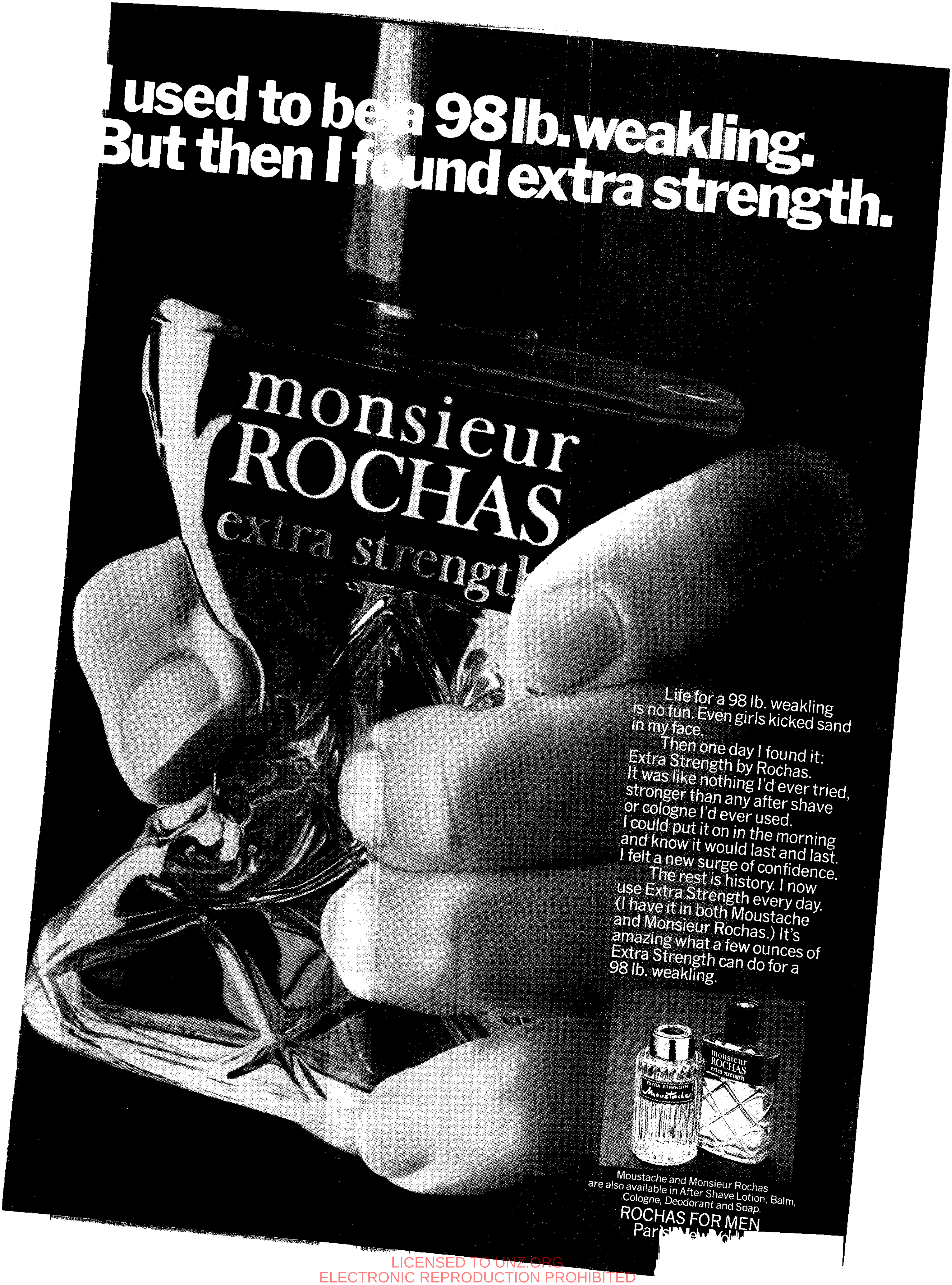
ly lose his reservations about Randolph. And though they would develop into one of the most harmonious two-man teams in the American labor movement, Webster would never completely surrender himself to the authority of Randolph's leadership. He was no more the kind of man to make that concession than Randolph was the kind of leader to demand it. Webster was a leader of men in his own right—and according to his own homespun lights—and in later years he disliked the idea that the Chicago division of the Brotherhood, over which he reigned like a lord, was supposed to take orders from the national headquarters, in New York, or contribute heavily to the national treasury. He would just as soon have had Chicago as the headquarters of the Brotherhood—after all, it was the headquarters of the Pullman Company and the home of the largest number of porters—or, if not, then as his own principality.

Before Randolph left Chicago, he appointed Webster assistant general organizer of the national movement and organizer of the Chicago division; George Price, another ex-porter, was appointed secretary-treasurer; and Mills became chairman of the organizing committee. Among the advisers to the committee were Chandler Owen, Randolph's former *Messenger* colleague, who had become the chief editorial writer for the Chicago *Bee*; and C. Francis Stradford, who would soon become one of the attorneys of the new union. Webster set up headquarters in the hall of the Metropolitan Community Church, for that church was the only prominent organization in Chicago that cared to identify itself openly with a movement against the powerful Pullman Company. "I was not sure where I was going to get the money to pay for the headquarters," Webster said later, but "I did not sit down and wait for the Lord to do our work, as most colored people do." Robert E. Turner, in his "Memories of a Retired Pullman Porter," says Webster told the porters "he was ready to fight till Hell froze over, and then get a pair of skates and fight on the ice."

THE most important stops Randolph and Totten made on their Western tour, which lasted through January, 1926, were St. Louis and Oakland. Along with New York, Chicago, and Detroit, these cities would not only supply the first rank of the union's leadership but would also provide the headquarters for the strongest of its divisions. Word of Randolph's and Totten's mission had preceded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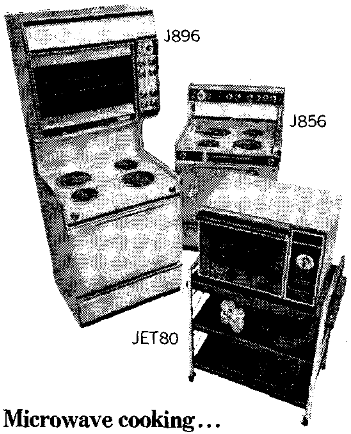

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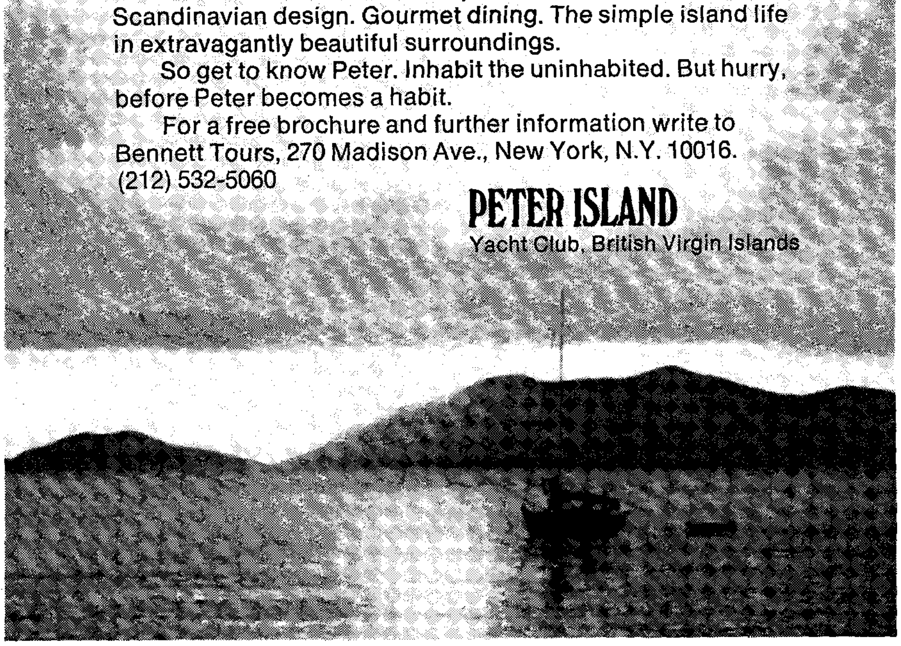

them, and when they arrived in St. Louis they found a porter named E. J. Bradley waiting to meet them. Bradley, who had twenty-seven years in the Pullman service, was a nearly bald, middle-aged, fair-skinned man, whose thin features and large eyes, set deep in their sockets, gave him the look of a consumptive. But it may simply have been the look of a man who had grown accustomed to living with pain, for Bradley had suffered from lumbago for most of his life.

After Randolph's and Totten's first public meeting in St. Louis, Bradley, according to another porter, "thought the Brotherhood was going to win the next day." Bradley was ready, he told Randolph, to give up his job on the sleeping cars in order to organize the porters in St. Louis. Randolph replied that he would not think of demanding so great a sacrifice, but that perhaps Bradley could suggest someone with less to lose. Not a chance, Bradley said. When Randolph and Totten left St. Louis, Bradley rented an office in the People's Finance Building, at 11 North Jefferson Avenue. For a while, he paid for the office out of his own pocket—twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a month for rent and fifteen dollars a week for a stenographer. St. Louis was one of the hardest towns for the union to organize, for when A. V. Burr, the district superintendent for the Pullman Company, heard that some thirty men had been seen going into Bradley's office, he fired them all immediately. This broke the back of Bradley's organization in one day—only the bravest of porters would now dare to register—and it was several years before he and the organization would recover.

In Oakland, the man who volunteered to organize a division of the Brotherhood—one of the few who was not afraid to "talk union" with Randolph and Totten—was a porter in his late seventies named Morris Moore, who was known to everyone as Dad Moore. The company provided sleeping quarters in Pullman cars in the cities for porters and used porters too old for the road to take care of them. Moore was the caretaker in Oakland. He was, according to a Brotherhood booklet, "a tall raw-bony, plain, blunt, hulk of a man . . . with his stern eyes flashing the fires of revenge . . ." One of his colleagues has recalled that "he could outcurse a drunken sailor." And another has these recollections:

> Dad Moore didn't have nothing but a pint of moonshine. He was in retirement. They gave him the job of taking care of the two old sleeping cars where porters

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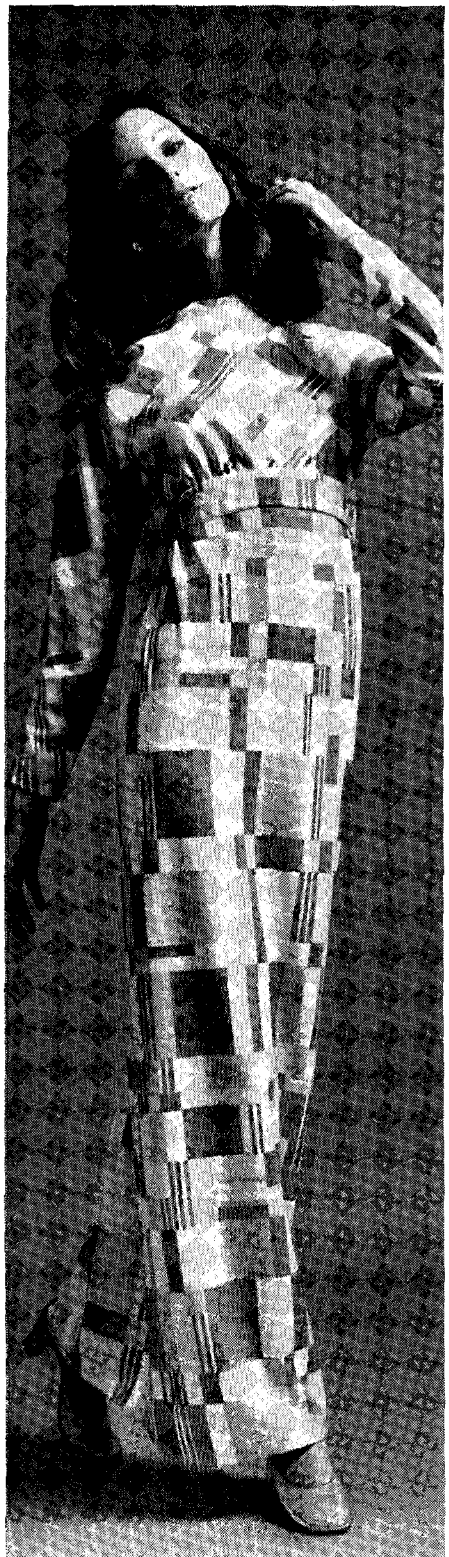

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stayed. He took care of those cars, woke the men up and saw that they got on the job. The first time Randolph went out there, Dad Moore hooked up with Randolph with his drunk self. But everybody admired the old man. He preached Brotherhood to every man he saw coming in and out of the railroad yard in Oakland. He and the boys would share a bottle of moonshine at nights and he would preach Brotherhood. If you wasn't a Brotherhood man, you had a hard time getting in his quarters. He worshipped Randolph. Whenever Randolph went out to Oakland, Dad followed him everywhere, with a bottle of moonshine in his pocket.

By the end of 1926, divisions of the Brotherhood had been set up in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Seattle, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, Wichita, Oakland, Los Angeles, Denver, Portland, Washington, D.C., Boston, Detroit, and Buffalo. It had been, and it continued to be, a gruelling effort. Often Randolph and Totten had been unable to continue their tour until the porters had passed the hat for their fares to the next city. And the hat was not always passed to any effect. For instance, on a return visit to Oakland in March, 1926, Randolph received word from New York that his mother had died. "I didn't have a nickel to get back to New York," he says today. "My wife and my brother had to take care of the funeral."

THE Pullman Company could scarcely have been alarmed by the news that its porters were attempting to organize another union. The odds were too heavily against their success. In the matter of money, the Pullman treasury was sufficient, to say the least, to resist and outlast this latest flight of fancy. As far as the law went, there was none in the country that ruled clearly and unequivocally in favor of self-organization among railroad workers. And, perhaps most important, the company had history on its side; it had defeated similar efforts in the past. But if there was no cause for alarm on behalf of the company, there was plenty of cause for outrage. A handful of disgruntled and ungrateful porters were trying once again to disrupt the smooth and harmonious relationships of what the company liked to call "the Pullman family." The effort would have to be crushed.

Across the country, hundreds of porters were fired as Pullman—through a system of company spies—uncovered their membership in the union. And there was the day in St. Louis when the superintendent fired more than thirty men, which crippled E. J. Bradley's organization for several years. "Sometimes when Randolph came into St. Louis to hold a meeting, he would just talk with anybody he saw on the street, 'cause there were no porters there, or none that would come within a mile of him," says one of Bradley's former colleagues. "Every porter that went to a meeting, old man Burr would just line 'em up next morning and fire 'em." In Oakland, the company retired Dad Moore from his job as caretaker of the two old sleeping cars in which porters slept. To support himself and to keep the Oakland division of the Brotherhood going, he opened some sleeping quarters in competition with the company's. "He went up on Seventh Street, over an old saloon, got about six little rooms, and had some second-hand furniture put in," his successor, C. L. Dellums, has said. "He got a big old stove and put it in the middle of the living-room part, to keep the place warm. The Eastern porters rented the rooms and slept in some old bunkbeds he had. On the ground floor, behind the saloon, Dad got another small room and set up the Brotherhood office there. But Pullman kept after him. Soon after he opened the office, the company cancelled the three-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent cost-of-living allowance on his fifteen-dollar-a-month pension." And stool pigeons spread the rumor that the Pullman Company would fire any porter seen patronizing Moore's rooming house. The Brotherhood would have gone under but for the handful of secret union members who defied Pullman's wishes. "I am going to stand by the ship, no matter what happen," Moore wrote Webster, in Chicago, in May, 1926, when he was having a hard time raising money for the rent. "The sea is ruff and the wind are high but I'll stay with her until she make the harbor." A month later, he wrote, "I will not stop until the flag of the Brotherhood fly high in the breeze of victory. . . . If the ship sink I will be on head end, with such men as yourself . . . and Mr. Randolph."

In one of its earliest attempts to scuttle the Brotherhood, the Pullman Company called porter delegates to the Employee Representation Plan to a conference in Chicago—from January 27 to February 5, 1926—to "negotiate" a revision of wages and working conditions. Again, as in 1924, most of the delegates were loyal company men, and their sentiments were perhaps best expressed in the opening speech, delivered by a porter named E. An-

The Gimlet

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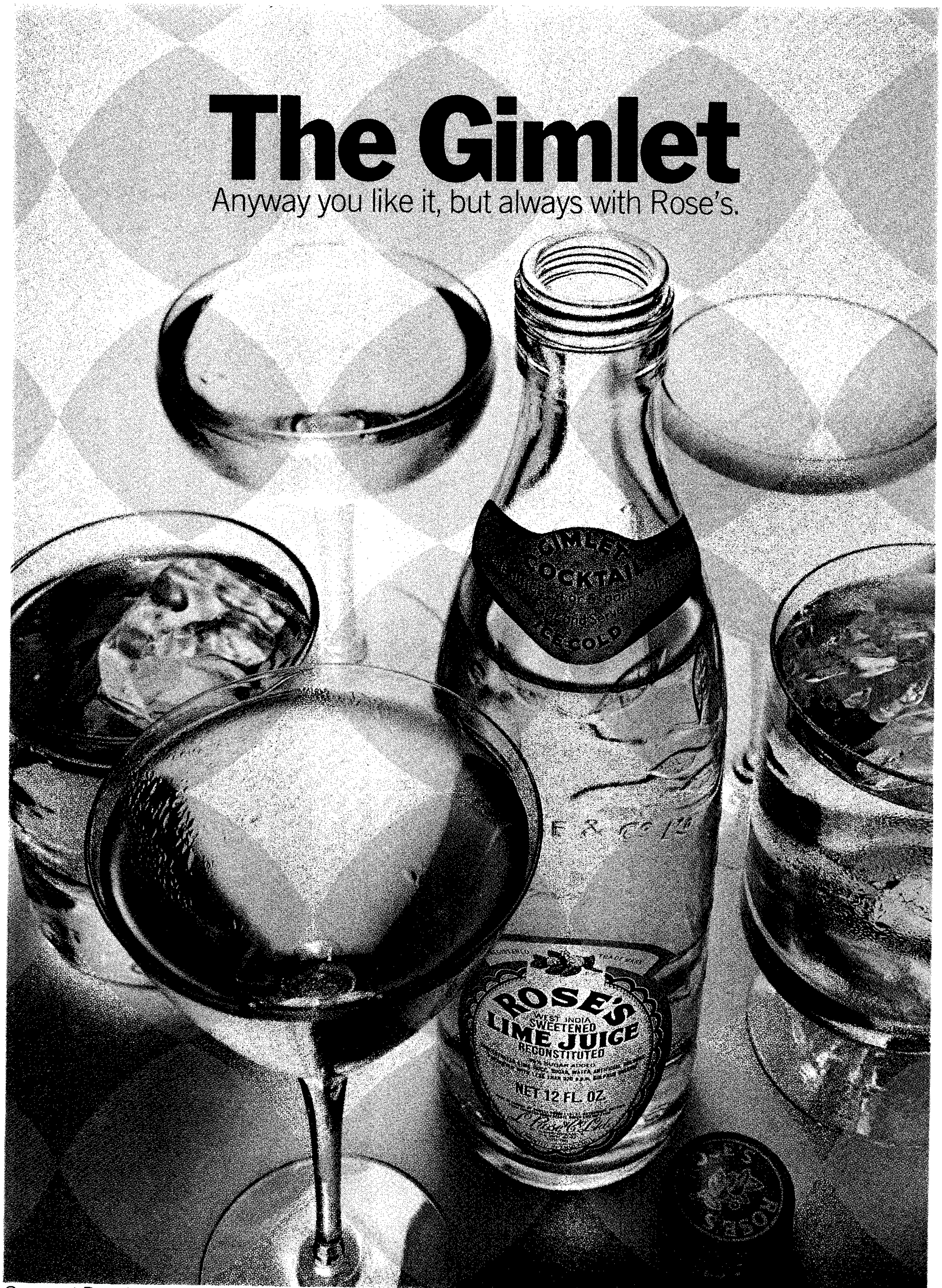
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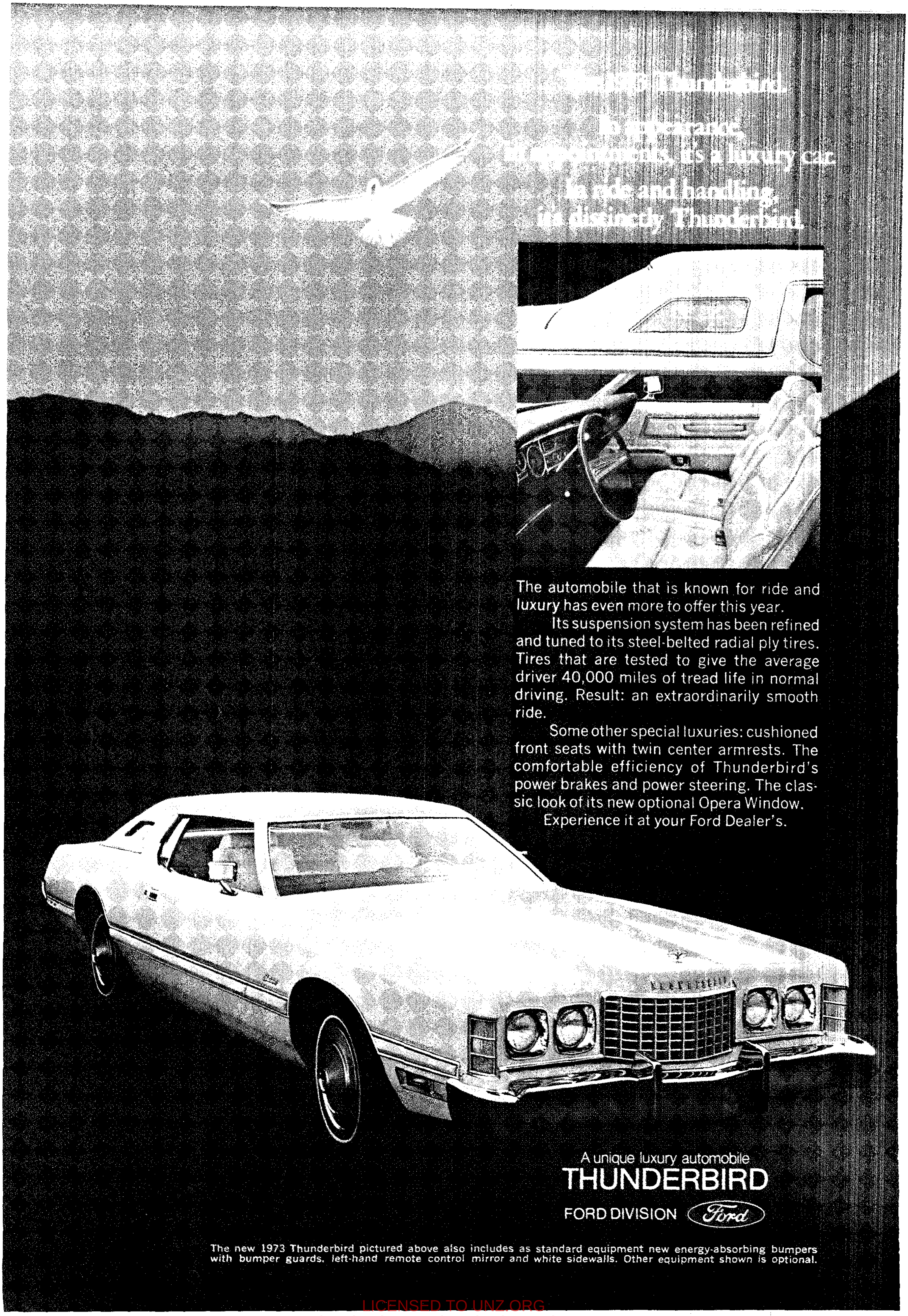

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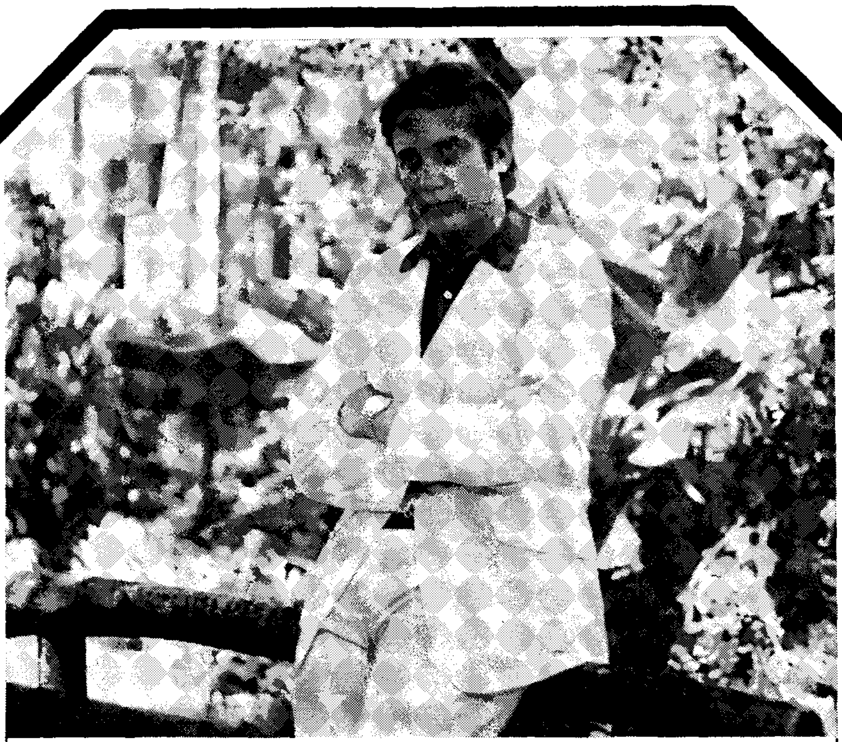
derson, a delegate from the Atlanta district:

> We are here today to join with the Pullman Company and not some outside organization.... Our hands are extended to the Pullman Company in the interest of good fellowship.... We are not here to demand, but requesting.... We are not here in an arrogant way, but submissive to the degree that we desire that our wishes be complied with as far as possible.... We are quite cognizant of the fact that the Pullman Company has done and are doing more for the Negro race than any corporation in the world.

Nothing so illustrated the need for an independent union, and there can scarcely be any surprise that the loyal porters—far from getting even what they humbly requested—had to take what Pullman offered: a five-dollar increase, making their minimum salary seventy-two dollars and fifty cents a month. Still, no serious complaint was recorded. All but two of the delegates signed the "agreement," and before the conference broke up, W. A. Hill, the delegate from Cincinnati, rose to applaud "the fairness" that the company had displayed "by laying your cards on the table for us to read openly," and pledged to "do all in our power to discredit radicalism," since "the Pullman Company has been our greatest benefactor and friend from the dawn of freedom down to the present day."

One of the delegates who had refused to sign was Benjamin Smith, of the Omaha district—a refusal that Pullman would not forget. Smith was a tall man of medium build, with a military bearing, who wore three-piece suits with a watch chain across his vest, and had a dark, solemn face and a head of thick, carefully groomed hair, parted in the middle—all of which made him appear to be of a predominantly East Indian rather than African strain. He was an old friend and colleague of Webster's, the two having run together between Chicago and Omaha when Webster was a porter and a militant undercover union man. During the 1926 conference in Chicago, Smith had served not only as the porters' delegate from Omaha but also as a spy for the Brotherhood. At the end of each day's session, Smith had been driven in a Rolls-Royce from the Pullman headquarters to the Vincennes Hotel, where Randolph and Webster were waiting to receive his report. It was at their instigation that he had refused to affix his signature to the results of the conference—the strategy being for the Brotherhood to claim a victory if Smith succeeded in blocking a settlement. Less than a year later, Pullman



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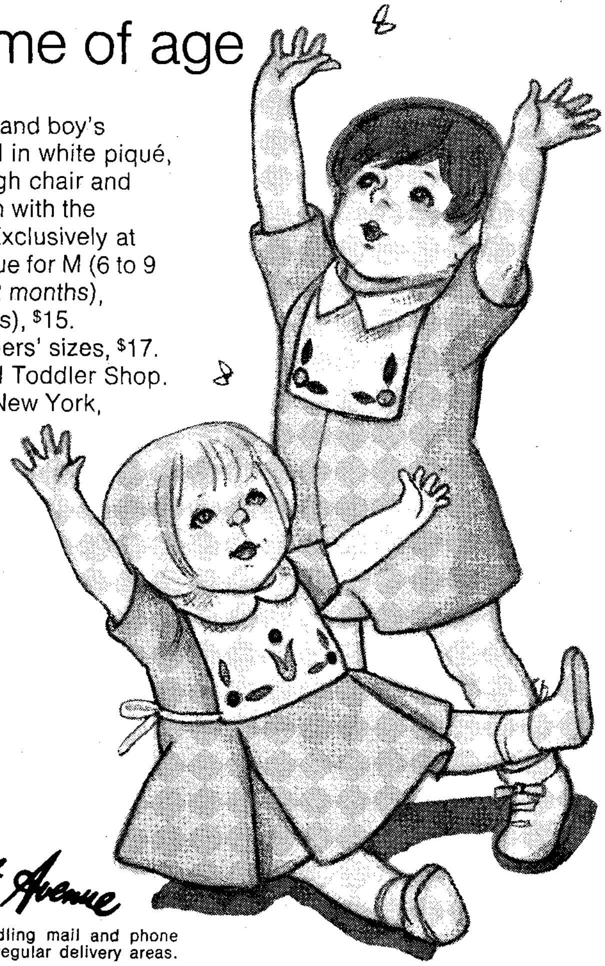

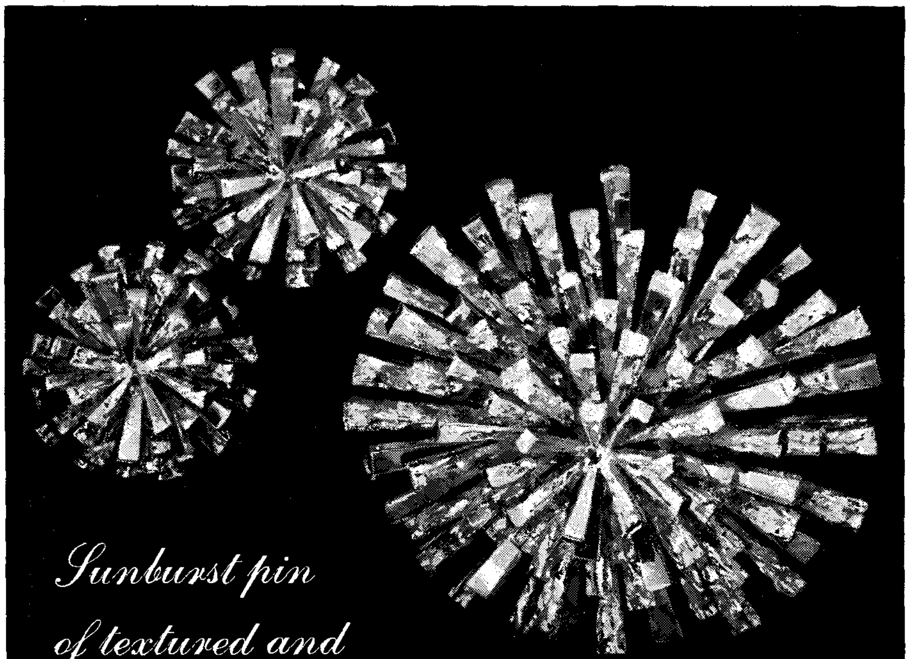

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evened the score with Smith by firing him after several months of harassment. Randolph immediately hired him as an organizer and sent him to help Totten set up the division in Kansas City.

THE Pullman Company had no more formidable allies in the black community than the "Big Negroes," the Negro church, and the Negro press. As Milton Webster put it in addressing a subsequent convention of the Brotherhood, "Everything Negro was against us." Dean Kelly Miller, of Howard University, came out against Negro unionism, arguing in the *American Mercury*, in November, 1925, that the best interests of black workers would be served by standing with capital. Miller wrote, "Today's wisdom, heedless of logical consistency, demands that [the Negro] stand shoulder to shoulder with the captains of industry." Melvin J. Chisum, a prominent Chicago politician, advised the porters, in the Louisville *News*, on December 26, 1925, that they would be better off relying on the good will of the Pullman Company. Most of the prominent black churches outside New York and Boston denied their platforms to Brotherhood speakers, and their ministers preached openly against the union. In New York, the organization was supported by the Reverend William Lloyd Imes's St. James Presbyterian Church, the Reverend Frederick Cullen's Salem Methodist Church, and the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Sr.'s, Abyssinian Baptist Church. The Second Baptist Church of Los Angeles, the Central Baptist Church in St. Louis, and the Metropolitan Community Church in Chicago also opened their doors to the Brotherhood, but few others did.

The black press was almost solid in its opposition to Randolph and the Brotherhood, the most notable exceptions being the New York *Amsterdam News*, the Chicago *Bee*, the Kansas City *Call* (on which Roy Wilkins was a young reporter), and, briefly, the Pittsburgh *Courier*. "Randolph's interference in Pullman porters' affairs is dangerous to industrial Colored America," the *Louisiana Weekly* declared. To counteract the influence of the *Messenger* as the mouthpiece of the organized porters, the Pullman Company subsidized the publication among its loyalists of a journal called the *Pullman Porter-Messenger*. This journal, in its May, 1926, issue, called Randolph a "Lamp Post orator" and the members of his union "poor, disloyal, yellowed, spotted out, ungrateful, un-

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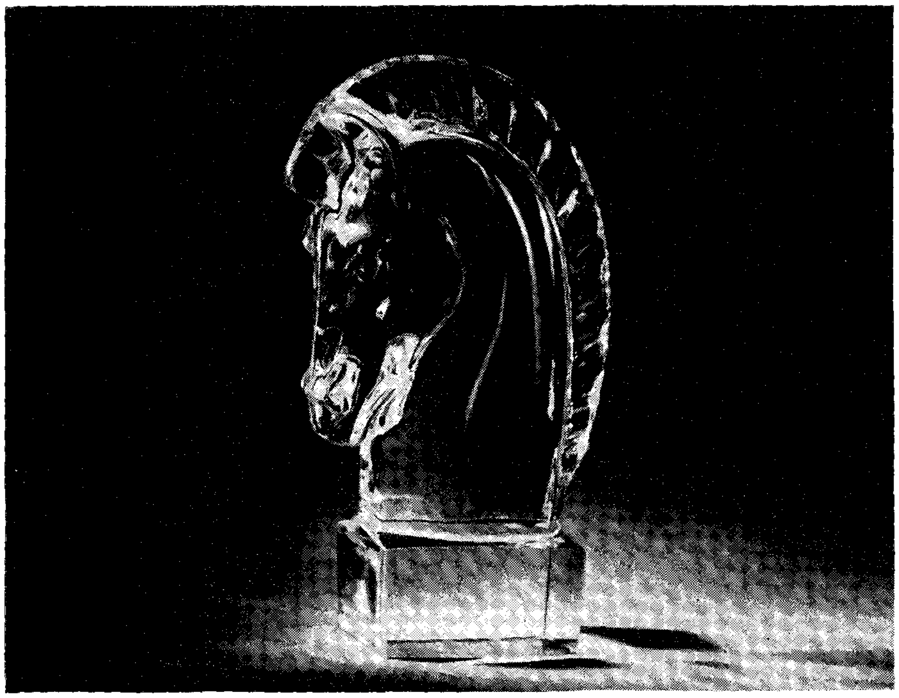

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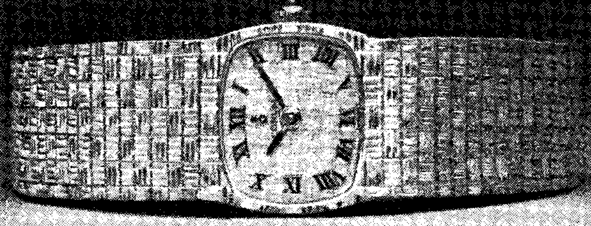

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desirable, beggars for a job, not wanted, exiled, abandoned, set, slipping around here and there under cover Wormy Pullman fruit . . ."

The company saw to it that the porters were supplied with the pro-Pullman newspapers from the black community. Ulus Crowder, of Chicago, has recalled, "The St. Louis *Argus*, the Denver *Star*, the Seattle *Enterprise*, the Chicago *Whip*, and the Chicago *Defender* were stacked up high in our sign-out offices. They were full of nothing but Pullman propaganda. All you had to do was walk in and pick up your copy. You didn't need to pay for any, 'cause Pullman was providing them free. And if you didn't pick up a copy a clerk or somebody like that would yell after you, 'Hey, where's your paper?' "

Randolph, an estimable propagandist himself but lacking Pullman's access to publicity, had to rely on his circulars to the porters, almost all of which were reprinted in the *Messenger*. And in the March, 1926, issue, fearing that Pullman's all-out offensive might shatter the foundation of his following among the porters, he threw himself upon their mercy:

> When I enlisted in the cause, I knew that slander would attempt to blacken my character with infamy; I knew that among the wicked, corrupt and unenlightened, my pleadings would be received with disdain and reproach; that persecution would assail me on every side; that the dagger of the assassin would gleam behind my back; that the arm of arrogant power would be raised to crush me to the earth; that I would be branded as a disturber of the peace, as a madman, fanatic, an incendiary, a Communist, Anarchist and whatnot; that the heel of friendship would be lifted against me, that love be turned into hatred, confidence into suspicion, respect into derision; that my worldly interests would be jeoparded. I knew that the base and servile would accuse me of being actuated with the hope of reward. But brethren, I am undaunted and unafraid. The only reward I seek is that your cause secures a full and complete vindication.

This appeal had the effect of arresting the slow erosion of the porters' support, and with the signing into law, on May 20, 1926, of the Railway Labor Act—protecting the right of railroad workers to organize—dues and membership began to climb again.

THE heroic preliminaries were over. The real struggle—the Brotherhood's legal effort to upset the Pullman Company's union, and be recognized in its place as the rightful bargaining agent of the porters—could now begin.

The Railway Labor Act provided

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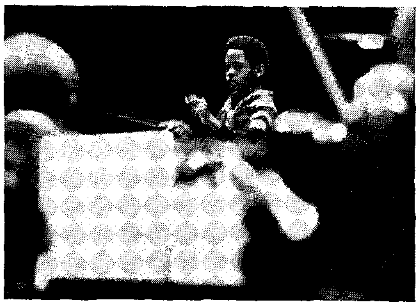

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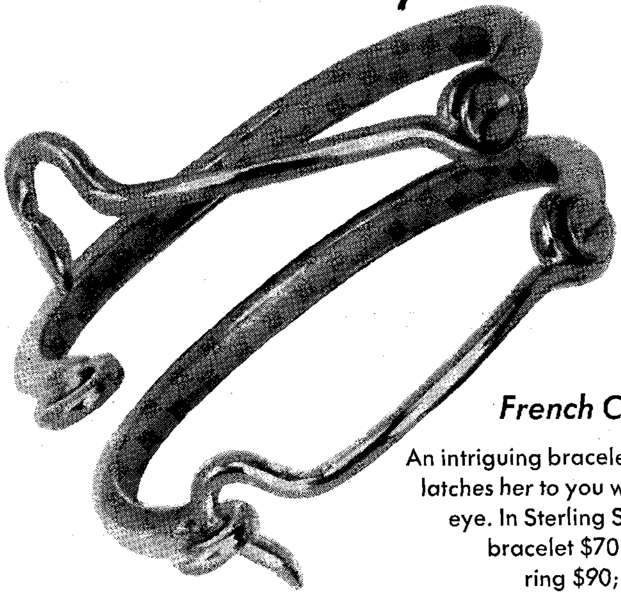

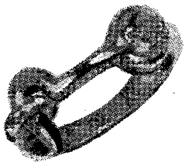

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for "the prompt disposition" of all disputes between railroad carriers and their employees. To avoid "any interruption to commerce or to the operation of any carrier," the act called upon the two sides in any dispute to meet in joint conference to "make and maintain agreements" on rates of pay, rules, and working conditions. Employee and employer representatives were to be designated without "interference, influence, or coercion," and any dispute that could not be resolved in conference was to be submitted to a federal Board of Mediation. The leaders of the Brotherhood were joyful. The Railway Labor Act seemed a clear affirmation of the porters' right to independent self-organization. It would be merely a matter of time, they felt—the time it would take to exhaust the due process of the act—before their union was recognized as the bona-fide bargaining agent of the porters.

Randolph set the process in motion on September 20th, when he wrote to E. F. Carry, the president of the Pullman Company, calling attention to the provisions of the Railway Labor Act, informing him that porters had "designated and authorised" the Brotherhood to bargain with the company in their behalf, and requesting a conference with Pullman's representatives. That same day, Randolph wrote to Webster, in Chicago, to share what he evidently considered a historic moment in the struggle not only of the porters but of other black workers: "For once, black men are seriously preparing to write their own economic contracts which will benefit their children and their children's children." He had no way of knowing how long they would be preparing.

No reply came from the Pullman Company, but that in itself was no reason for alarm. The Railway Labor Act required Randolph to write again if no reply was received after ten days, and on September 30th he sent another letter to Carry. Well aware by now of the contempt in which they were held by the Pullman Company, Randolph and his colleagues probably expected no reply. In fact, Roy Lancaster, the secretary-treasurer of the main division, in New York, was already looking forward to the action that the act authorized if Pullman remained silent. "If there is no hearing from the company by [October 15th]," he wrote to George Price, in Chicago, "we file with the Mediation Board our brief, from which time the battle will be on." On October 15th, Randolph notified the Board of Mediation, in a letter, that he had not heard

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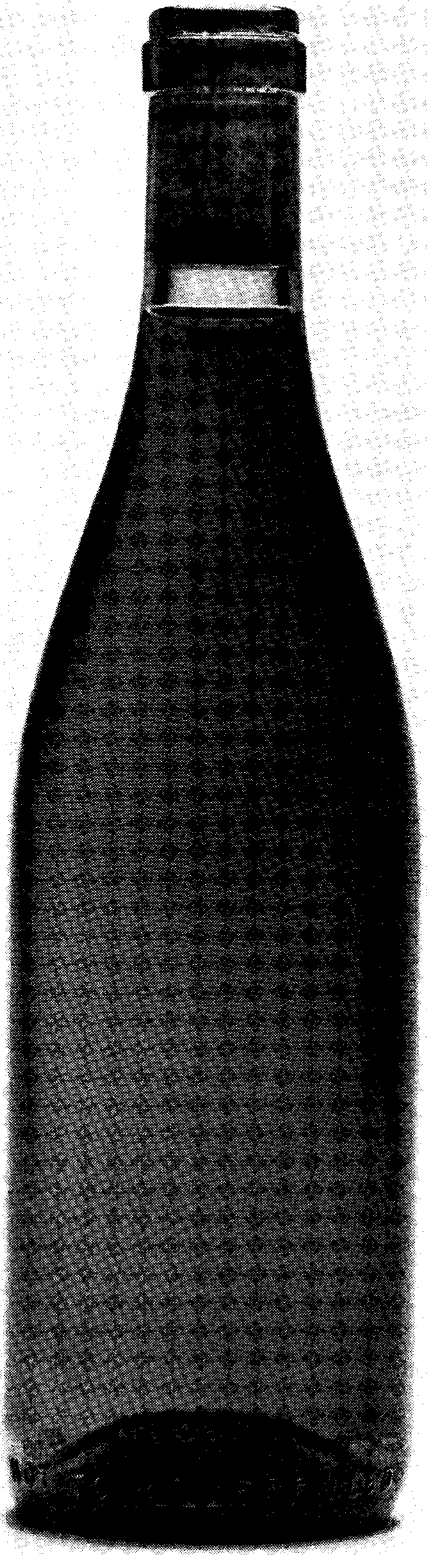

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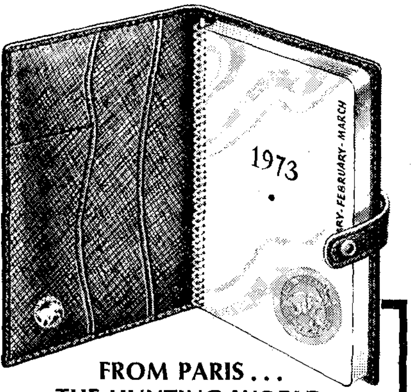

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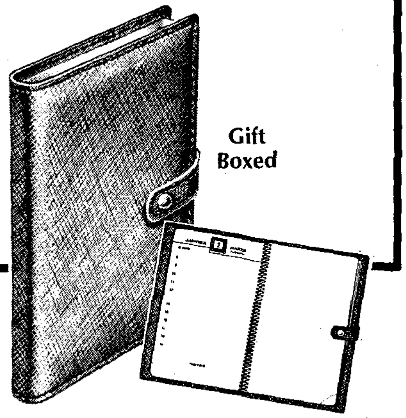

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from Pullman and that a dispute existed between the Brotherhood and Pullman, and requested the Board's intervention.

The Mediation Board assigned Edwin P. Morrow, a former governor of Kentucky, to investigate the dispute, and a preliminary inquiry was set for December 8, 1926, in Chicago. The Brotherhood retained Donald R. Richberg, a prominent Chicago labor lawyer—later active in the New Deal—to prepare its brief. Because Richberg, representing the big railroad unions, had helped to write the bill that became the Railway Labor Act, Randolph assured his membership that their case was in capable hands, since Richberg knew more about the act "than any living man in America."

To raise money for expenses, Randolph made one of many inspirational fund appeals that he was forced to make to the porters throughout the union's struggle for survival and recognition. Above all, Randolph urged, it was necessary to demonstrate to the Pullman Company that black men did not lack "the guts to fight for nor the pride and will to pay for" their own freedom—that they had the ability to back their own struggle for justice "with their own dollars."

When Morrow opened the preliminary inquiry, in December, the Brotherhood claimed a membership of 5,763—or, based on its estimate of 10,875 porters in the Pullman service, slightly more than fifty-three per cent. Of these, the union said, 4,203 had authorized it, in a referendum held in May, June, and July, 1926, to be their representative. But Pullman had its own figures. By "actual nose count," it employed 12,354 porters, the company replied. Furthermore, it claimed, in an Employee Representation Plan election that it had recently conducted, eighty-five per cent of the porters had voted to be represented by the company's plan. Therefore, it argued, the Brotherhood "does not now, and never has represented a majority" of Pullman porters. Morrow then adjourned the inquiry, instructing the disputants to await word of its resumption.

The Brotherhood had been totally unprepared for Pullman's claim that eighty-five per cent of the porters had voted in the company-union election. There was no doubt in the minds of the Brotherhood's leaders that the porters had been intimidated into voting for the company's plan, since those very porters had authorized the Brotherhood to be their representative. Such coercion was a clear violation of the Railway Labor Act, and evidence of it would have to be gathered and submitted to Morrow when he reconvened the inquiry. As evidence of coercion, Randolph collected nine hundred affidavits from the porters, swearing that the Pullman management had forced them to vote against their will. One porter, in St. Paul, Minnesota, swore that his superintendent "told me that the company considered anyone who did not vote on their plan as being against them, and that they did not want anyone working for them that was against them, and that my job was my bread and butter." A porter in Chicago, who was asked by a superintendent why he did not vote, asked in return, "Does a man have to vote in this plan?" The superintendent replied, "You do not have to go on the new train; you do not have to work for the Pullman Company unless you want to; and you do not have to live unless you want to." Some five months passed, during which the Brotherhood heard nothing from Morrow about when, or whether, the inquiry would be resumed. The overwhelming importance of this, from the Brotherhood's point of view, was that whereas the Pullman Company could afford to wait indefinitely—or forever—for the issue to be resolved, the union could not. Success, or some promise of it, was imperative if the union was to retain its members' support and to sustain their morale—a morale that had never been higher than the previous December, when Randolph took their case before the Mediation Board.

By June of 1927, the porters' enthusiasm had waned again. Webster had written from Chicago to inform Randolph of "considerable uneasiness" among the men. And Randolph, who was contending with a similar uneasiness among the porters in New York, replied, "I know just what you are up against." Dues-paying having also declined, Randolph issued another of his inspirational fund appeals, this one aimed specifically at the staunchest members of the union—"the pure gold of the Brotherhood" was how he addressed them. Asking for loans of "$5 immediately," he assured them that "the Brotherhood will surely win," that "our struggle is the supreme test of the race," and that "the eyes of the world are upon us." But at that point Randolph felt no such assurance. He may even have begun to lose faith in the Railway Labor Act, for on June 9th, when he still had heard nothing definite from Morrow, he seems to have been

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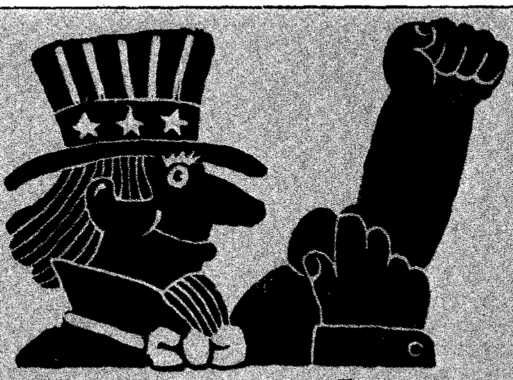

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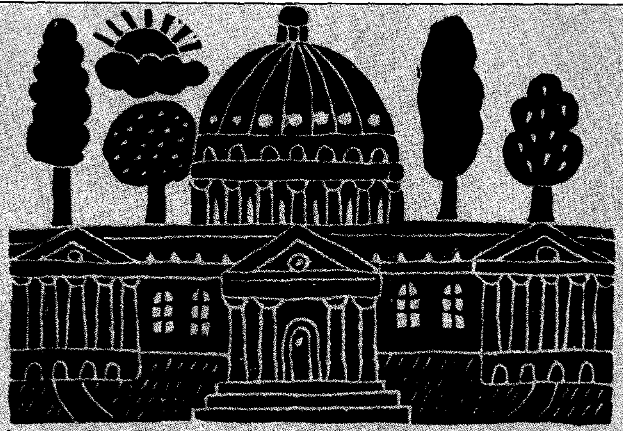

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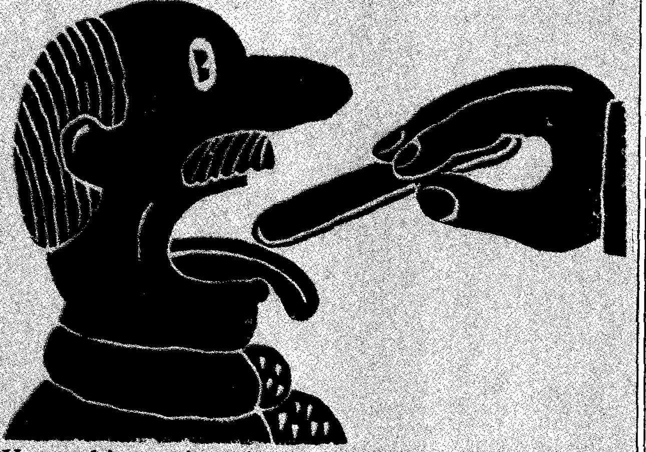

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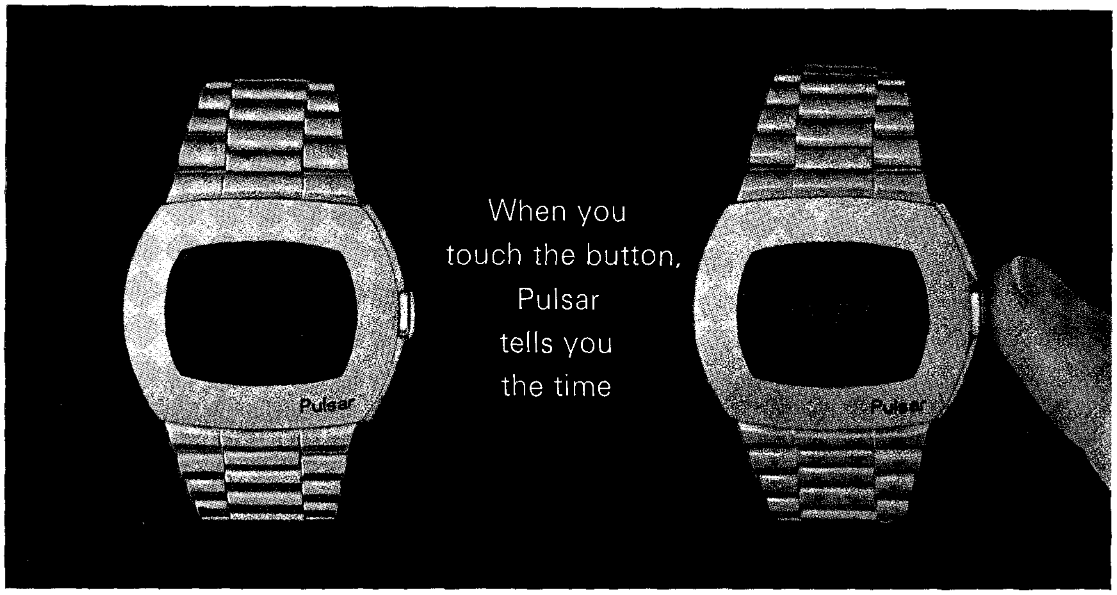

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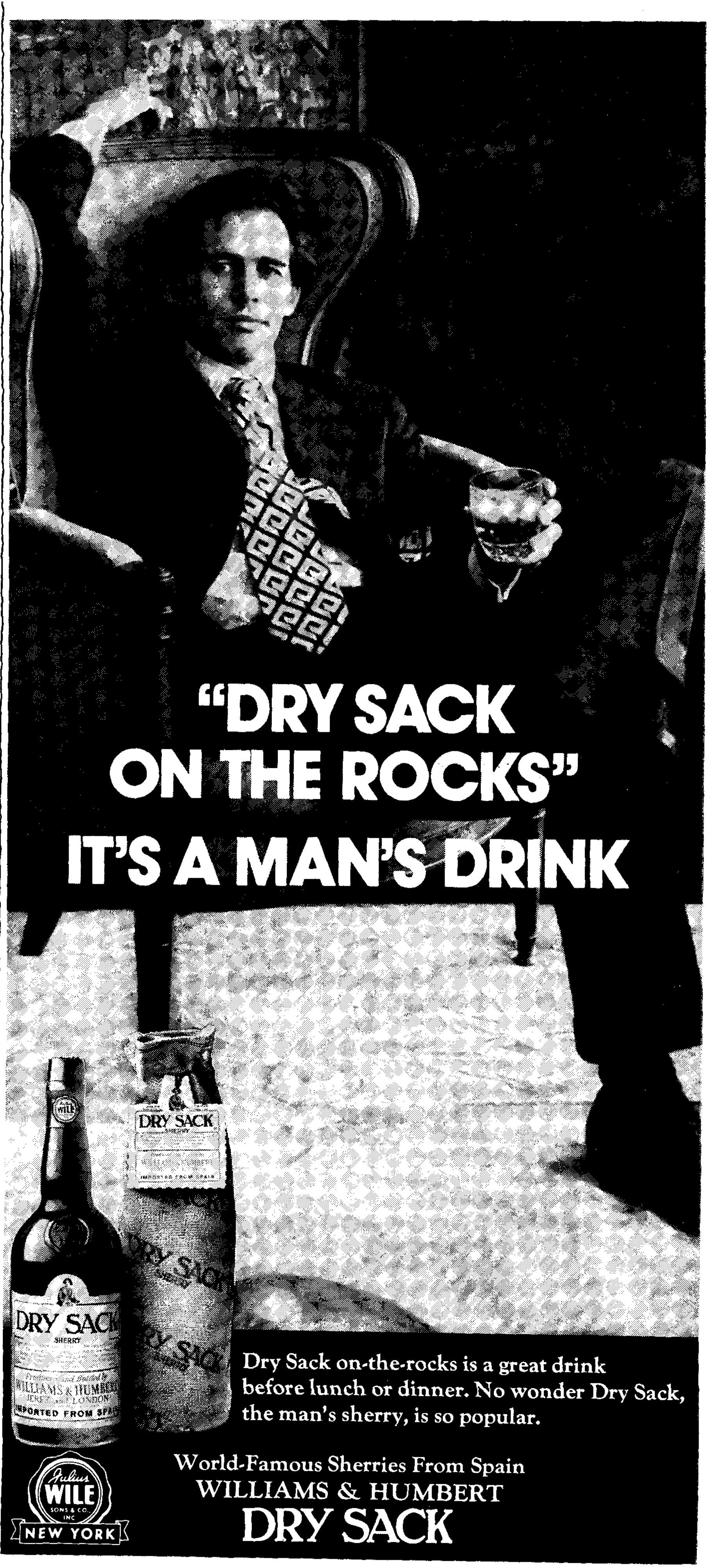
shaken. Taking a friendly and amicable tone, he wrote a fifteen-page letter to Carry, in which he assured him that "the Brotherhood is building a new porter, upstanding, responsible, efficient, with initiative and constructive, practical intelligence, who will work to build up a bigger and better Pullman industry to serve the nation," and went on, "You will find the Brotherhood ever ready fully to coöperate with you frankly, intelligently, loyally and honorably to achieve this end mutually beneficial to the property and human and business elements of the Pullman industry."

The letter was a tactical blunder from which it would take Randolph years to recover. With the dispute still technically under mediation, the Pullman Company had no reason to expect a letter from Randolph, let alone one in a tone of such sweet reasonableness, and from a man whose voice, from the beginning, had been the essence of trade-union militancy—unless, that is, Randolph was weakening. That, in fact, was precisely what the company suspected. One of its lawyers said, in an internal memo to the Pullman general counsel advising him that no reply was necessary, "The letter rather indicates that Randolph has lost some confidence in the organization's ability to force through the program in the way he previously announced he would do." Having reached this conclusion, the company, which had no doubt remained willing to resume mediation whenever Morrow requested it to do so, now decided to stand its ground and have nothing further to do with the proceedings. Shortly after the letter from Randolph had been received, the company's general manager, L. S. Hungerford, wrote to Morrow:

> When the Railway Labor Act was passed . . . there was in effect, and now is in operation an agreement between the Pullman Company and its porters and maids. This agreement fully meets all the requirements of the law. . . . No dispute, and therefore no situation requiring mediation, exists between the Pullman Company and its employees of the classes mentioned. . . . In these circumstances, and because of the existence of the agreement . . . the Company cannot properly confer [with the Brotherhood].

Thus, when Morrow finally got around to reconvening the Mediation Board's inquiry, in July, he could not have been surprised to learn that the Pullman Company refused to send a representative. In any case, the company left Morrow no alternative—or so it seemed—but to inform the parties that "efforts to bring about an amicable adjustment through mediation of



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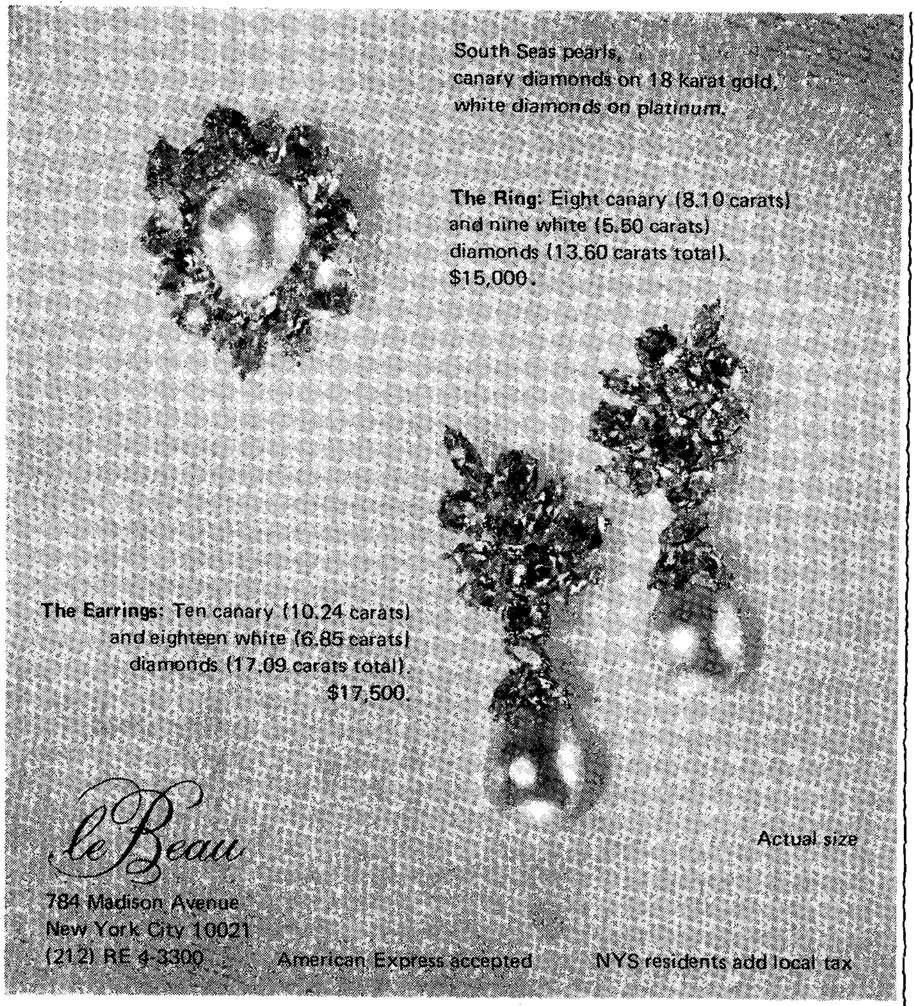

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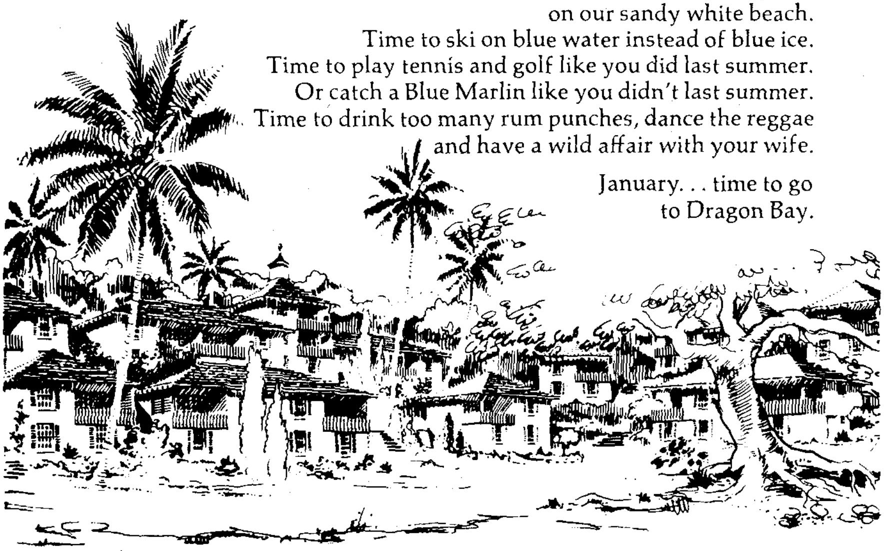

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the dispute . . . have been unsuccessful." The dispute, he said, was now a matter for arbitration. Randolph was ready and eager to go along. He had no choice, for he had nothing yet to show the porters. But Pullman was now firmly in control. Not only was it free of any urgent need to appeal to the good offices of the federal government but it also knew something that Randolph and the Brotherhood either did not know or had forgotten: though arbitration was provided for under the Railway Labor Act, it was not mandatory. Therefore, the company simply reiterated to Morrow, "As no dispute existed . . . which required mediation, and the status not having changed, it follows that there is now no dispute and therefore no cause for arbitration." As of July 12, 1928, the case was retired and John Marrinan, the Board secretary, informed both sides that the Mediation Board had "exhausted its efforts under the law," and that "nothing can be accomplished in the further handling of this case."

Six days after the Pullman Company refused to enter into arbitration, Randolph told the porters, in a press release, "The fight has just begun." Pullman's refusal to arbitrate was "a challenge to the manhood of every Pullman Porter," he wrote. And, in a letter, he said, "We are now in the fight to the finish and propose to go the limit to beat the company into submission. . . ." Those were brave words—partly meant to revive hope among the porters, and partly presenting an accurate description of his determination. In speaking thus, Randolph was pinning his hopes on the last resort that remained to the Brotherhood under the Railway Labor Act. The act provided that the powers of the Mediation Board could again be invoked in the event of "any interruption to commerce or to the operation of any carrier." In other words, the Brotherhood could now call a strike, or, in the words of its leaders, create an "emergency."

After the union announced such an intention, it began to regain members. But the precariousness of the Brotherhood's situation dictated a strategy so delicate—even innocuous—that it was almost bound to fail. Knowing that the porters were afraid of losing their jobs—since the Pullman Company did not hesitate to replace them—and fearing another large-scale desertion by its membership, the union could not demand from them a firm commitment to strike. Thus, if the "emergency" was to be created, it would have to be created not by calling a strike but by simply indicating the Brotherhood's

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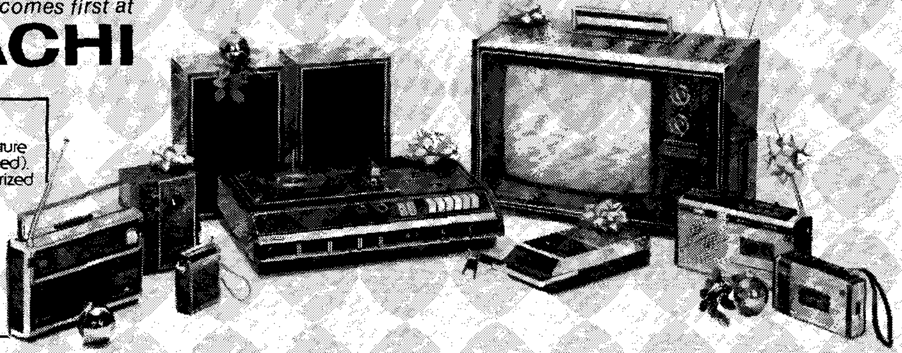

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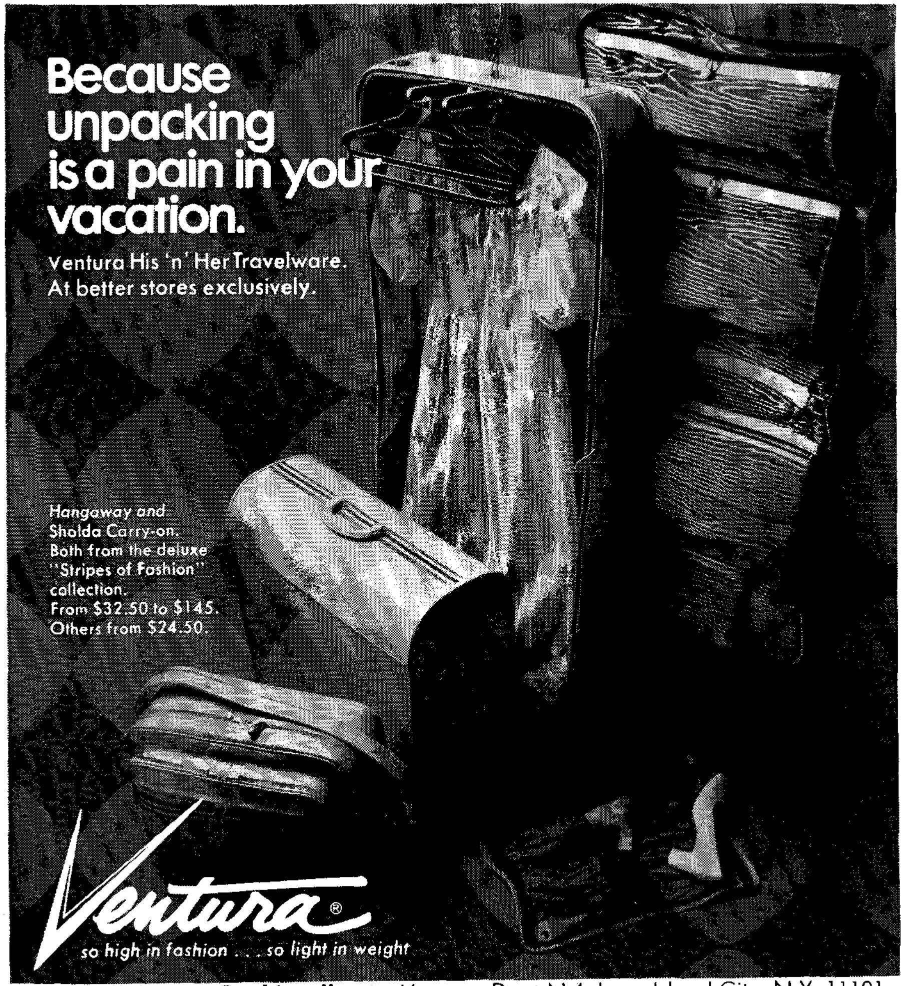

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ability and readiness to call a strike. While that would suggest a threat, it was scarcely sufficient to interrupt interstate commerce. In any event, the Brotherhood, in calling for a strike vote, gave the following assurance to its members in the *Messenger:*

> By a strike vote is meant the indication on a strike ballot that Pullman porters are determined to strike if need be. . . . A strike vote IS NOT A STRIKE. It is a sign of the iron resolution of the men to fight to the finish for their rights. It does not follow that Pullman porters will strike because they take a strike vote. The Telegraphers Union on the Burlington Railroad took a strike vote but did not strike. The United States Mediation Board stepped in and effected a settlement.

That may have been true, but declaring openly that a strike vote was not a strike posed another problem: Why should the Pullman Company take it seriously? Why shouldn't the company regard it as further evidence of the union's weakness, and design its own strategy accordingly? In any event, by the beginning of June, 1928, the Brotherhood announced that 6,013 out of 10,994 porters (possibly its own estimate of the total) had voted to walk off the sleeping cars whenever the word was given.

With the results of its poll, the Brotherhood now went back to the Mediation Board. Claiming that its strike vote represented an emergency in the Pullman service, the union based its appeal on Section 10 of the Railway Labor Act, which empowered the President of the United States to establish an emergency board to resolve such crises. The Brotherhood expected no obstacles, reminding its members that, in a recent ruling, President Coolidge had set up an emergency board in response to a similar strike vote among workers on the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway.

On the morning of June 4th, Morrow, the Mediation Board's chief investigator, called Randolph in to give the Brotherhood's arguments and state the facts. The meeting was purely a formality, however, for by then Morrow's mind was already partly made up. In March, after reading newspaper reports that the union was voting to strike, Colonel Samuel E. Winslow, the chairman of the Mediation Board, had dispatched Morrow to Chicago to look into the truth of the reports. Morrow had talked with Pullman officials and had then informed Winslow:

> The following is a fair statement of their [Pullman's] position. They do not believe that any *real* strike is threatened by Randolph or those associated with

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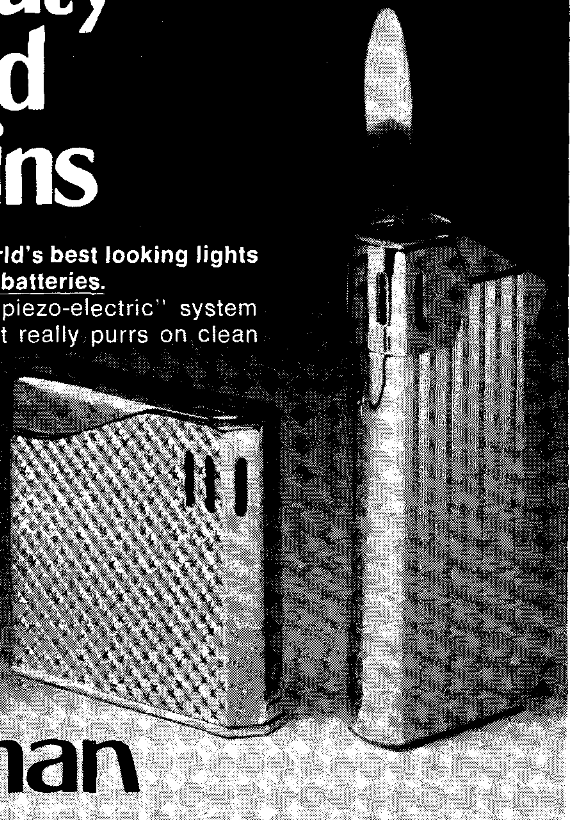

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him. They do not believe that Randolph can induce any considerable number of their employees to leave the service, but is taking a *fake* strike vote in order to induce the board to believe that large numbers of porters will go out of the service.

By the time of the formal conference, in June, the chairman of the Mediation Board had long been satisfied that the porters' union was incapable of causing a genuine emergency. What he had heard from Morrow in March, he said to Morrow, was "exactly the information we wanted to get." Nor, by then, could Morrow himself—who had not even thought it necessary to consult the Brotherhood—have had much of an open mind on the question. In any event, Randolph, who had no idea that the Mediation Board had already held secret talks with Pullman, pointed out in the formal conference with Morrow that 6,013 porters were ready to strike "on a date to be set, by the Brotherhood chiefs," and suggested that the Mediation Board ask President Coolidge to set up an emergency committee to resolve the issue and avert the impending disruption of sleeping-car service. But, of course, Morrow "knew" better, and had a few questions to ask. Did Randolph believe that he could tie up the Pullman Company? Randolph said he was confident that he could. But the Pullman Company did not think so, Morrow revealed. Randolph said it was only natural for the company to take that position; after all, it wanted to create "fear and uncertainty" among the porters. Morrow said he would check the strike ballots to see whether they were authentic. Moreover, he added, it wasn't sufficient for Randolph to threaten an emergency; he would have to give the date on which the emergency would occur. Randolph's hand was forced. Setting a strike date was not part of his strategy, but now that Morrow had asked he came up with Friday, June 8th.

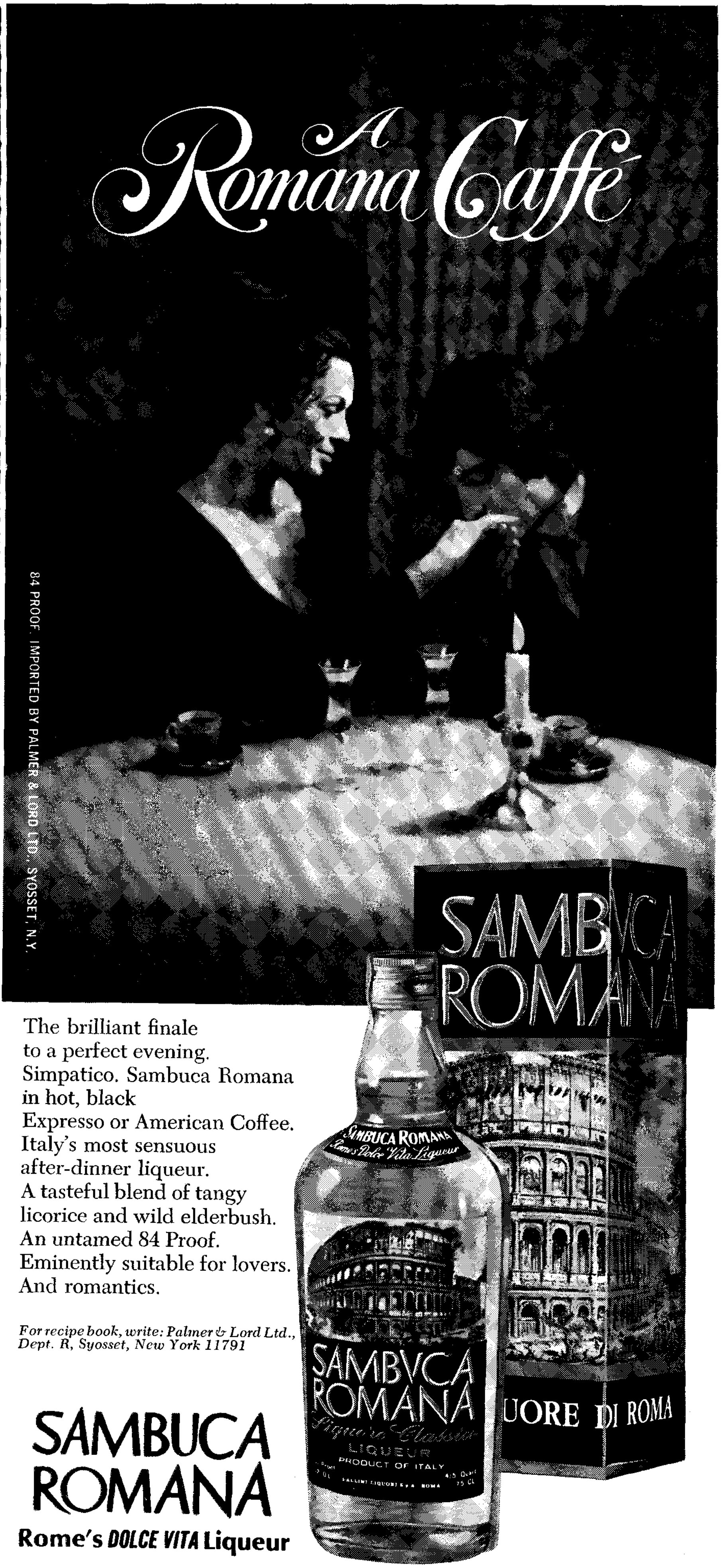
On June 5th, the day after hearing Randolph, Morrow called in the Pullman Company, whose representative repeated, in substance, what the company had told him in March: the Brotherhood was incapable of disrupting the Pullman sleeping-car service. Immediately after leaving the meeting with Morrow, on June 4th, Randolph had telegraphed Brotherhood organizers all around the country, "A strike shall be declared and enforced on all Pullman property the eighth day of June Friday noon unless there is cause for change of which you will be advised." That hesitancy again—

"unless there is cause for change." Words like those did nothing to shake Morrow's conviction that the Brotherhood had neither the means nor the intention of calling a strike—that it was merely bluffing. It was not surprising, therefore, that on June 6th—a day after his meeting with the Pullman representatives, and two days before the strike date Randolph had given him—Morrow instructed John Marrinan, secretary of the Mediation Board, to send Randolph a letter that said, in part:

> After . . . full consideration [of] the presentations made by both parties and in view of the facts and circumstances surrounding the situation, it is the judgment of the Board that at this time the emergency . . . does not exist.

Randolph, on the contrary, believed that the union was ready and able to cripple the New York yards. On a visit to Kansas City, he found Totten "in a little hole in a Negro business building" collecting knives, clubs, sawed-off shotguns, and boxes of matches. Alarmed, Randolph asked Totten what he was going to do with "the ammunition." Totten replied that he wasn't going to let any strikebreakers into the Pullman yards, whereupon Randolph begged him "to dispense with the hardware." In Chicago, Webster said he expected eighty-five per cent of the porters in his district to respond to the union's call, and, out in Oakland, Moore expected ninety per cent, and Dellums said that in Oakland the porters were going to win the strike no matter what the cost. "We were going to put women and children in front of trains," he later told an interviewer. "We had about one thousand volunteers from the University of California, and there weren't five Negroes in that University then. They were going with us on the picket lines and were going to set up soup kitchens. Some of the plans we mapped out cannot be told, because, well, the trains just weren't going to get very far if they left Oakland."

Violence was averted, along with the strike itself, when William Green, the president of the American Federation of Labor, who admired Randolph and had been giving his personal support to the Brotherhood's fight, advised the union to call off the strike. Green had met Randolph in 1926, when Randolph had unsuccessfully approached the American Federation of Labor to seek affiliation. Green remained sympathetic toward the porters' cause, however, and not only had developed a personal admiration for Ran-



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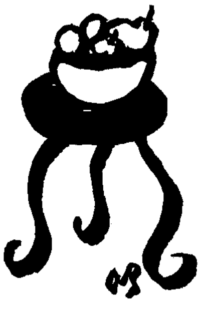
dolph but had been raising his voice in support of the Brotherhood's fight ever since. Now, however, Green told Randolph that the union was still not strong enough to carry off a strike against a powerful corporation like Pullman. "For obvious reasons," he said, "a strike at this time would play into the hands of the Pullman Company." Milton Webster agreed. "It is almost certain," he wrote, explaining the decision to Moore, in Oakland, "that if we actually interrupted interstate commerce . . . they [the Board of Mediation] would have assumed a 'hands off' policy which would have meant that we would have been face to face with the millions of dollars of the Pullman Company. . . . Had we walked into the trap the organization would have been seriously crippled. . . ."

Though their chances of success had been slim from the beginning, the Brotherhood's leaders felt that their strike-threat strategy might have worked but for the racial bias of the Mediation Board. Totten was forthright on this point. Noting that the Board had failed to follow the precedent it had set in the case of a group of white railroad workers, Totten wrote from Kansas City "to congratulate" the Board "for the very splendid work you are doing to adjust grievances of *white* workers on the railroad." His letter went on, "The appointment of an emergency board in the case of the Orient & Mexico railroad . . . which has resulted in a settlement was indeed remarkable, since the mere threat of a strike by the latter indicated an emergency which would have seriously interrupted interstate commerce all over the country. Thus the United States Mediation Board appointed by a Republican administration is rendering valuable service in the adjustment of disputes between carriers and *white* railroad workers in America."



In July, the Mediation Board formally retired the case, after which Randolph wrote them his opinion of their conduct: "May I say that your decision is not calculated to increase the respect of Negro American citizens for the spirit of fair-play of Government agencies where their interests are involved." Still, it all meant that the Brotherhood had failed again. After almost three years of nursing the porters' hopes, it had no tangible gains to show them. And, having exhausted the procedures of the Railway Labor Act, it had no idea where to turn next. Heavy with a sense that he had let the porters down, and that his faith and theirs had been betrayed by the Board of Mediation, Randolph said that the moment of calling off the strike was "next to the saddest" of his life.

The saddest moment had come earlier in the year—in January, when his brother, James, died of diphtheria, in New York. James, at forty-one, had completed all but a few credits toward a Bachelor of Arts degree at City College, and had planned, after graduation, to enter the University of Berlin, to continue his studies in mathematics and languages. According to a Harlem resident, James "had the reputation of being one of the best-read men in New York." A. Philip Randolph, despite having achieved some measure of national renown, had continued to stand in awe of his elder brother's intellect and had retained much of the deference he had felt toward James when they were boys in Jacksonville, Florida. "I cannot bear to live in a world without my brother," he told a friend in Harlem when James died. And, writing to a friend in St. Paul, he said it was easier to "fight a dozen Pullman Companies" than to endure the loss of his brother.

DESPITE Randolph's sorrow, it was not in his character to go back on his pledge to the porters and to give up the struggle against the Pullman Company. Sad though he was, he kept his feelings hidden from his colleagues in the union's leadership. A composed face and an unflappable manner—both of which he assumed with ease—enabled him to behave in awkward or unpleasant situations as if they did not exist. According to one of his organizers, who found the trait both mystifying and reassuring, "he could put up a front as if nothing had happened." And, as for his pledge to the porters, he was committed to an unyielding struggle to "put the Brotherhood over the top." Randolph would need every ounce of that commitment, for the union would now encounter such adversity that at times it would seem not to exist at all except in his imagination or in the form of his tenacity.

No sooner had the strike been called off than the American Negro Labor Congress—a Communist-oriented group, probably organized by the Communist Party to infiltrate the American labor movement, and led by Randolph's former Socialist colleagues Otto Huiswood, Richard B. Moore, and

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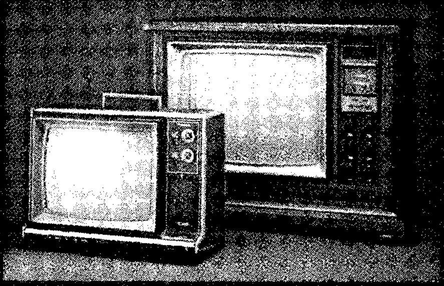

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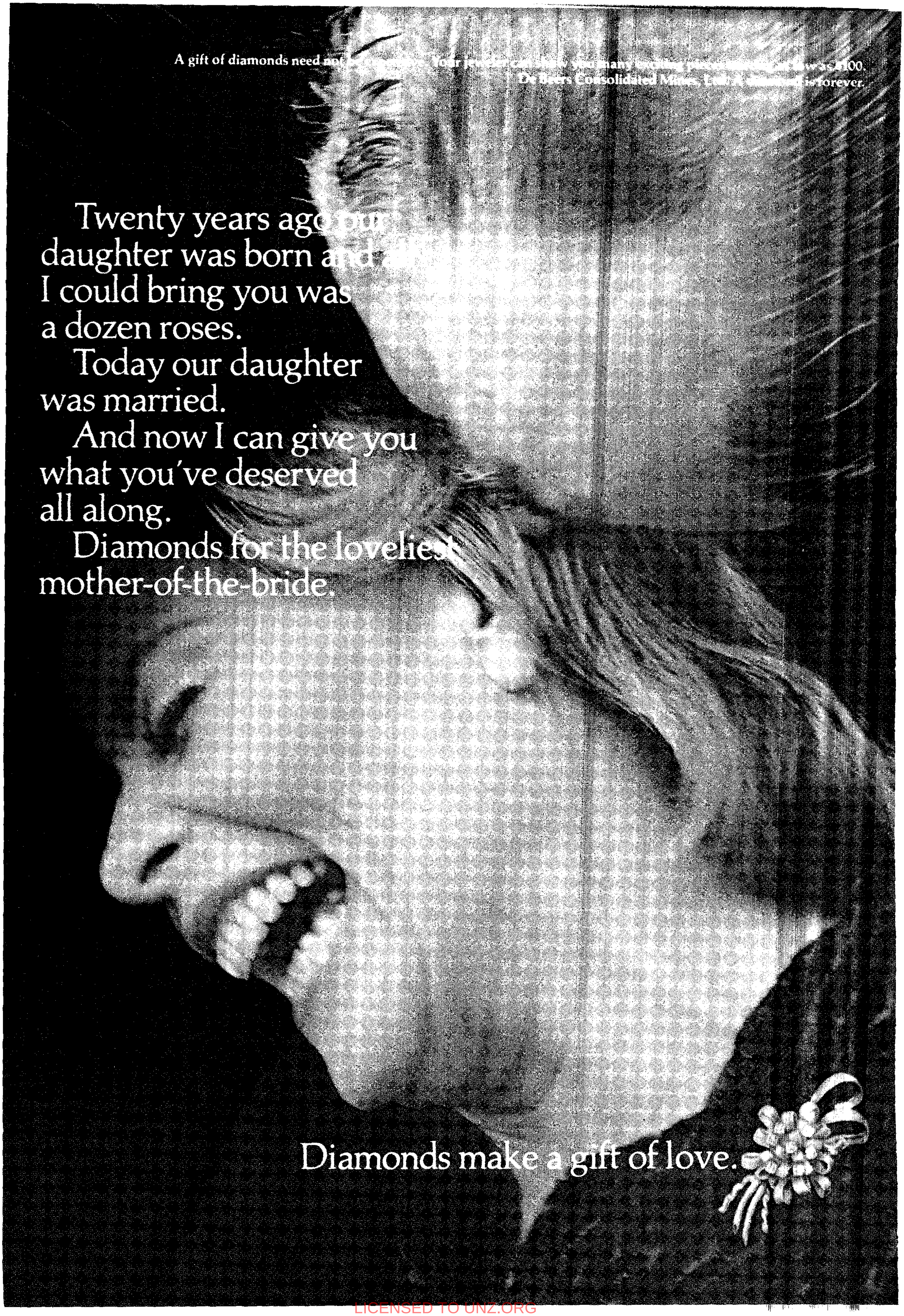

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Lovett Fort-Whiteman—charged the Brotherhood's leadership with selling out the porters to William Green and the American Federation of Labor. "The present leaders of the Brotherhood have followed in the trail of Green," the Congress said in a flyer advertising an anti-Randolph public meeting at St. Luke's Hall, in Harlem. "They have forsaken the policy of militant struggle in the interest of the workers for the policy of class collaboration with the bosses and bluffing with the strike—with the present result."

Randolph had been alert to Communist designs on the organized-labor movement as early as August, 1923—two years before the founding of the American Negro Labor Congress—when he wrote an editorial in the *Messenger* attacking the Negro Communists as "a menace" to labor. In January, 1926, he had written to Abraham Shiplacoff, the chairman of the Committee for the Preservation of the Trade Union Movement, "It is my hope that your vigorous and formidable attacks upon the destructive methods of the Communists, bent upon a rule-or-ruin policy at the behest of Moscow, will completely break their power and liberate the trade union movement from their fell clutches." Now, after the Congress's attacks on the Brotherhood, he wrote to advise Webster, "We cannot temporize with this Communist menace. It's a sinister and destructive crowd which will stop at nothing in order to realize its aim, which is to wreck and ruin every organization which is not Communistic. . . . Instruct Brotherhood men who run into Oakland to denounce and condemn the crowd. We shall kill this reptile at the very outset. . . . Everything moves promisingly forward."

But if anything in the affairs of the Brotherhood was moving at all, it was moving backward. The Pullman Company, in the wake of its victory, was firing or suspending every porter who—as far as it could be ascertained—had voted to strike. Over the next two or three years, the Brotherhood lost almost all of its membership. Porters who did not desert the union because of disappointment or to escape reprisals, simply dropped out because, as a result of the Depression, they were unemployed. By 1932, the union's membership, which had risen to almost seven thousand in the early months of 1928, dropped to seven hundred and seventy-one. Almost every divisional office was deep in debt, and the offices in Denver, Omaha, Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Norfolk, Albany, and Buffalo had to be closed.

"It has been necessary for us to call upon some of the members for a loan in order to keep things going," Randolph wrote Webster of the situation in New York during a particularly difficult period. And the Chicago division, though it remained the strongest (of the seven hundred and seventy-one members in 1932, Chicago had three hundred), also had serious financial problems. Webster wrote Randolph, toward the end of 1928, that if a way could not be found to stop Pullman's reprisals against the porters, "there is going to be a serious handicap . . . in maintaining an organization." By 1931, Webster was writing to Spencer Watson, who had succeeded Totten as organizer in Kansas City, "I am having serious difficulty in getting carfare. It was promised from headquarters, but now I am informed that they haven't got a nickel." A few months later, he wrote to Watson, "We are still wrestling with that same question. What are we going to do for money?"

With the May-June issue of 1928, the *Messenger* had folded. The disappointed porters had stopped reading it, and, with the union's dwindling membership, there had not been enough money to keep it going. It had also lost its readership among white liberals and radicals as well as the black middle class. According to C. L. Dellums, "the public couldn't take the *Messenger* anymore. Too much Brotherhood in it." The following year, the *Messenger* was succeeded by the *Black Worker*, a tabloid newspaper that Randolph edited and that appeared irregularly. It was the new official organ of the Brotherhood and it also called itself the "Mouthpiece of the Negro Workers of America."

DURING these years, the union was faced with two urgent imperatives: to find money to keep itself alive, and to do something—anything—to prove to the porters that it *was* alive. In other words, survival was now the most urgent priority. Later, if it endured, it could start thinking about renewing the fight. But the Brotherhood's survival, Randolph stressed among his organizers, should be sought only by "honorable means." Though the union's first national membership campaign had been launched with a grant from the Garland Fund, Randolph now revised his policy and declined to accept support from white organizations. The Brotherhood would

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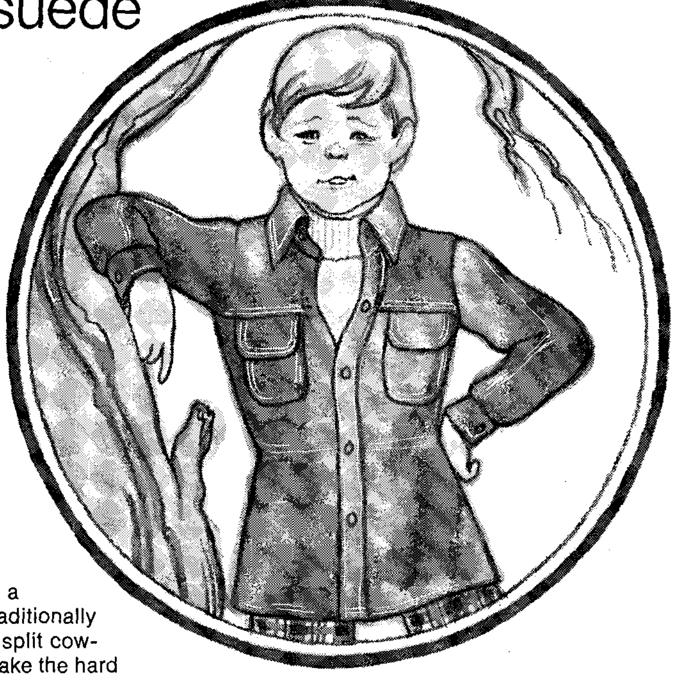

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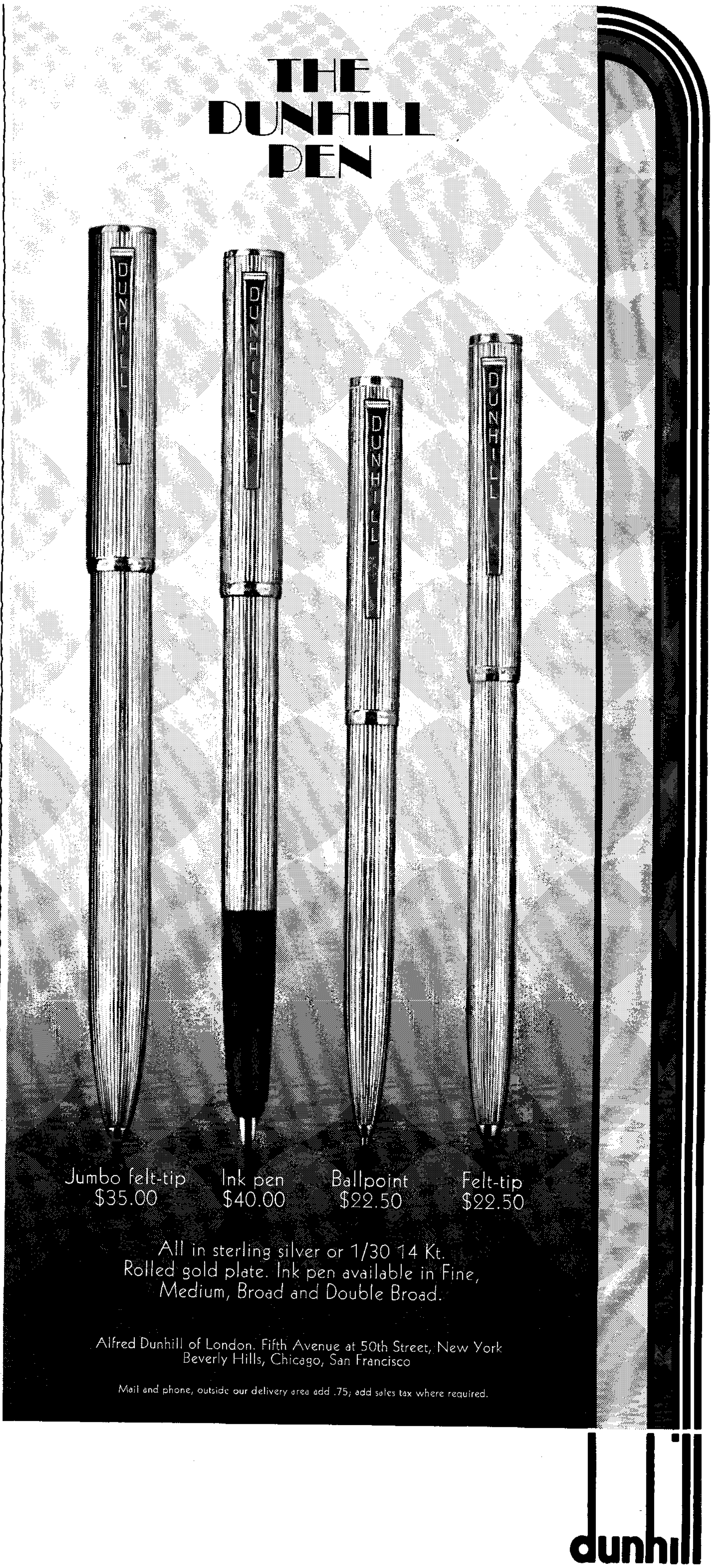
welcome moral and psychological support, he said, but not financial. Black people should "pay the price and bear the brunt of their own struggle." According to Dellums, "Randolph said that Negroes have never put over a major job in this nation without the aid of white people. John L. Lewis offered us all kinds of money. He said the Brotherhood must not fail. And we refused to accept—at least Randolph refused, because I was ready to accept. He said this was one fight Negroes must win on their own."

Instead of accepting outside help, the union organized theatre benefits, baseball games, picnics, and boat rides up the Hudson to raise funds. The *Amsterdam News* sponsored fund-raising benefits in Harlem. The few determined union members left were approached for loans, though only a handful of them had anything to lend. One of them said to Randolph, "There is such little money coming in, I can only keep my rent and table going." Dellums remembers today that "the average man who had a job was so frightened he thought the Depression was hurting him too." And Randolph wrote and circulated a weekly news bulletin, in which black businesses in Harlem and Chicago were asked to advertise, and porters to "give something."

In 1928, the Brotherhood's need for moral and psychological support—and its search for the kind of prestige that might impress the porters—took Randolph once again to William Green. It was two years earlier that he had first approached Green to seek affiliation with the A.F.L., but this time his application was blocked by the International Hotel and Restaurant Employees Alliance, which claimed jurisdiction over the porters. Sleeping-car porters, the Alliance said, were not railroad workers but merely hotel workers on wheels, and, as such, belonged in a hotel-and-restaurant union. Green had been sympathetic to the claim and had offered to affiliate with the Brotherhood, but only through the Hotel Alliance. Randolph and Webster had refused. Porters *were* railroad workers, they insisted, and would accept affiliation only on those terms and only under their own leadership. Besides, Webster said, "if we belonged to them, they should not have left us lying around loose so long." One reason the Hotel Alliance had left the porters lying around loose so long was that it had a clause in its constitution segregating black members into separate locals. If, then, it was now interested in the porters, that interest had developed not because the Alliance was ready to organize them on the basis of equality but simply because it wanted to preserve its claim on them as potential dues-payers, to be organized, when it pleased the Alliance, in a segregated auxiliary union. Nevertheless, the claim of the Hotel Alliance did rest on sound legal grounds, for the international charter it had received from the A.F.L. had granted it jurisdiction over sleeping-car porters.

The impasse could be resolved only by an amendment to the Alliance's A.F.L. charter. And when Randolph applied in 1928, Green sponsored such an amendment, making it possible for the Brotherhood to affiliate with the Federation. But since the porters' organization had neither enough members nor enough money to meet the A.F.L.'s requirements for an international union, it was accepted into the Federation as a group of thirteen affiliated locals, under the direct jurisdiction of Green and the A.F.L. Executive Council. Randolph had wanted full international status, but, as Webster told Dad Moore, it was the most the Brotherhood could get at the time, and, *in any case*, Webster said, the union had now "demonstrated to the world that we are on a solid foundation and that we are here to stay."

Exploiting its new prestige as a member of the organized-labor movement, the Brotherhood embarked upon a number of activities designed to enhance its standing in the eyes of the porters. In 1929, it called its first national convention, in Chicago, at which it hammered out a constitution, set up a formal chain of command, and held its first election of officers. Randolph was elected president; Webster, first vice-president; Ashley Totten, Bennie Smith, S. E. Grain, E. J. Bradley, Paul Caldwell, and C. L. Dellums, vice-presidents—second to seventh, respectively; and Roy Lancaster, secretary-treasurer. Though the union was still practically broke, it was necessary, Randolph said, to do something to demonstrate to the porters that the organization was on a "sound footing," and to provide some "evidence of permanency," so mortgages were obtained in Chicago and New York on permanent headquarters for the Brotherhood. And since Randolph was convinced that "high-powered propaganda can make people believe the Devil is Jesus Christ," the Brotherhood would have to speak and act boldly. He wrote to Webster telling him to talk up the Brotherhood's alliance with the A.F.L. "for all it's worth." Nor, despite its lack of funds, could the union afford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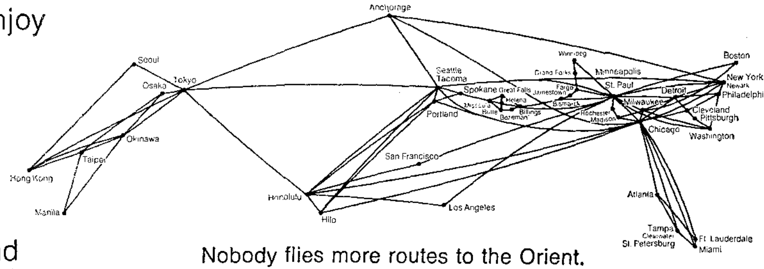
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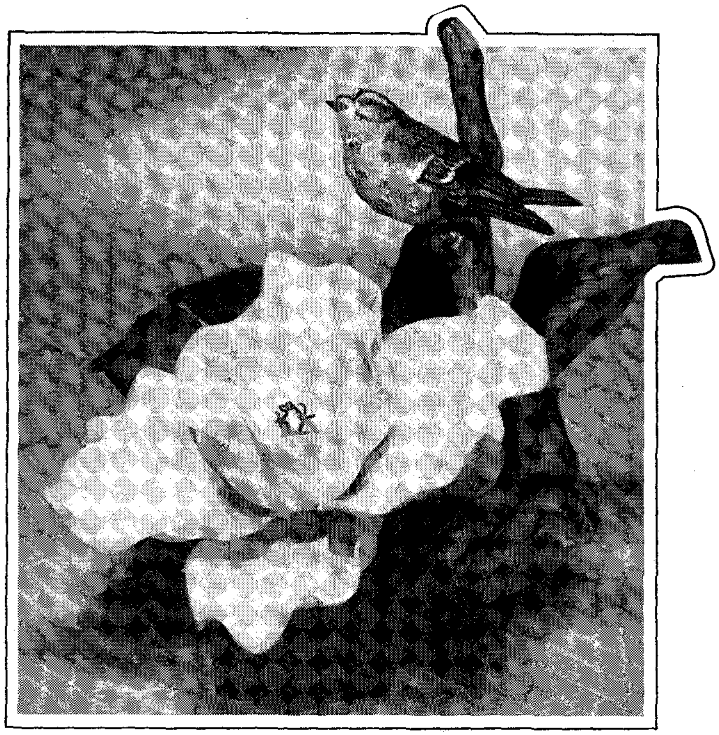

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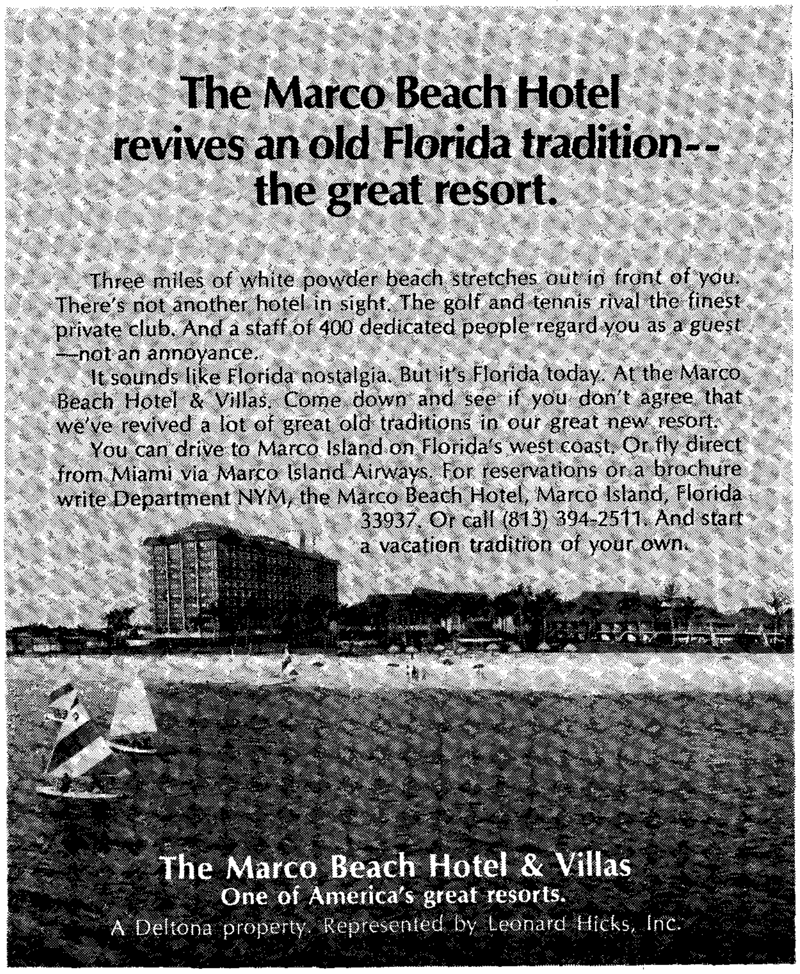

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to look cheap. Its public-relations activities should appear expensive, down to the quality of paper it used for its letterheads. "Good-quality paper may cost a little more, but experienced advertising experts attest that it pulls results," Randolph told Webster in a letter. "The public does not give much consideration to anything that looks cheap, regardless of its merits.... The psychology of the public is that it only thinks a thing is big if it is done in a big way." To all this, Randolph added his usual inspirational appeal to the porters, in circulars and in articles in the *Black Worker*, saying, "The one lesson the Pullman porters in particular and Negroes in general must learn is that Salvation must and can only come from within."

NONE of the measures aimed at helping the Brotherhood seemed to work. Membership continued to dwindle, even when, in desperation, the entrance fee was lowered from five dollars to three. By 1933, Chicago, with two hundred and fifty members, had almost half the membership of the Brotherhood—and it was mainly upon the slight income from that division that the union would subsist through the darkest days of the country's depression and its own. In Oakland, there were just eighty members. Dad Moore, who had pledged to "fite to the Finish" and to stick with the Brotherhood "until Deth carry me to my last Restin Place," had died in January, 1930. In one of his last letters to Webster, he had written:

> My back is against the wal but I will Die before I will Back up one inch. I am fiting not for myself but for 12000 Porters and maids, and there children.... I has bin at Starvasian Door but it has not change my mind, for just as the night follows the Day we are gointer win. Tell all the men in your Dist that they should follow Mr. Randolph as they would follow Jes Christ.

"We have received no greater inspiration in our lives," the *Black Worker* said in an editorial, "than from the spirit and life of Dad Moore."

The leadership of the Oakland division had passed into the hands of Dellums, the young man whom Moore had once praised to Webster as "a square shooter," and who had been elected to a vice-presidency at the 1929 convention. Dellums was a battler from a different mold. Unlike Moore's, or even Randolph's, his style was not to resist with quiet and indomitable will but to blast away at his enemies; not to cling to principle with an unbreakable grip but to flail away in defense of it, with his fists, if necessary—like the "roughneck" he sometimes called himself. A light-skinned, powerful man, Dellums had a large, shiny, and formidable head, flashing eyes, a toothbrush mustache, and a severe, unsmiling face that could look—when he wanted it to—as truculent as a clenched fist. Unlike Randolph, say, he was not spun from gossamer but was cut from the rough canvas of men like Ashley Totten and Milton Webster.

In St. Louis, hardly anything was left of E. J. Bradley's division by 1933. Bradley had been evicted from his headquarters, on North Jefferson Avenue, his office records thrown away, and the furniture sold to meet the back rent. He recalled later in a brief history of his early organizing experiences, "I notified our Chicago office that I would not be able to carry the rent and other expenses of the local any longer. The International Office advised me to close up the St. Louis office. . . . I refused . . . because that would have shown weakness in St. Louis . . . and if it was ever closed, the Pullman Company would feel that it had won a signal victory. . . ." On a visit to St. Louis at this time, Webster found Bradley without "a nickel to pay car fare." He had long since lost the automobile he had used, for a while, as his office. According to Ulus Crowder, of the Brotherhood's office in Chicago, "They took away Bradley's car in payment of debt. After that, he was carrying his office around in his pocket. He lost his two homes, and his wife quit him when he couldn't support her. He had mortgaged the houses to support the Brotherhood. He lived with his daughter and anybody who would put him up. Bradley was a good quail shooter, and that's what he ate off for many days. He used to say the last thing he would give up was his shotgun. And he damn near lost everything, including his shotgun."

In New York, the Brotherhood was unable to maintain the mortgage payments on its headquarters. It, too, was evicted, and its office records and furniture were thrown out into the streets. Benjamin McLaurin, who had moved to New York from Chicago, was now an organizer in the New York office. He recalls:

> I picked up the pieces and moved into an apartment on 140th Street. There were five rooms in this apartment and we used the two front rooms for offices. I lived in one room, and we used the kitchen and the dining room for recreation, on weekends. I promoted a weekly rent party, to get money to pay rent and maintain the union. It was the only income we had. . . . We used to go from house to house holding rent parties. I had learned

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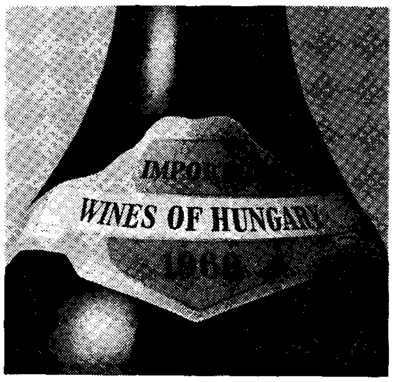
They're spicy. And, when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth—paprika with everything—they've developed just such wines—a tradition of fine winemaking that's outlasted empires.

There's "Bull's Blood"—Egri Bikaver—a robust red wine that's excellent with steak, roasts, venison, and goulash; Tokay Aszu—golden, fragrant, exquisite, a dessert wine once so scarce it was known as "Liquid Gold"; Greyfriar Szurkebarat—a dry, full-bodied white wine with a characteristic mellow bouquet unique to Hungary's Lake Balaton region.

Now International Vintage Wines of San Francisco has brought these great Hungarian vintages—ideal with highly-seasoned foods from all over the world—to better package stores. The only authentic Hungarian wines imported into this country, you can find them with a distinctive "Wines of Hungary" label.



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Kenrob's red and white knit dress
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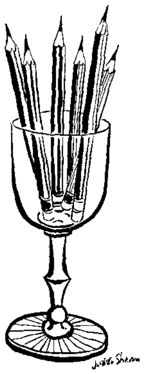
to cook somewhere... and Saturday mornings I spent preparing food and most of the day cooking. I cooked chitterlings and pigs feet. They were the best things. I used to cook a hundred pounds of chitterlings, plenty of stew and potato salad. ... I cooked so much of that stuff that it nauseates me now. I don't want to be around if anybody is cooking it. I could bake, and we had pastry and foods of that kind. It was on this income, for two years at least, that we kept the headquarters together. We couldn't hire stenographers. Everybody had to do his own typing.... There were many days when we didn't know where the next mouthful was coming from. But it wasn't important. We would live on a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread.

The New York office continued to subsist on the receipts from McLaurin's rent parties; scraps from the lean table of Webster's Chicago division; donations from sympathizers in Harlem; and loans and gifts from a handful of men who remained fiercely loyal to the Brotherhood. Two such men were R. R. Matthews and Thomas T. Patterson, who had helped to found the union in 1925. Porters still speak with pride of the day when Matthews, having run out of ready cash, took off his gold watch and diamond ring and pawned them to help the Brotherhood out of an emergency. Between 1929 and 1933, Patterson is said to have lent the union more than two thousand dollars out of his savings. Patterson, who named one of his sons after Randolph, was as devoted to the Brotherhood's president as he was to the union. McLaurin says that in 1933, when "the bread bin was pretty low" in the Randolphs' apartment, Patterson took extra runs between New York and Chicago and used part of the extra wages to buy groceries for the Randolphs.



This was necessary partly because Randolph's salary from the union was only ten dollars a week—sometimes less, and sometimes nothing—and partly because his wife, who had been the breadwinner of the household, now had little or no income of her own. Her once thriving beauty parlor had declined after the war, because of her husband's reputation as a radical, and then had collapsed completely. Though Randolph did not seem to mind the deterioration in his appearance, the porters and organizers, who were used to admiring him as a "sharp dresser," were now embarrassed to observe that he had no soles on his shoes. McLaurin says, "He couldn't afford to buy any clothes. Like many of us, he just went from what he had to rags. There were so many patches on his pants he didn't know where to put the next patch. He used to love his blue serge suit, which was the best thing he had, but he wore it so long that it began to shine like a looking glass."

By 1933, as far as the public could tell—and as far as the majority of porters were concerned—the Brotherhood was dead. In fact, its obituary had been written two years earlier, when the labor historians Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris said in "The Black Worker," their study of "The Negro and the Labor Movement," "The hope that this movement would become the center and rallying point of Negro labor as a whole is now dead."

THOUGH the Brotherhood was probably the shakiest railroad union in America during the early nineteen-thirties, it was not the only one that had been thwarted by company unions, nor was it the only one that had been retarded by the failure of the Railway Labor Act to guarantee the right to collective bargaining. Despite the hopes that the act had raised in 1926, and the encouragement that its language had seemed to give to self-organization, it had turned out to be more helpful to railroad management than to railroad workers. As the Brotherhood had found, the Railway Labor Act, while it provided for the arbitration of disputes, did not have enough teeth in it even to compel management to come to the arbitration table—let alone to abide by the results of arbitration. In 1933, seven years after the act was signed, workers in a hundred and forty-seven of the two hundred and thirty-three largest railroad enterprises were still formally represented by company unions or plans of employee representation. The American Federation of Labor had become disenchanted with the act, and, as Green had told Randolph, was waiting for a favorable opportunity to press for amendment. That opportunity came in 1932 when, with the support of the majority of organized labor, Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President.

After the election, Donald Richberg, who by now was general counsel of the railroad unions, called a group of labor executives together in Washington to discuss possible legislation "to strengthen the right of self-organization and the power of collective bargaining as already provided in the Railway Labor Act." And not long after that the President appointed Richberg to a commit-

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What has happened to women has now happened to perfume.

Audace, a new perfume from France. Where women always do things a few years sooner.

Parfums Rochas

Whenever I think of Scotch, I recall the immortal words of my brother Harpo.

BY GROUCHO MARX

HARPO WAS a man of very few words, except when it came to scotch, horses and ladies.

Actually, scotch ran a poor third. Which wasn't easy considering the way his horses ran.

And the way his horses ran could be summed up in a word.

Last.

He once had a horse who finished ahead of the winner of the 1942 Kentucky Derby.

Unfortunately, the horse started running in the 1941 Derby.

And as far as the ladies go, Harpo's ladies always went.

As a matter of fact, they went a lot faster than his horses. Although his horses were a lot prettier.

But that's a horse of a different color.

Anyway, back to the subject at hand. What was it again? Oh, yeah, scotch.

When it came to scotch, Harpo's words were memorable.

Unfortunately, I forget them.

I remember the thought behind them, however.

The thought was that Harpo appreciated good scotch. Especially one kind of scotch. I know this because one morning I found my liquor cabinet broken into. All the scotch was opened and apparently samples were taken of each bottle. Except in the case of Teacher's Scotch where the case was taken.

I immediately put on my Sherlock Holmes hat, replaced my cigar with a pipe and looked for my thinking cap, but I couldn't find it.

"The Case of the Missing Case," I called it.

Harpo was my number one suspect. He was also my number two and my number three suspect.

The night before I had heard a honking sound in my living room. At first I thought it was a car looking for a parking space in my apartment. (That used to happen a lot until I had parking meters installed.) Little did I know, however, that it was my brother committing one of the most unbrotherly acts since the Andrews Sisters.

So I threw a mackinaw over my Dr. Denton's and dashed off to Harpo's. I must have cut quite a dashing figure.

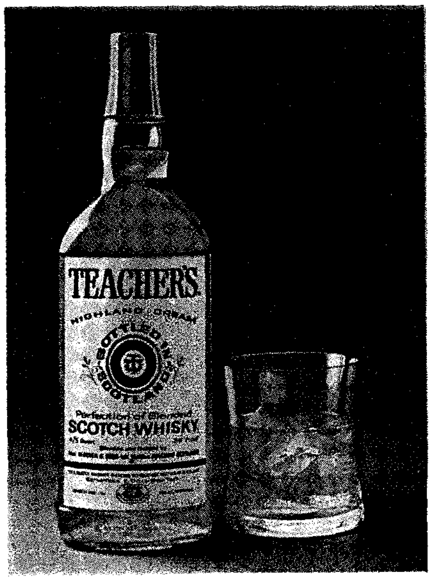
When I arrived at Harpo's house, there, big as life, were my bottles of Teacher's.

"Why, Harpo?" I asked, lighting my cigar and putting it out on the rug, the one on the floor.

Harpo answered with a honk that was worth a thousand words.

I understood them immediately.

What it boiled down to was that Teacher's tasted better to him than any of the other scotches I had.



I agreed with that. It also tasted better to me. That's probably why we're brothers. After all, scotch is thicker than water.

And, on the subject of brothers, Harpo said he knew enough about scotch to know that Teacher's wasn't one of those scotches everybody and his brother drinks.

I told him he was doing his best to change that.

Then I asked him how he knew that anyway.

Well, to make a long story longer, it seems that he had gone through Gummo's liquor cabinet, too. As well as Zeppo's and Chico's. Before he went through mine. And he said that I had the best taste.

I said, "That's all very interesting, Harpo, but now it's time to play 'You Bet Your Life.' And give me a finger of my own scotch while you're at it."

To show me how generous he was he poured some scotch into a glass and put his whole hand into it. I'd had scotch and water, scotch and soda, but never scotch and hand. But then, Harpo's an old hand at serving scotch. At the risk of beating a hand to death, let me continue. Where was I...

At this point I told Harpo I didn't want to hear any more horns.

He honked.

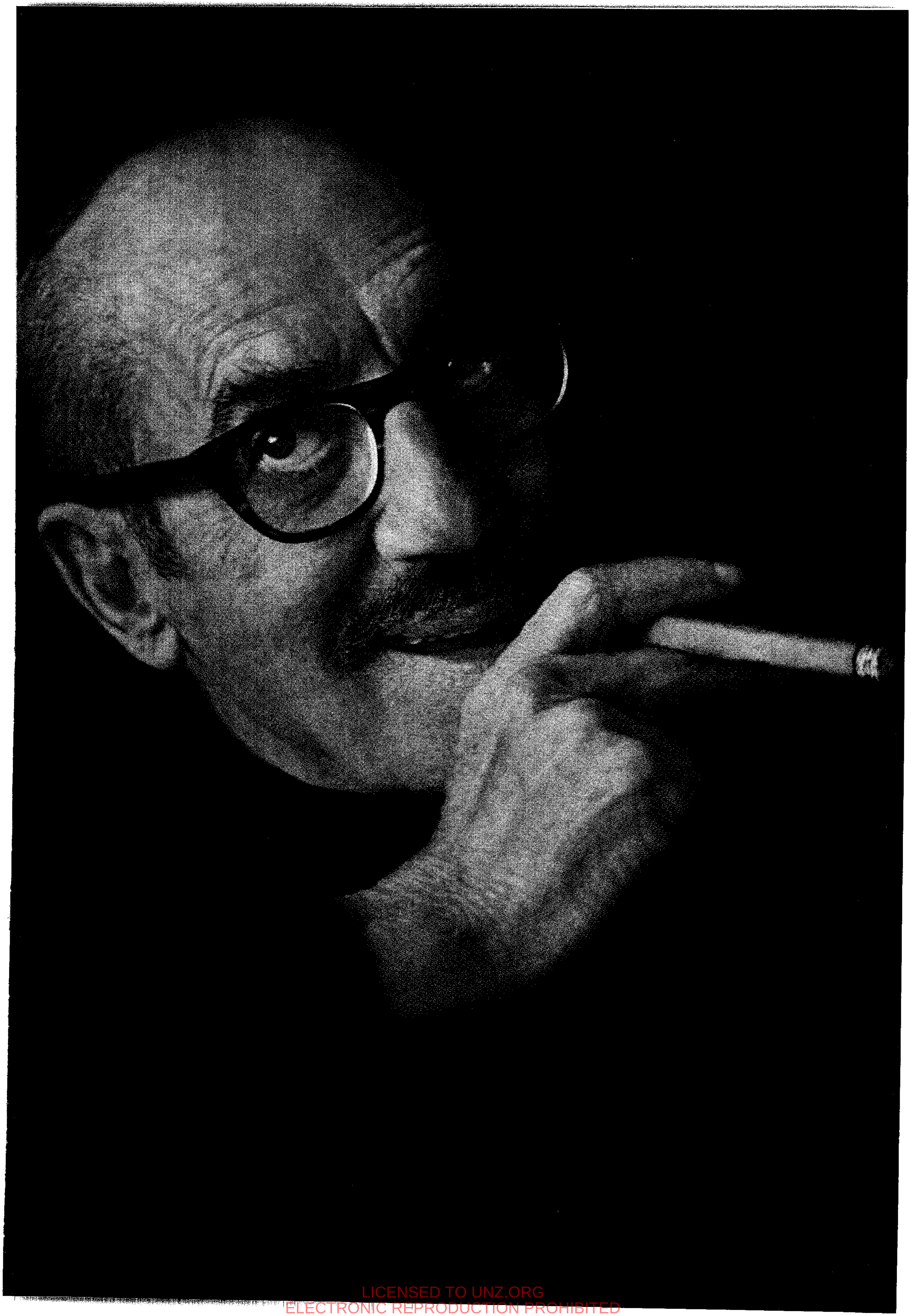
I said, "Say it with strings."

So he grabbed his harp and proceeded to play me to sleep. I snored in accompaniment.

It was while I was sleeping that he uttered those now immortal words. You know the words I mean. At least I hope you do. Cause you couldn't expect me to remember the words somebody said to me while I was sleeping.

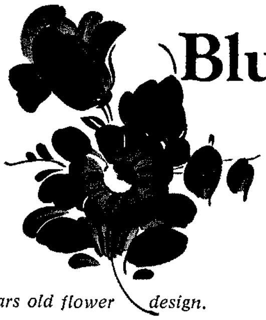
But, after all, why harp on that.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers



Since 1775 we have created more than one-thousand-five-hundred and fifty different dinnerware designs.

Blue Flower is design no. 10.



The 200 years old flower design.

The Blue Flower dinnerware from Royal Copenhagen Porcelain is as old as the factory. Both date from 1775. The graceful, blue rococo bouquets on this set are known and appreciated the world over.

The Blue Color of Eternity

Some call the coloring of the ornament the blue of eternity; it has existed for nearly 200 years. "Eternity" also because the flowers are painted under the glaze and therefore never fade or wear.

The formula of the deep blue color is still a secret which the factory guards jealously.

After a piece of porcelain is thrown, it is fired at about 1650° F. The artist decorates it, and it is then glazed and fired again at 2600° F. This is why the ornament is imperishable.

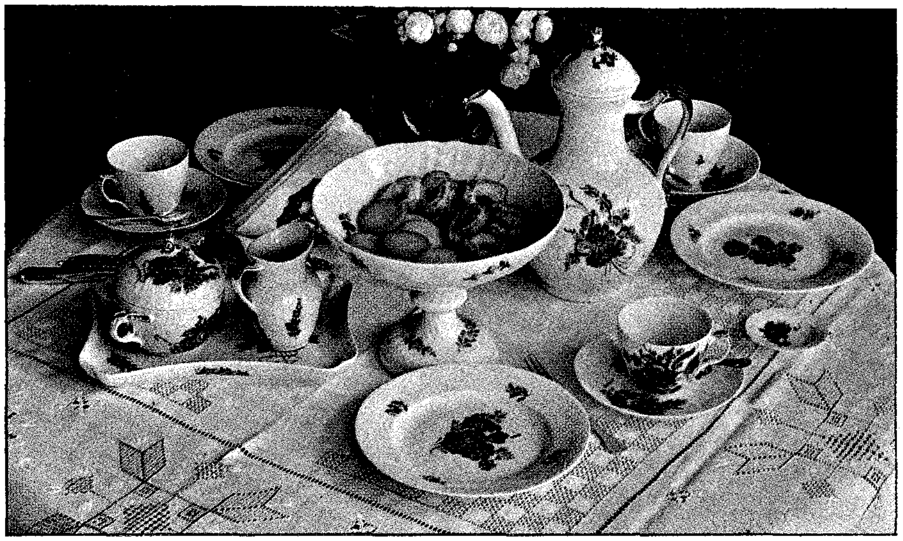
Like Blue Fluted porcelain, this series includes such a wealth of different pieces that everything necessary for the table can be supplied.

Porcelain with a Signature

Each piece of Blue Flower is signed individually by the artist, and the three wavy lines are your guarantee that it is Royal Copenhagen Porcelain.

St. Louis, 1904

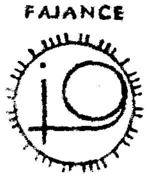
The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain has also a tradition in faience, which is almost as old as Blue Flower. At the World Exhibition in St. Louis in 1904, faience from the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain attracted great attention and it soon gained recognition. A completely new range was exhibited consisting of vases, bowls, etc., in strong blue, green, yellow, purple and brown colors.



A traditional Danish coffee-table. A coffee-set for 8 people in Blue Flower, curved edge, costs $163,25.

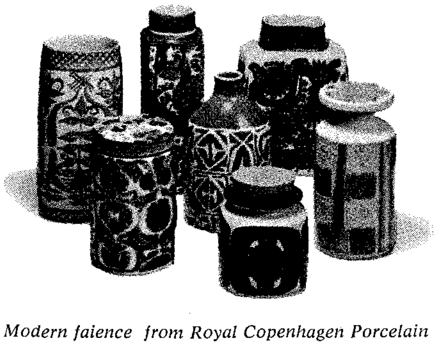
Modern Art for Everyday Use

The faience tradition was given new life by the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain, when it set up a faience workshop in 1958. It came to be known as "The Scandinavian Workshop" and it consisted of a group of young women artists from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The faience works from this atelier are called "Tenera", the Latin word for tender and young.



Tradition is carried on-also these modern faience works are signed.

At the same time, the ceramist Nils Thorsson created "Baca", a series of decorated faience with a mat glaze which brings out the relief effect. Subsequently this series has been followed up by several young ceramists. "Baca" is the Latin word for ring and each artist signs his work in a so-called "Baca"-ring at the back of each piece.



Modern faience from Royal Copenhagen Porcelain

This ad is No. 3 in a series. Prints on glossy paper are available upon request.

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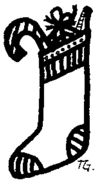
tee to draft legislation for a national recovery program. Thus, as the representative of the railroad-union interests, Richberg was largely responsible for one of the most important sections of the National Industry Recovery Bill, which the committee drafted. That was Section 7a, stating that "employees shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from the interference, restraint, or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, in the designation of such representatives or in self-organization," and that "no employee and no one seeking employment shall be required as a condition of employment to join any company union or to refrain from joining, organizing, or assisting a labor organization of his own choosing." These provisions became law in the National Industrial Recovery Act, passed in June, 1933. This act constituted one of the most impressive victories that railroad unions—and the labor movement in general—had ever won.



Reënergized by Roosevelt's legislative revolution, the labor movement—including the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters—launched the most vigorous organizational campaign in its history. New unions were founded and shattered memberships rebuilt. By mid-1933, porters were flocking back to the Brotherhood as Randolph, waving the promises of the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act, assured them that victory was near—that the Brotherhood had finally "licked" the Pullman Company. Randolph now wrote to the company again, saying, "As duly authorized representatives of the majority of the porters and maids [the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters requests a] conference to negotiate an agreement on wages and rules governing working conditions . . . in conformity with the principles promulgated by the Railway Labor Act, the Railway Emergency Act and the general program . . . outlined under the National Recovery Act." Once again, as with every letter he had written to Pullman since September, 1926, he got no reply. Randolph then took the next logical step, calling upon Joseph B. Eastman, the Federal Coördinator of Transportation, to intervene and enforce the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act. But Randolph now learned from Eastman something that Pullman must have known all along: by the terms of the Transportation Act, the Pullman Company was not a railroad but a common carrier; thus the emergency legislation applied neither to the Pullman Company nor to its sleeping-car porters.

However, Eastman offered to cooperate with any effort the Brotherhood cared to make to seek changes in the emergency railroad legislation. Encouraged by Eastman's promise, Randolph wrote letters to President Roosevelt and to friends of the Brotherhood on Capitol Hill protesting the exclusion of the Pullman Company and its sleeping-car porters and dining-car employees from the provisions of the railroad legislation. And at the fifty-third annual convention of the A.F.L., in Washington, in 1933, he called upon the Federation to urge President Roosevelt "to issue an Executive Order interpreting the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act, 1933, to include within its scope sleeping-car companies, thereby correcting a situation that results in the Pullman Company's occupying a favored status."

Embarrassed by Randolph's demands, railroad-labor executives joined officials within the Administration to support the Brotherhood's efforts to rectify the inequities, and early in 1934 the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee opened hearings, with a view to amending the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act and the Railway Labor Act. During the hearings, twenty-one railroad unions urged that the acts be changed to include "sleeping-car and express companies." According to Dellums, the railroad unions backed the Brotherhood only because "they couldn't let this Negro [Randolph] lead a fight and get the credit for strengthening the Railway Labor Act." Despite Pullman's argument that it was more "an innkeeper" than a railroad enterprise—and thus had been properly exempted from the emergency legislation—the Transportation Act and the Railway Labor Act were amended to include sleeping-car companies and their employees.

Suspecting that it was about to lose the long battle against Randolph's union, the Pullman Company suddenly started laying off hundreds of porters whose loyalty to the company was in doubt, desiring to lessen the number of porters who were now trooping back to the Brotherhood. And still hoping, within the letter of the new law, to frustrate its intent, the company handpicked a few loyal porters and authorized them to form an "independent" union, the Pullman Porters and Maids Protective Association, as a

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legal alternative to the Brotherhood. Since the National Industrial Recovery Act forbade companies to contribute to the upkeep of any union, Pullman allowed the Protective Association to charge monthly dues, a mere twenty-five cents—"as though," Randolph observed, "any national labor union could conduct its business on such a meagre income." The Protective Association was in fact a glorified company union—controlled by porters who were controlled by Pullman. Randolph had a few other words for it: "A mushroom sprung forth full growth out of the fertile soil of Pullman gold."

On November 13, 1934, Randolph wrote to the president of the Pullman Company again, requesting a conference, and, for the first time, he received a reply. But it was not the one he had hoped for. The Brotherhood was not "the duly authorized representative" of the porters, F. L. Simmons, the company's supervisor of industrial relations, wrote. Therefore, "there is no occasion for a conference with you." Randolph then wrote to the Board of Mediation, pointing out that the Brotherhood was the porters' authorized representative under the amended railroad acts. Almost immediately, the Pullman Porters and Maids Protective Association entered a similar claim in its own behalf. To resolve the conflicting claims, the Board of Mediation ordered a secret ballot, and from May 27 to June 22, 1935—ten years since the Brotherhood began its fight for recognition—porters in sixty-six Pullman districts around the country voted.

Victory for the Brotherhood was by no means just around the corner, but it was nearer than ever before. And, sensing this, Randolph wrote to Walter White, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., just before the balloting:

> This is the first time that Negro workers have had the opportunity to vote as a national group in an election under federal supervision, for their economic rights. It is an extraordinary occasion. It is the result of 10 years of militant, determined and courageous fighting by a small band of black workers against one of the most powerful corporations in the world. It may be interesting for you to know that on the Pullman Board sit J. P. Morgan, R. K. Mellon, Alfred P. Sloan, George F. Baker, Harold S. Vanderbilt, George Whitney and others. These men rule Wall Street, America and practically the world of capitalist finance and industry. And yet the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has, in the face of nameless opposition and terror, stood its ground through one of the worst depressions ever witnessed in America, and has come to the point where it has caused a national election to be called to determine the organization the porters really want.... This election...will mark an historic

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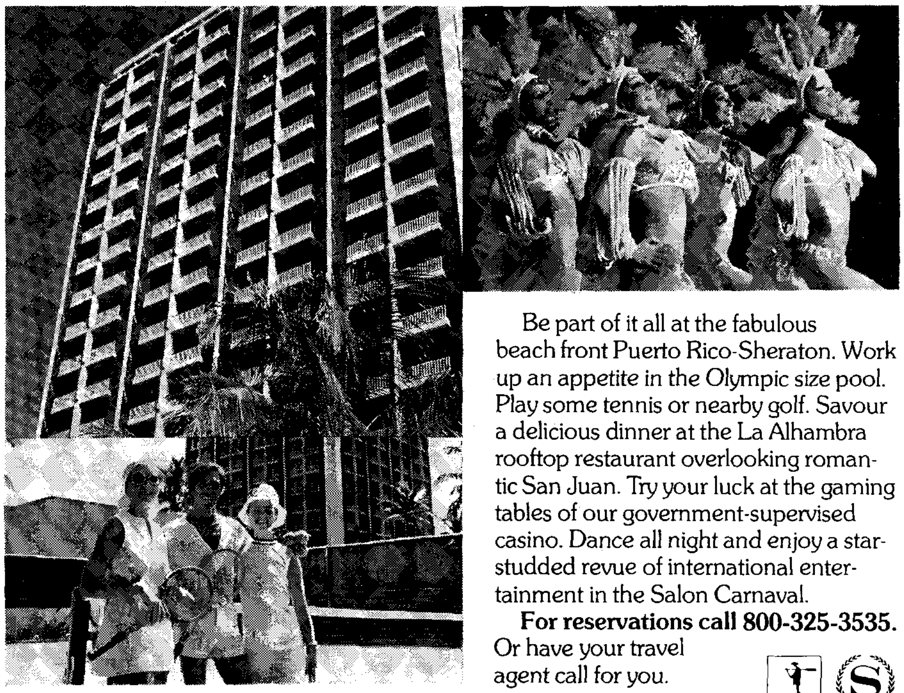

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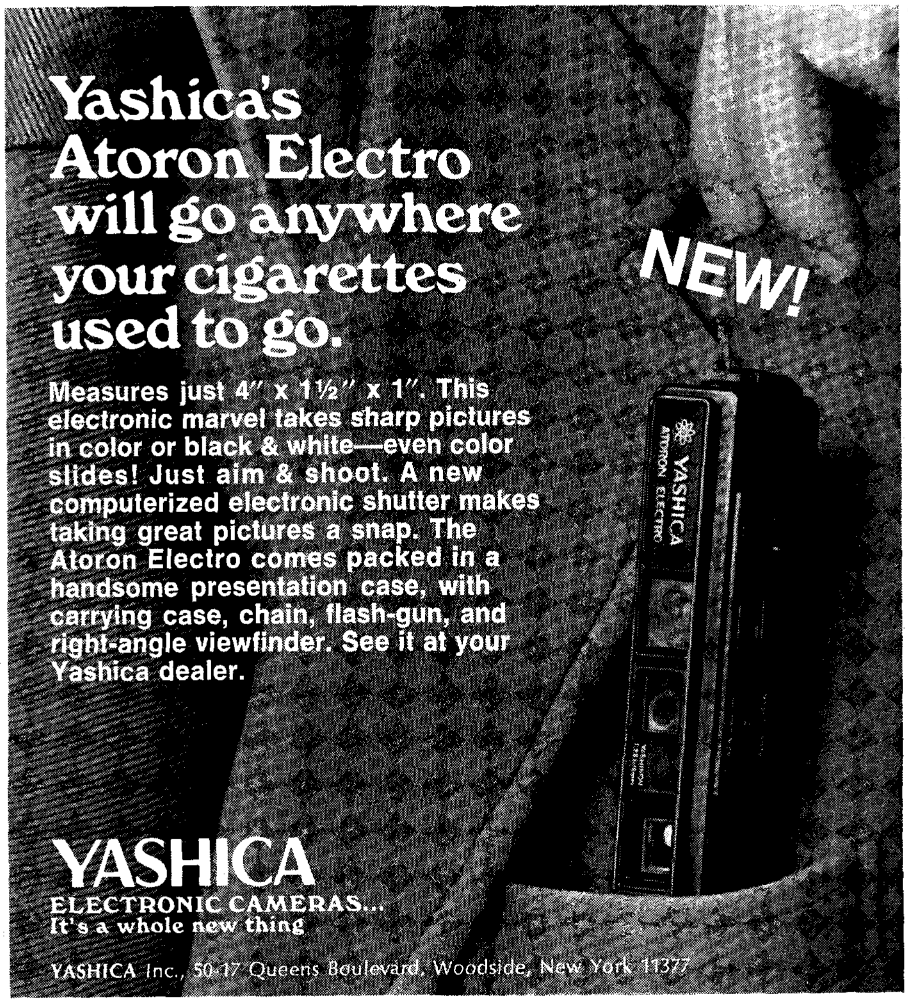

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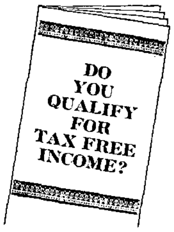
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When the ballots were counted, on the night of June 27th, in Chicago, 89 were void, 1,422 had been cast for the Pullman Porters and Maids Protective Association, and 5,931 for the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Randolph sent White an exultant telegram: "FIRST VICTORY OF NEGRO WORKERS OVER GREAT INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION." And on July 1st the Mediation Board finally certified the Brotherhood as "duly designated and authorized to represent the porters and maids of the Pullman Company."

AT 10 A.M. on July 29, 1935, Randolph, Webster, Smith, Bradley, Dellums, and two working porters—Thomas T. Patterson and Clarence Kendrick—walked into Room 412 of the Pullman headquarters, on East Adams Street, in Chicago. It was their finest moment in ten years. They had forced the Pullman Company to do what one of the union's detractors had said the company would never do: sit down around the same table with "a bunch of black porters." Yet it must also have been a frightening moment for them. What did they know about bargaining? They knew quite well what they wanted, but did they know *how* to get it, or whether they would be equal to dealing with "the high-priced brains" who would be sitting across the table from them? Ten years of fighting in the streets, so to speak, had made them some of the toughest guerrillas of the labor struggle. But only Randolph had ever set foot in a college classroom; only he and Patterson knew how to turn a fine sentence; and none of them except Randolph had ever sat around a table with "high-priced brains." In Benjamin McLaurin's words, they "had no experience with high finance . . . didn't know what a million dollars was like." "Here," says Dellums today, "was this handful of guys around Randolph. None of us was prepared, none had any special training, none really educated. But here we were around this wonderful man."

As it turned out, their lack of refinement was their greatest strength. Webster, "the strong man of the Brotherhood," could growl like a bulldog in the face of any man, and Dellums' light-skinned face could redden at the mere suspicion of provocation. These men were never so at home as in situations that called for the "rough stuff." In such talents, of course, their leader

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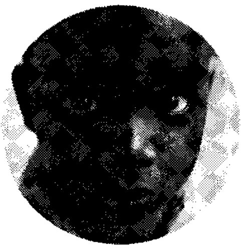
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was spectacularly deficient. His role during the negotiations was to orchestrate the instruments at his disposal: to rein tongues like Webster's and Dellums' when that seemed to be in the interests of the proceedings, and to unleash them when his own softer passages evoked no response.

Anyway, it would take them two years to negotiate an agreement with Pullman. Webster said later, "The Pullman Company was messing around, handing it to us line by line. We couldn't get a full paragraph. We had about a thousand sheets of paper with two lines . . ." McLaurin said that Pullman "just could not conceive of Negroes' sitting across the table talking to them as equals," and added, "It took months and months to get past that stumbling block." Before that stumbling block could be passed, the Brotherhood had to break off negotiations. On October 4, 1935, after two days of angry exchanges, Randolph and his men walked out of the Pullman headquarters and referred the dispute back to the Mediation Board. Entering the case the following day, the Board ordered mediation to begin on January 23, 1936. But the company informed the Board that, because of other negotiations at that time, it would be unable to comply. Pullman had its reasons for stalling. For one, knowing how frequently porters had deserted the Brotherhood in the past, it believed that a long delay in negotiations would cause many of them to become impatient again, and force the Brotherhood to withdraw the case from mediation and take whatever offer the company was willing to make. For another, the Constitutionality of the amended Railway Labor Act was being tested in the courts, and if the amendments were declared un-Constitutional the status of the Brotherhood would revert to what it had been, and the company would have no need to continue negotiating with it.

When, several months after its initial refusal, the company decided to go along with the mediation proceedings—though only nominally, since the courts still had not ruled upon the amended Railway Labor Act—its representatives behaved so contemptuously that even Randolph finally lost his renowned self-control. Dellums has recalled the incident in an interview:

> [E. F.] Carry was just about as vulgar as a drunken sailor on the waterfront, and when he would come into the conference room he would come back and he would vulgarly prop his foot up against the table and he'd start his vulgarity. And here is Brother Randolph, this man who

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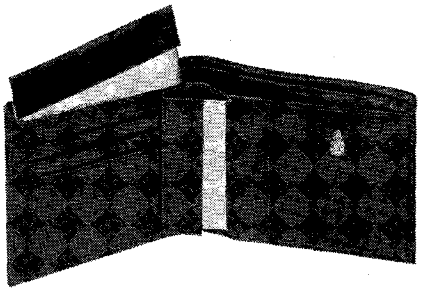

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was having a hard time saying "hell," and a man I have never seen angry. But one day he and Carry got at it. Carry is shaking his finger about twenty feet away; he's shaking his finger at Randolph and he's cursing, and he's raising hell; and Randolph had his fist doubled up, and he's shaking it back at Carry. Carry is all red, and I don't know what color the Chief [Randolph] is anymore. But he was boiling over. And, finally, he looked around at me and said, "C. L., did you want to make an observation?" But I knew what he meant. He meant that this baby [Carry] needs some cursing now, and the Chief couldn't do it. And he knew that was right down my alley. Well, I gave it to that Carry. I gave it to him so good that two minutes later the mediator broke up the meeting.

When the mediator broke up that meeting, the Brotherhood men said they would not return. "We got tired," Webster said later. "We told them, 'We have been here long enough. We are going to take a strike vote.' We had the strike ballots printed. We distributed them to every district, and told them to await the order, and all the members of the committee went back to their respective homes. The mediator handling the case came out. He said, 'You know Mr. Carry is quite concerned about this strike vote.' He said, 'If you people don't come back there and get together on this thing, he is going to tell the porters that they can get two million dollars a year increase, and you are standing in the way.' I said, 'Since you brought a message, you can go back and tell Mr. Carry we don't give a damn what he does. We are going to do what we want to do.' "

It was in the spring of 1936, while Randolph was back in New York, that a story started circulating among the porters that a representative of the Pullman Company had sent him a blank check, redeemable in six figures, to abandon the Brotherhood. Today, only one man declares that the story was true. Randolph himself has neither confirmed nor denied it, perhaps because—as Roy Wilkins once said while telling the story at an affair in Randolph's honor—"Mr. Randolph is a modest man." The man who says the report is true is William H. Bowe, a charter member of the New York Brotherhood. Bowe says the report is true, because he "was present at the attempt 'to purchase Randolph.' " The attempt was made, he recalls, in the apartment of a porter who lived in Harlem. "There were four of us there," he said recently. "The porter who lived there, Randolph, the stool pigeon who brought the check, and myself. Randolph had me hiding in another

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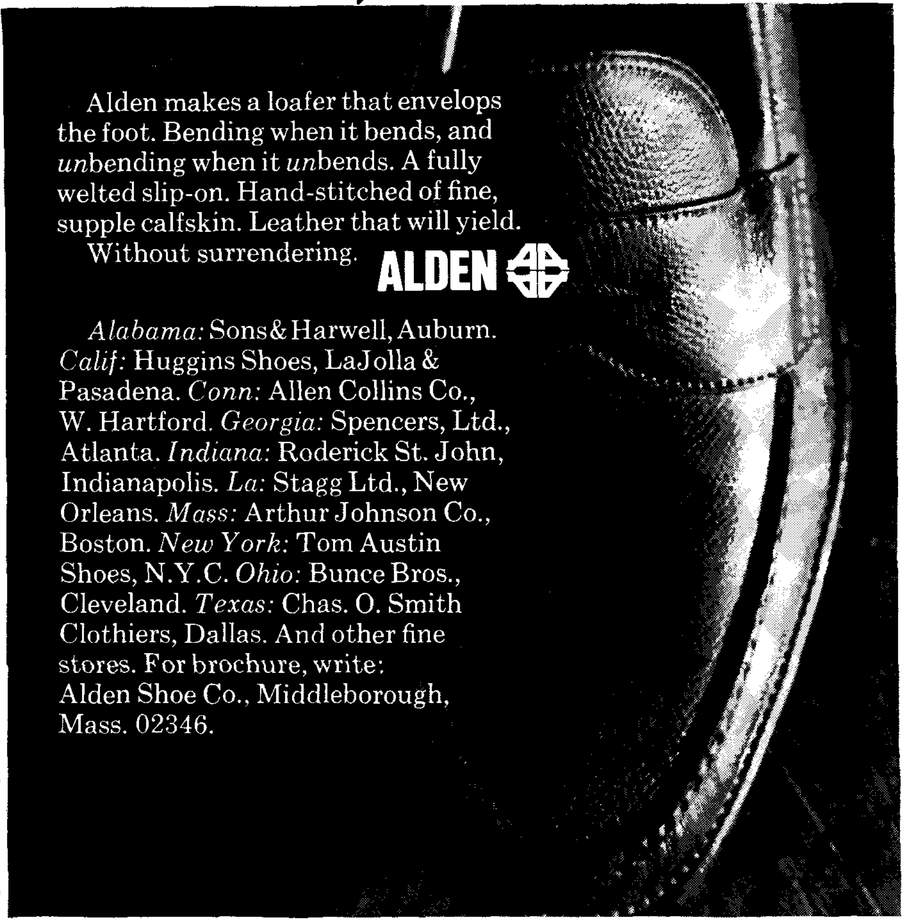

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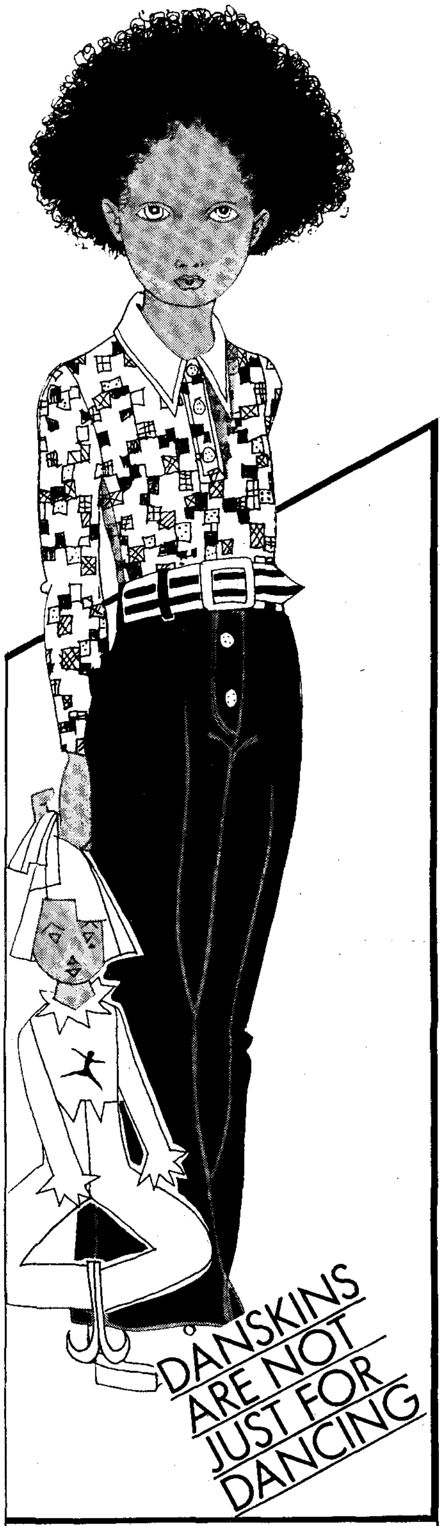
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room. The stool pigeon didn't know I was witnessing the transaction. He gave Randolph the check and told him all he had to do was fill in the amount. And Randolph, with his poker face, said, 'Take this blank check back to where you got it and tell them I'm not for sale.' " Randolph confines himself to the comment that "it was a feat to avoid being corrupted by the Pullman crowd back then. It was not for lack of trying, because those fellows, they could corrupt Jesus Christ." But, as one of the Brotherhood's organizers—O. W. Bynum, of New York—has said, recalling what every union porter felt at the time, "Randolph could not be bought. He had no interest in worldly goods. He would walk away from the Empire State Building if you gave it to him."

IT was not until April 1, 1937—three days after the Supreme Court had upheld the Constitutionality of the amended Railway Labor Act—that the Pullman Company started bargaining in good faith. And it was not until August 25th—the twelfth anniversary of the founding of the Brotherhood—that E. F. Carry told the mediator and the Brotherhood's negotiators, "Gentlemen, the Pullman Company is ready to sign." The agreement, the first ever signed between a union of black workers and a major American corporation, called for a reduction in the work month from nearly four hundred hours to two hundred and forty, and a wage increase of one and a quarter million dollars. Almost overnight, Randolph became the most popular black political figure in America. The Brotherhood had been made a full-fledged member of the A.F.L. a year earlier, when, anticipating its victory, Green had awarded it an international charter. Shortly after the victory, New York's Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia received a delegation of porters at City Hall and praised Randolph as "one of the foremost progressive labor leaders in America." And a few years later, as Murray Kempton has observed, the Brotherhood would "achieve for the Negro a place in society" that the Pullman porter had never before known.

—JERVIS ANDERSON

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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ERRATA

Page 37. *Adolescent Sexuality* is erroneously listed as "fiction." Should be "non-fiction."—*Slip supplied with World Publishing General Books Catalogue.*

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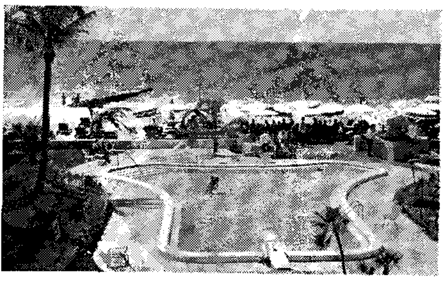

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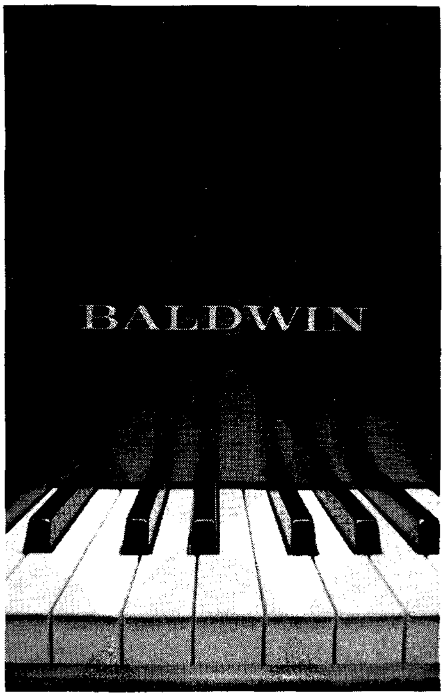

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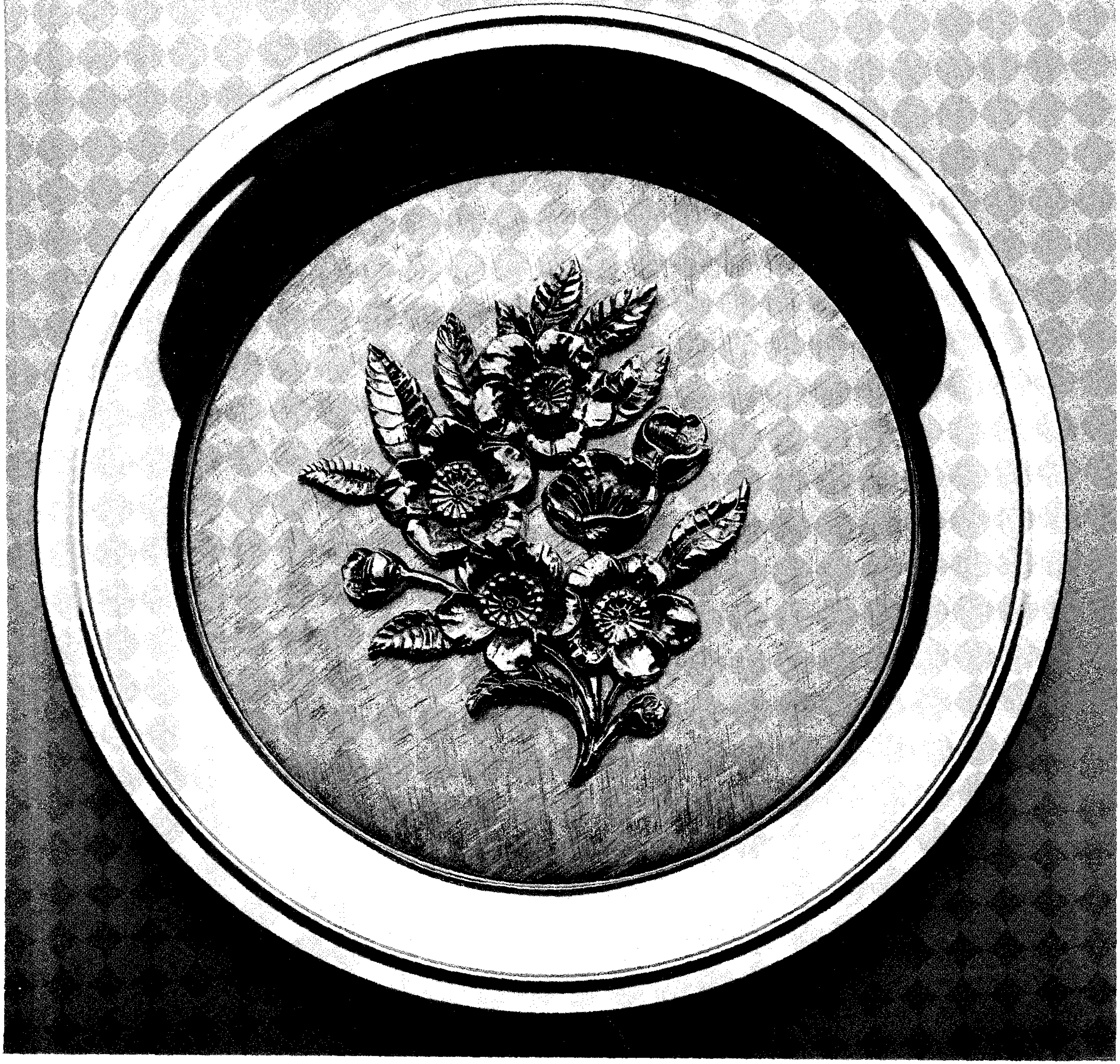

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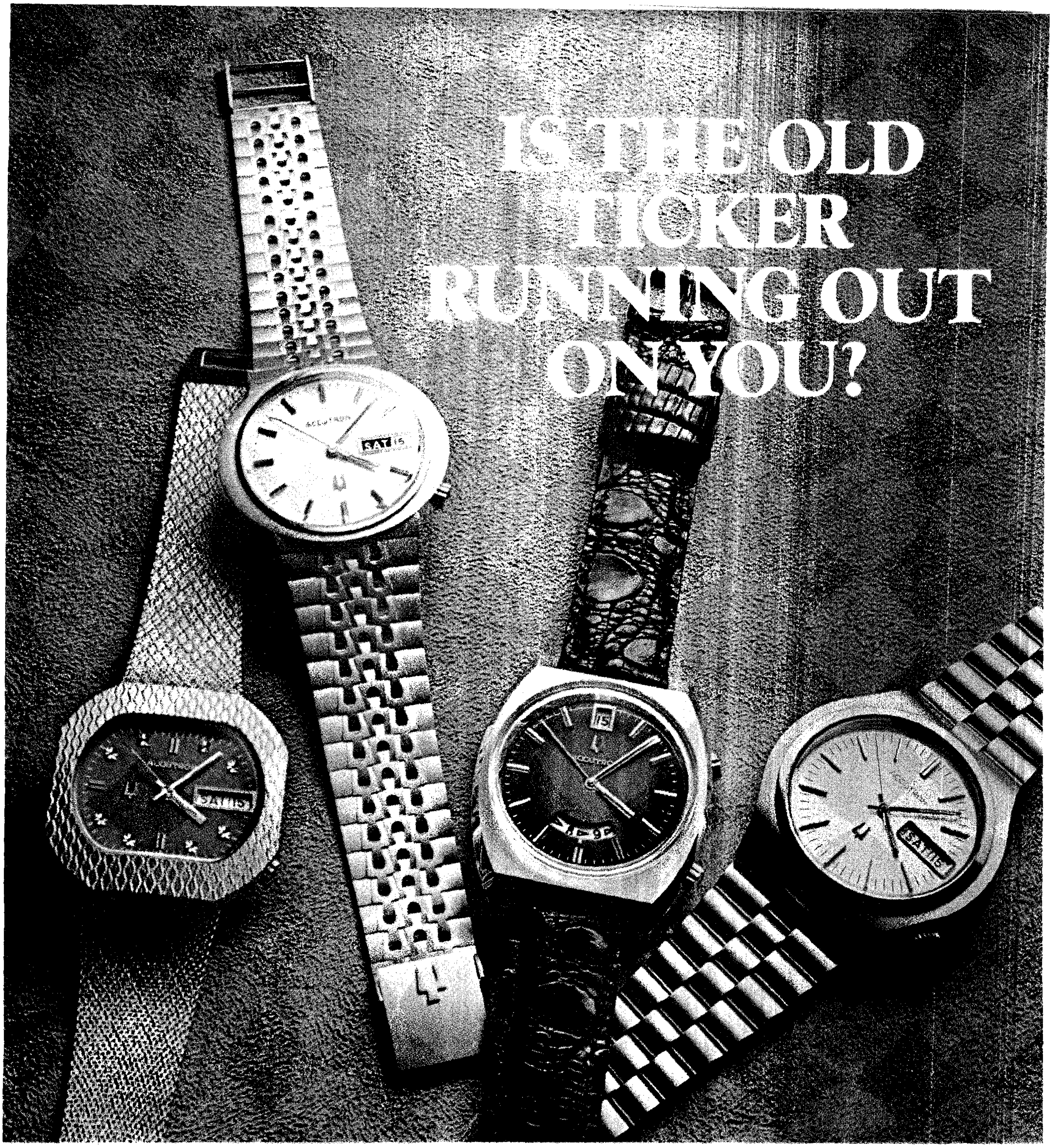

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THE THEATRE

HERE COME THE CLOWNS

"OPERA" and "bottles" are the two words that curiously come to mind when I think of the million-dollar catastrophe "Via Galactica," which served to open the new Uris Theatre, on Broadway at Fifty-first Street, and which closed there after seven performances, lamented only by its backers. A musical directed by the celebrated Peter Hall and with music by the scarcely less celebrated Galt MacDermot, it had a book by Christopher Gore and Judith Ross that left its attractive cast, led by Raul Julia and Keene Curtis, with little to do save bounce up and down on enormous trampolines and cruise about in spaceships that—a thousand years hence, mind you—boasted headlights, tinny horns, and other vehicular equipment already obsolescent in 1972. The inhabitants of the earth in that far-off day were colored blue and wore dreary white uniforms; they looked very unsexy indeed hopping from trampoline to trampoline, and it is no wonder that babies had come to be born in plastic tubes. Mr. Hall and his army of professional associates, for all their labors, provided not a single amusing idea for an audience to seize on; perhaps they were defeated by a profound truth first expressed some years ago by Lady Violet Bonham-Carter when she said, "Outer space is no place for a person of breeding."

As for "opera" and "bottles," I think of the first word because the Uris is a very big and handsome theatre, with nineteen hundred seats, an exceptionally efficient backstage area and fly loft, and, for New York, an unheard-of amount of pleasing interior space to stroll about in—a far better auditorium for opera, in short, than for plays and musicals. I wish Julius Rudel and the City Center people, all fearless pioneers and chance-takers, would add the Uris to their cluster of fruitful projects. Less importantly, "bottles" comes to mind because the designer of the Uris, Ralph Alswang, has gone too far in his attempt to preserve a chaste white-black-and-bronze color scheme. He has designed a welcomely long and comfortable bar, but has hidden all its bottles under the counter; one stares past the uneasy bartenders at a blank curve of wall. Now, no bar can prosper where the bottles remain invisible; one suffers a Beckett-like sense of deprivation in the absence of all those reassuring twinkling and chinking colored shapes. Mr. Alswang will have to let aesthetics give way to human need; it will not be the first time this has happened—one remembers that lavatories have recently been installed in Grant's Tomb.

ARTHUR MILLER's heavy hand with comedy can be guessed at from the title of his new play at the Shubert: "The Creation of the World and Other Business." Plainly, we are in for an evening in which one of the great myths by which we live will be reduced to Mr. Miller's schoolboy level of foolery—Adam a bug-eyed Brooklyn nebbish; Eve a sexless ninny until she takes a bite of the inevitable big red apple, proffered her by the inevitably sly Lucifer; and God a groaner and ranter like the senior Portnoy, straining titanically over the failed expectations of his egomania. The play is in three acts. The first two are coherent and intermittently funny enough, thanks to Bob Dishy's delightful embodiment of Adam and to Stephen Elliott's determination to make God as grand and arbitrary as the Old Testament says He is; the third act is an incoherent assortment of debates among God, Lucifer, Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel. Mr. Miller describes the act as dealing with the question "When every man wants justice, why does he go on creating injustice?" He may have hoped to make the discussion a Shavian one (Shaw, to say nothing of Plato, would have had a mischievous time with the false premise of the question); instead, it becomes a tangle of poor points only half scored, and the director, Gerald Freedman, has not helped matters by encouraging Zoe Caldwell, charming in her early innocence, to adopt at the last moment the tone and accent of a tragic Shakespearean heroine, or by encouraging Barry Primus to play Cain—who, after all, has a case and should present it coolly—as a shivering, neurotic oddball. I found George Grizzard insufficiently robust as Lucifer, and Lou Gilbert endearing as the Angel of Mercy. The settings are by Boris Aronson, the costumes by Hal George, and the lighting by Tharon Musser, following Jehovah at a considerable distance.

THE Moscow Circus is at the Felt Forum, on the ground floor of Madison Square Garden, and will be there until the first of January. It is a marvellous show, with acrobats, jugglers, rope-walkers, Cossack riders, monkeys of the greatest refinement leaping over tiny silver hurdles, and bears with bright brown eyes who pedal bicycles and drive motorcycles and appear to regard their trainer with good-natured contempt. It is a circus with but one ring, which is the way I like circuses to be—perversely, I tend to feel cheated by the plenitude of offerings that the Ringlings bring us. The Cossacks are especially exciting as they dash on their fierce steeds round and round the small ring, sawdust rising into the lights and stinging our noses. And turning up continually throughout the show is the great clown and juggler Popov. The way he can keep pots, pans, knives, forks, and the odd potato all hovering in the air at once is a caution. A star if there ever was one.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

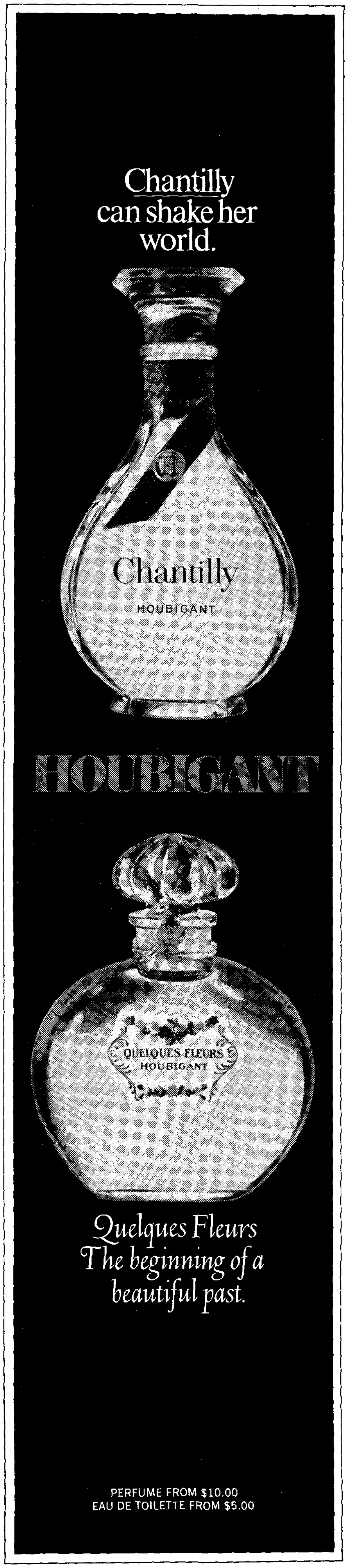
La Vie en Rose

IF there is a more entertaining show in town than "Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre," a far, far-out musical at the Mercer Arts Center, I cannot think what it is. Unlike many other enterprises of its sort, "Doctor Selavy" is startling, original, and imaginative. It may not have much to do with *la vie*—if that is indeed the punning intention of Richard Foreman, who conceived, staged, and designed it, and who is and deserves to be a hero of the avant-garde—but it has a lot to do with show business, with parodies of lovely old routines from comic silent-movie shorts and vaudeville, and with takeoffs of musical comedies of the twenties and thirties and operas of the eighteenth century. There are also allusions, scattered throughout, to the work of Robert Wilson and Bertolt Brecht, among others. Yet it *is* original. It is filled with songs (delightful score by Stanley Silverman, delightful lyrics by Tom Hendry)—some written tongue in, some tongue out of, cheek—and visually, as image follows image, it is often very satisfying indeed. The setting is a madhouse, and the action, for once, is truly mad. Actors kneel or drift across the stage staring at the audience. Ordinarily, this kind of literally deadpan, highly disciplined prankishness is not for me, but I must say I had a fine time. The actors are Denise Delapenha, Mary Delson, Ron Faber, Jessica Harper, George McGrath, Steve Menken, Jackie Paris, Robert Schlee, and Amy Taubin; all of them are exactly right—scary and funny, too. A noisy metronome and a wheel that jerks around and a light bulb that blinks on and off to the metronome's beat, a wooden boat that fits over an actor's head, and lengths of clothesline that are strung in various patterns across the stage are not merely props but basic elements of this outlandish performance. "Indescribable" is a cop-out word, I know, but description wouldn't do you much good anyway.

"GREEN JULIA," which has been running for several weeks at the Sheridan Square, is a rather foolish comedy and at the same time a very auspicious beginning for its author, a young English playwright named Paul Ableman, who someday will write a good comedy. This one is about two students who have been sharing a flat in a university town, and who spend most of their time together playing charades of a sort, slipping from one accent and characterization to another. The Green Julia of the title, an alcoholic woman of the town, never appears. She has been sleeping with one of the students, and now that he is leaving the university he tries to pass her along to his reluctant roommate. Revealing character through games is a dramatic device that has had quite a workout lately, and one, I think, that should be used very sparingly in the future. Even so, many of Mr. Ableman's lines are amusing and well written. The play is performed in what seem to be two different styles by James Woods, who is an excellent actor, and by Fred Grandy, who is an attractive entertainer. Still, the performance goes well. William E. Hunt directed it, and David F. Segal designed the exceptionally persuasive setting.

"THE CONTRAST," at the Eastside, could be worse, I suppose, but it couldn't be more *annoying*. This musical, which was adapted by Anthony Stimac from Royall Tyler's comedy—the first American comedy, written in 1787 and beholden to "The School for Scandal"—has a pleasant enough score, O.K. lyrics, an agreeable and competent enough company, and decorative enough sets and costumes, and it is absolutely awful. It is arch, self-conscious, and drenched in camp. Mr. Stimac directed his own adaptation, and if culprit-picking is your game, he'll do.

—EDITH OLIVER



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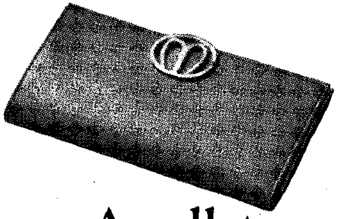

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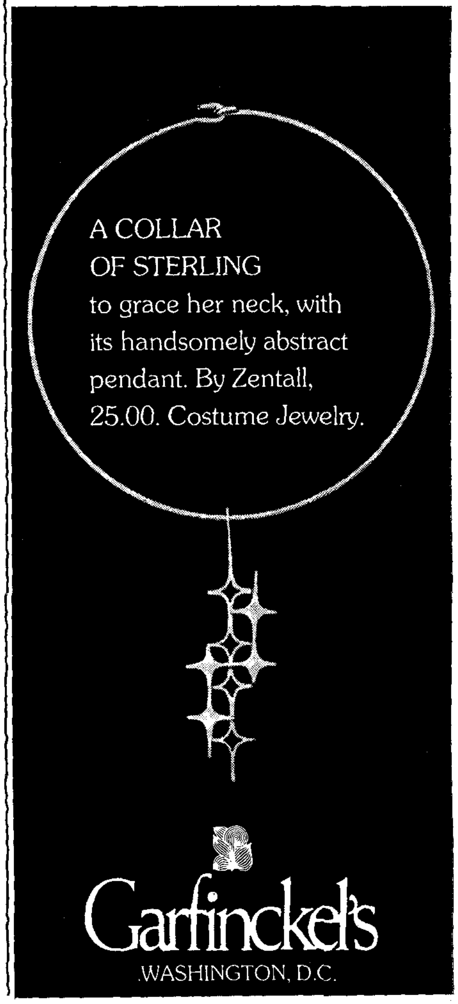

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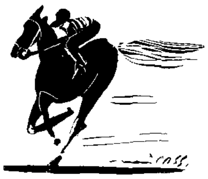
THE RACE TRACK

Sad Saturday



FOR Sigmund Sommer and for Pancho Martin, who trains the Sommer horses, last Saturday was probably as disappointing an afternoon as any they've had in racing. Their Autobiography finished first in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct, all right, but he kept bearing to the left in the run through the stretch, blocking Crafty Khale, who was coming up fast on the rails, and though it seemed to me the two never touched, the "Inquiry" sign went up on the tote board and presently Autobiography's number came down. The stewards ordered him placed second, behind Crafty Khale. Autobiography was undoubtedly best, but there was also no doubt that he had to be disqualified; the film-patrol movies showed that. Sommer and Martin had been especially eager for their big chestnut to win, because after his triumph in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, in which he beat Key to the Mint and Riva Ridge by fifteen lengths, a victory in the Gallant Fox would have given him a big boost toward being named Horse of the Year. Seven ran, and from a quick start Chartered Course stole off to such a long lead that I wondered if he'd be caught, but after a mile of the mile and five furlongs he began to slow down. As he did, Autobiography, who had never been far behind him, moved up and took the lead turning into the stretch. I suspect he swerved because he was tiring under the 128 pounds he carried. Besides, Cordero, who rode him, was whipping right-handed. Crafty Khale, who carried twelve pounds less than Autobiography, barely saved the place by a neck from Rule by Reason. Although it was the pleasantest day of the week, there was a crowd of only 29,751 in the stand.

Earlier in the week, the Remsen, at one mile—the season's last stakes hereabouts for two-year-olds—had its fifty-ninth running. Thirteen went to the post, and the winner turned up in Kinsman Hope, a better than 20–1 chance, who led almost from the start. Owned by George M. Steinbrenner III, a Cleveland shipbuilder, who races the Kinship Stable, Kinsman Hope is a chestnut colt with the lines of a sprinter; he's by Swoon's Son out of Daring Duchess. John Cotter, a former steeplechase jockey, who trains him, said after the race that he had picked out the Remsen for Kinsman Hope back in June and had been pointing him for it ever since. Prior to the Remsen, the colt had started four times, winning twice and finishing second twice. It will be interesting to follow his progress.

WORD comes from Toronto that La Prevoyante has been unanimously voted Canada's Horse of the Year. At Belmont, trainers are talking as much about who's going to get that honor here as they will be talking about the Kentucky Derby come the middle of March. Right now, Secretariat seems to have the call. By the way, Lucien Laurin said the other day that he has a half brother to Secretariat down on the farm in Virginia who is something extra. He's by First Landing, the sire of Riva Ridge, and his name is Capital Asset.

ONE day last week, Governor William T. Cahill of New Jersey and Sonny Werblin, the old entrepreneur, broke ground, with what looked on TV like silver shovels, for a sports complex on the Jersey Meadows that will include a race track with a stand big enough for thirty thousand people, a football stadium for the New York Giants, and goodness knows what else. It's supposed to be completed in 1975, and by then, it is said, there will be transportation that can whisk racegoers from Manhattan to the track as quick as a mink.

What with the weather, OTB, and horseplayers running out of money, attendance at the Big A this meeting is down about twenty-seven per cent from 1970, the year before OTB came along. Wrong Horse Harry says that, with surprisingly little doing over, the Aqueduct grandstand could be made into a hangar for 747s and larger planes.

IF you want to buy a ball club or a race track, Bill Veeck, with Ed Linn, tells you how to do it in "Thirty Tons a Day" (Viking), a lively account of his adventures operating Suffolk Downs. He tried hard to put on a good show there. The Yankee Gold Cup, with $200,000 added—an all-time high for added money—was certainly a *succès d'estime.*

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Toni Hunter of Woodside was one of the leads in "Under Milkweed" at Crystal Springs School November 10.
—*Woodside (Calif.) Country Almanac.*

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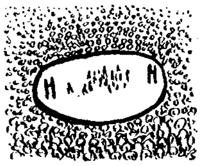
FOOTBALL

Happy Landings



IF football is the release for mankind's built-in aggressions, Larry Csonka is the valve that effects the release. Taking a flip from the Dolphins' quarterback (this has been the unvarying, indomitable Earl Morrall for many weeks now), he becomes horizontal from the waist up. Ahead of him looms a vast Laocoön of human beings, a veritable mountain. To Csonka (how evocative—like "Zap!"—that name is), the mountain is but a molehill. Into it he disappears, his progress now sometimes marked by a slight upheaval of bodies as he burrows; from it he emerges on the other side, seven-league boots still churning, and moves on until a sufficient supply of tacklers have managed to attach themselves to him. The poetry, or, in his case (one might say), the free verse of motion!

The poetry/free verse of motion enjoyed a further recital over the weekend, this time in a match out West, in the Box-Office League, between Notre Dame and Southern California. The spokesman was Anthony Davis, visible this far afield, and for the first time, on television; he is, after all, just a sophomore. Hauling in Notre Dame's kickoff, which began the afternoon, he ran it back ninety-seven yards, and in eleven seconds U.S.C. was ahead, never to be topped. He ended his stint, after Notre Dame had crept up to within two points (25–23) of his teammates, by running back, on the very next play, another kickoff for ninety-six yards—a sprint that did in Notre Dame for good. (The final count: 45–23.) Occasionally, in Davis's League, a favorite son (who must, at the request of the P.R.O. unit, make more touchdowns than anyone else) takes a break on the sidelines until his comrades have worked the ball down inside the five-yard line, but Davis, who ran off four other touchdowns on Saturday, was not having any of that; not until after his second runback of a Notre Dame kick did he go on holiday. Notre Dame was distinguished mainly for the size of its defensive line, hefty enough to outweigh the entire Ivy League; only Dartmouth's Tarazevits and Princeton's Barisich could have been in their—well, League. Apart from Davis, U.S.C. was distinguished in particular for its Frontier Days tonsures—long hair and vast mustaches the equal of any offered up this year by the baseball players who represent Oakland in the American League. The football exhibited by Notre Dame and U.S.C. matches up to what is on display by the best of the professional teams; this far back East, there simply isn't the time, or the methodology, or maybe even the inclination, to put together anything as imposing as that.

WATCHING Army pick up the pieces, and pick up the points, against a Navy that should have demolished it proves again that the Little Man need not always come in second. Grasping at every straw (and at every Navy ball) helped, and, after giving Navy the lead at 12–0, Army kept hauling itself out of peril: item, a Navy punt downed at the Army one-foot line; item, three Navy surges almost to the Army goal. So, after a fourth quarter overburdened with nip and tuck, Army won, 23–15. All Navy got out of the three surges was a field goal, but Army got a touchdown out of one—blocking a punt so hard that the ball sailed into the arms of an Army man completely surrounded by friends. That made it Army 13, Navy 12, and Navy could not quite catch up. Hines, who began this season, his last, as second man to Simpson, is dogged rather than rapid, but he was as useful to Army on Saturday as Davis was to U.S.C., and just as assiduous a runner. Furloni was the best of the Army linemen, who let Navy prance at will through them for a while and then, suddenly, became impregnable. For Navy, Calland was man-of-all-trades, running back punts, sprinting out of the tailback spot, and snaffling passes—once even after he was knocked wholly off course by an official who was not fast enough to get out of the way. Credit, too, for Navy's Cooper, that sprightly runner. To Army's Tom Cahill, the mildest and most communicative head coach this correspondent has ever encountered, go extra felicitations; it did not seem likely that he could extract one more rabbit from his hat this fall, but there it was—alive and kicking. —J. W. L.

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SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Kiplinger Washington Letter*]

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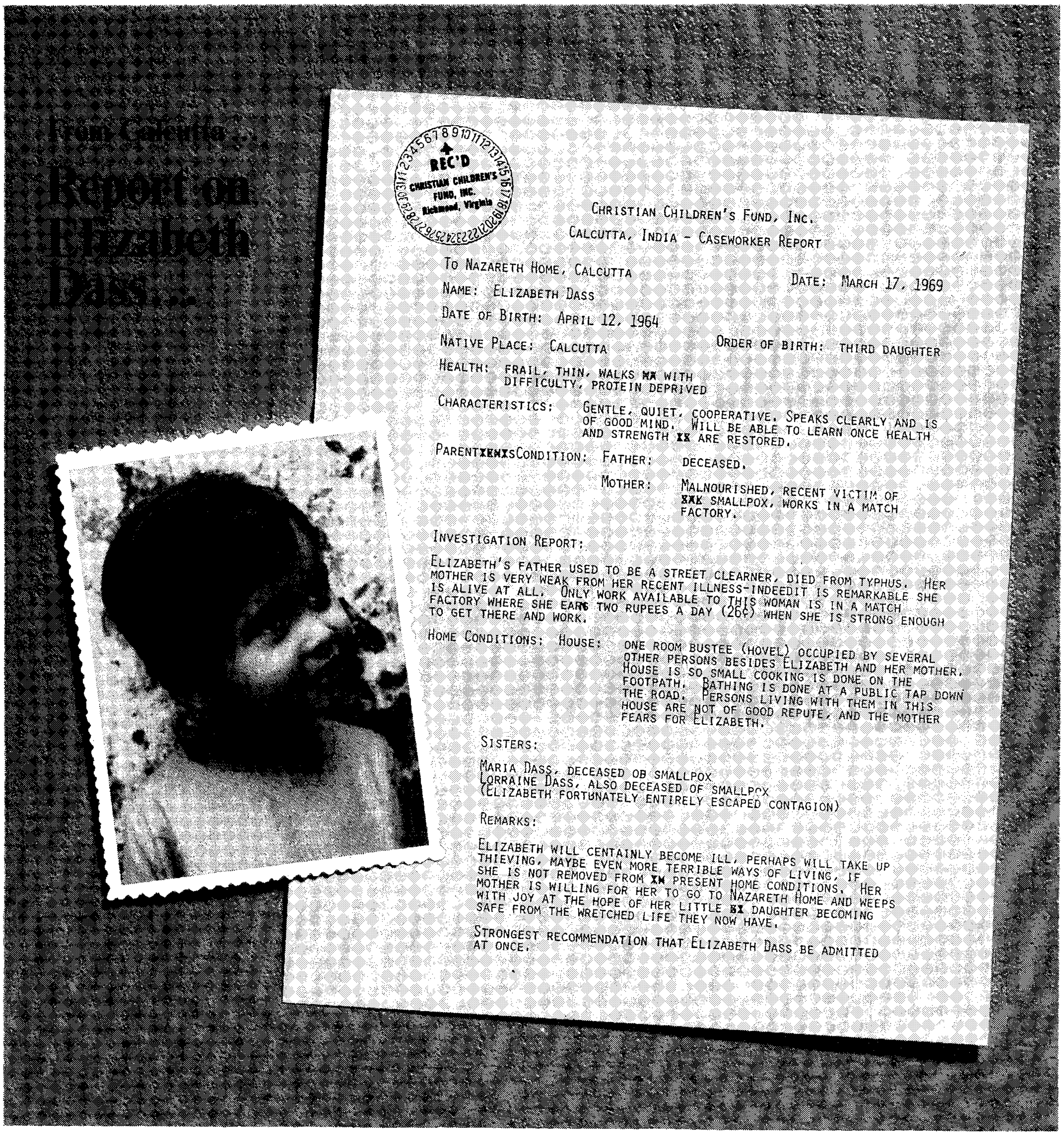

From Calcutta . . .

Report on Elizabeth Dass . . .

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Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS XX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXXXXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXX SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XM PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE XX DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

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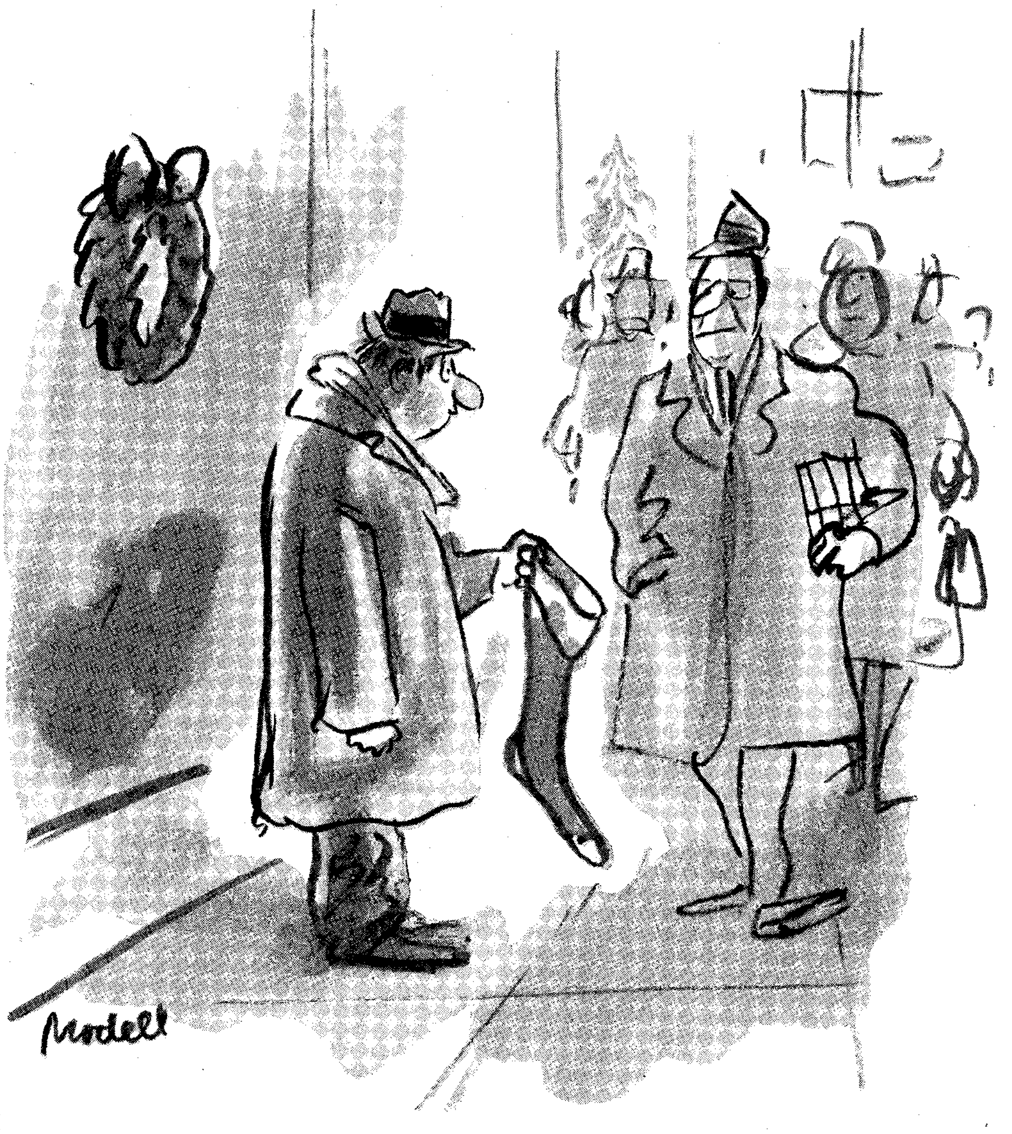
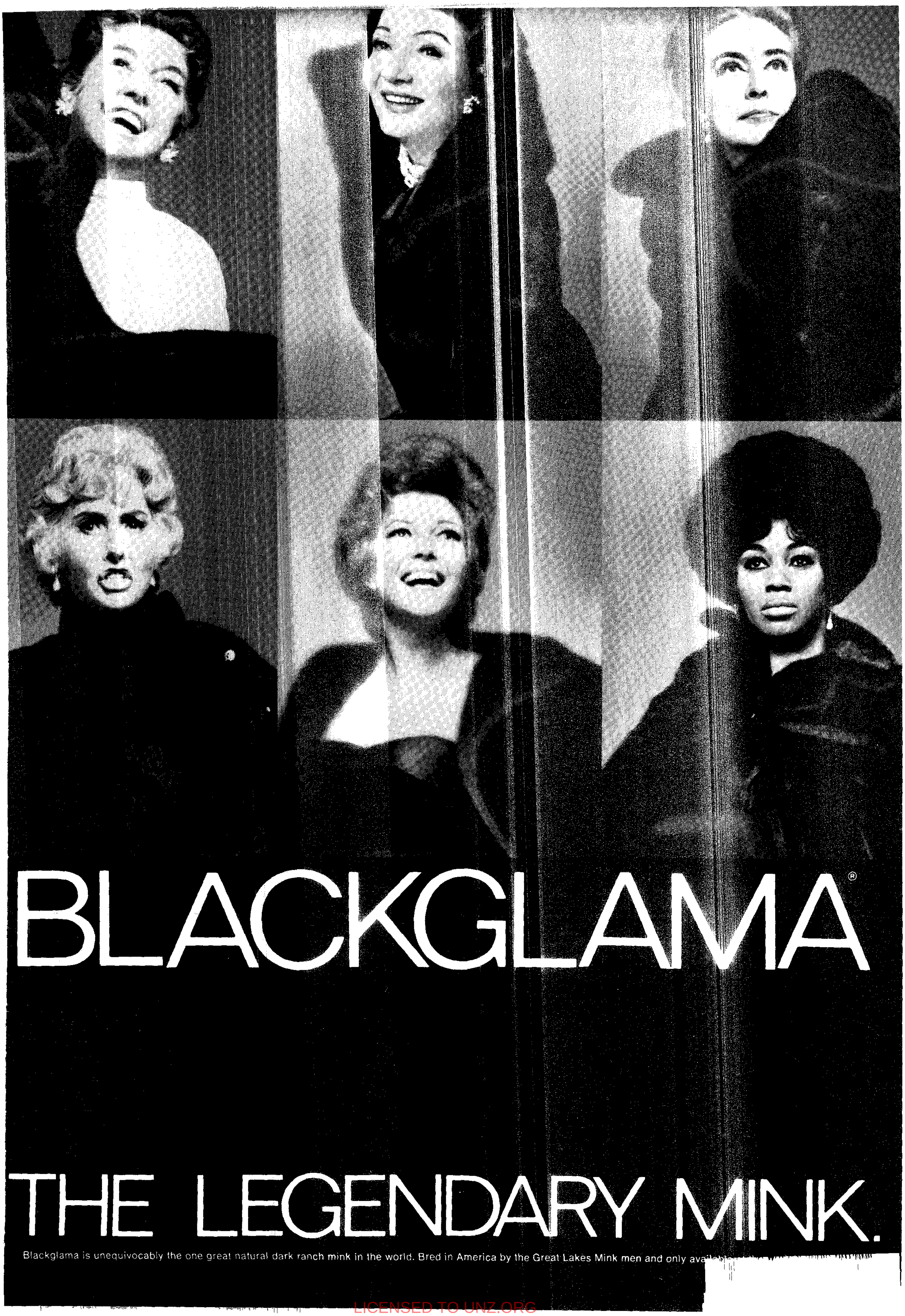
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

"DEAR St. Nicklus; this Christmas morn you do adorn/ bring Warner a horn,/ and me a doll/ that is all" was the cheerful (now copyrighted) letter-poem to Santa Claus that Marianne Moore wrote on behalf of her brother Warner and herself in 1895, when she was eight years old, and very likely a few days later her father and mother hitched up the rig, drove downtown to the general store, asked the storekeeper to wrap up a doll and a horn, and called it Christmas. Nowadays, however, what goes under the children's Christmas tree is not only much bigger business (nearly two billion dollars' worth last year) but far more *serious* business. Last spring, about a dozen leaders of the industry and a distinguished panel of invited guests, including Dr. Benjamin Spock, Dr. Margaret Mead, and a number of other medical and academic experts, held a day-long "meaningful dialogue," as one of the participants described it, on the toy question. On the whole, it seems to have been a rather cheerless occasion. Dr. Spock urged that parents consider the "inherent morality" of each toy. A Harvard professor of pediatrics complained that parents today are full of "anxiety, doubt, and guilt" if they don't buy educational toys, even though, he indicated, they aren't usually worth very much. Another Harvard-based pediatrician said grudgingly that one good thing you could say about toys was that they might "help lonely mothers living isolated lives in a nuclear family to feel more important to their children" (although one might think that if children had no toys at all a mother might be even *more* important to them). Dr. Mead acknowledged that toys were part of a child's "cognitive environment." It was suggested that an instruction sheet and "play guide" be included with each item to indicate to parents how they could "stimulate the best use of the toy." However, overstimulating toys could cause infant paranoia, a Cornell professor warned. A psychiatrist from the Yale Child Study Center also came out against exciting toys. "The world is sometimes a boring place. A child should learn to accept that," he said sternly. (Would it be all right if the children smiled now and then through the strain and ennui—just a small burst of fine careless rapture, maybe, at the sight of all those deceptively joyful-looking packages on Christmas morning?) As if all that meaningful dialogue hadn't given the industry leaders enough not to smile about, there was the precipitous decline in the birthrate. As of April 1st this year, more Americans (4,282,106) were twelve years old than any other age, and from that point it was downhill in both directions; for example, there were one-fifth fewer children in this country who were two years old as of last April than those who were twelve. As a result, following the lead of the makers of Mennen Baby Magic Oil, who are now busily talking up the usefulness of their product for teen-age sunbathers, the manufacturers of children's games seem to be converting rapidly from such items as Candyland ("A Sweet Little Game for Sweet Little Folks"), in which the players take a sugary trip through Lollipop Woods and Gumdrop Mountains and such (Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street, has it for $4.50), to games of more interest to all those twelve-year-olds. In a new one called Pink Pebbles, a Game About How Money Began, for instance, the players, using stones and other primitive mediums of exchange, move along a board from societies whose economy is based on livestock (it's pointed out that we got our word "pecuniary" from the Latin word for cattle), through the growing of wheat and the trading of simple handcrafted objects, and eventually to the world of modern specialization. Brentano's and Sam Flax, 551 Madison Avenue (55th) and 25 East 28th Street, have this for $8. For a lesson in trading that is a long way from both gumdrops and pebbles, there's Masterpiece, the Art Auction Game, which came out last year, and which Parker Brothers reports sold more copies in its first year than any other game—including Monopoly—in company history. In Masterpiece ($6 at F.A.O. Schwarz), the players try to outbid each other for twenty-four famous paintings (they





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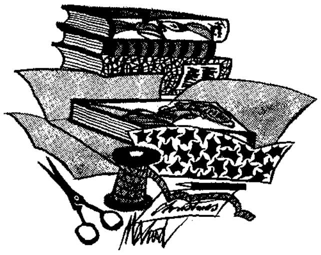
range from Rembrandt to Jackson Pollock), using thirty million dollars in play money. The idea is to see who can amass the best paintings and the most money.

It's understandable that money is on the toymakers' minds. Despite those billions in sales, earnings were down sharply last year, and, to add to the toymakers' low spirits, the Food and Drug Administration banned two hundred thousand toys it considered dangerous. (There wasn't much comfort in the knowledge that meanwhile in England, where regulations are apparently less forbidding, a British fireworks company announced that it would give every customer who bought at least fifty pence worth of fireworks a colorful Guy Fawkes badge. "We think it's a novel idea that will go down well with children," they said.) Moreover, members of the National Organization for Women were, once more, busy picketing the annual American Toy Fair, charging the industry with concentrating on toys that "perpetuate sexual stereotypes"—girl dolls that spend all their time primping or sweeping out the doll house, for example. A doll named Crissy got an especially black mark, possibly because her hair grows—that is, it gets longer when you press a button at her middle and shorter when you turn a knob on her back—and the process is bound to take up a good deal of her frivolous new mother's time. (Crissy's offending hair is auburn, and she's seventeen and a half inches tall, wears an uncompromisingly fancy long plaid dress, and costs $10.95 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue, near 79th.) And, apparently in spite of all that NOW can do, one of the most popular dolls again this year is Bizzie Lizzie, an eighteen-inch blonde who shamelessly devotes her full time to ironing, running a carpet sweeper, and waving a feather duster around. (A power pack is involved, and, including it and the necessary two D batteries, she costs $14.99 at Gimbels.) We hope the demonstrators learned of one gratifying development, however. For $8, Altman's will provide a toy based on the old woman who had all those children and was pretty desperate about it. The birthrate in this toy family may still be out of line with what's going on in the rest of the country, but wait: The colorful plastic shoe-house (over-all, it's eight inches high and about a foot long) is fitted out with six buttons, and when any one of five of them is pushed, the head of a child pops up in one of the windows. When the sixth button is pushed, however, the lady of the house, driving a fancy red sports car, shoots out from underneath the shoe-house toe and scoots away toward a less confining environment, presumably leaving the old man to cope with the kids when he finally gets home.

Fortunately for the toymakers' morale, 1972 was an election year, so they had a chance to push Landslide, The Next President, "If Elected . . .," and other games dealing with matters that you'd probably rather not hear about again for a while. (However, in case there's a really turned-on poll-watching type at your house, who is already thinking ahead to 1976, we note that Landslide calls for back-room deals, cross-party conniving, and trade-offs of popular for electoral votes; it is played around a map of the United States, and sells for $5 at Macy's.) The fact is, it was sometimes hard to say whether the toy industry was more beholden to politics than politics was to toys in recent months. With the pre-election progress toward a cease-fire, those metaphorical dominoes threatening to topple seriatim all over Southeast Asia cropped up again in political rhetoric, and there was that televised gimmick of rows of toy soldiers being swept off the screen to demonstrate Senator McGovern's softness on defense spending, as the Republicans saw it. What their opposition viewed as a certain lack of spontaneity at the Republican Convention moved one editorial-page cartoonist to draw the G.O.P. delegates as mechanical-toy figures, including a teen-age doll carrying a sign that read "Barbie Dolls for Nixon." Critics of McGovern's alleged indecisiveness derided him variously as "the human yo-yo" and "the Flexible Flyer," and there was also the famous whistle that Spiro Agnew kept at the ready to blast at nonbelievers in the crowd. Fortunately, however, no child on your list is likely to invoke the fairness doctrine or the equal-time rule if he finds in his Christmas stocking a chrome-plated whistle that might come in handy in case of dissenting siblings and that costs $1 at any of the Hoffritz stores, or a fat red plastic yo-yo that also costs $1, at Rappaport's. (Perhaps we should point out that, according to a recent book called "Folk Toys



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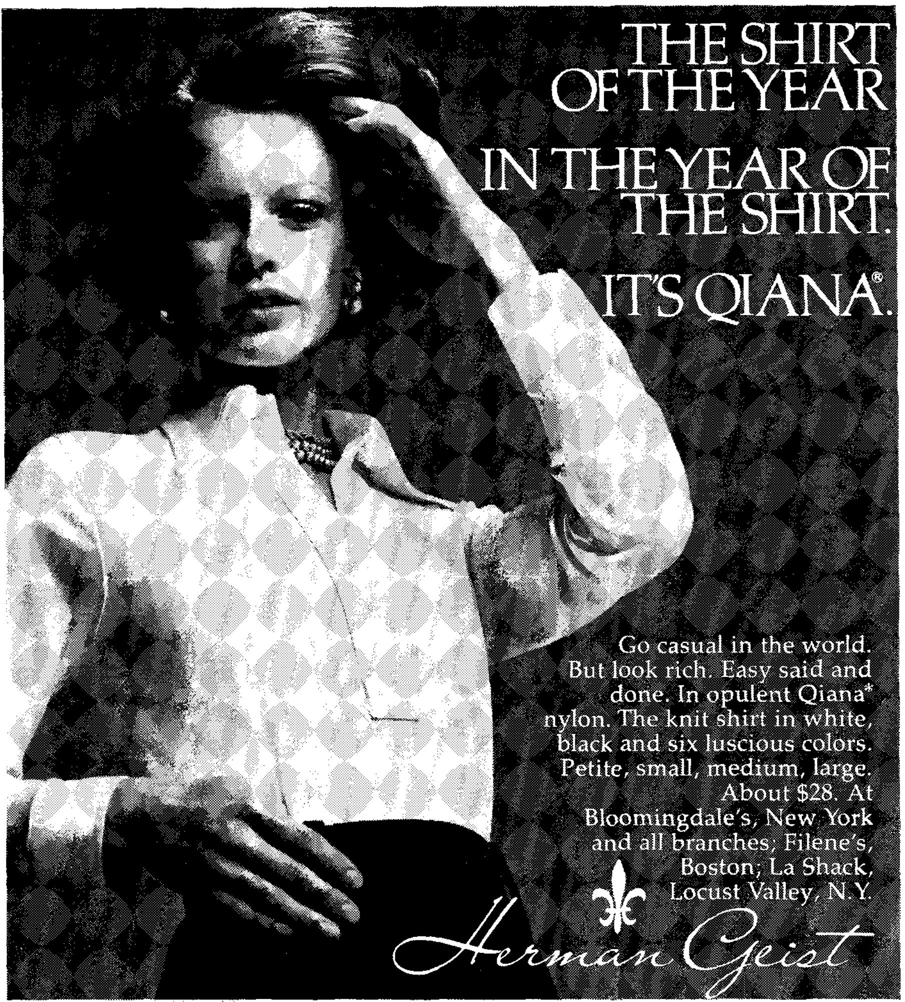
NINA RICCI, PARIS

Around the World," the yo-yo started out not as a symbol of vacillation but as a Far Eastern jungle weapon, which an agile tree-climber could bounce off the skull of an unsuspecting enemy on the ground below and then reel back up, ready for the next strike—but maybe you'd rather keep that information to yourself.) If you were thinking of sending some young friend a Flexible Flyer, a wholly apolitical forty-five-inch version of that sturdy wood-and-steel sled is $15.95 at Schwarz. An eleven-and-a-half-inch Barbie doll, wearing a blue swimsuit but no Nixon button, is about $3.50 all over town. As for toy soldiers, Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), has enough divisions of them to satisfy even the most anxious spokesman for the Defense Department. A letter to Santa Claus containing an especially impassioned plea for a set of toy soldiers might, of course, be intercepted by some relative who would prefer to see *all* toy soldiers swept out of sight, and in that case there would be the problem of what the letter writer might accept as a substitute. Though we've kept a sharp eye out, we've never come upon any "little leaden dolls of Conscientious Objectors in fixed attitudes of refined repugnance; or a whole regiment of tiny Quakers with little grey coats and white flags," such as G. K. Chesterton once sarcastically proposed as alternatives for those concerned that tin soldiers in the nursery would cause future wars. There may be some comfort in recollecting how comparatively few of the children who have played with toy soldiers through the centuries have turned into leaders of some military-industrial complex—not Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, who wrote so fondly of counterpane campaigns, and certainly not the Brontës. In 1826, as you may have heard, Patrick Brontë brought back to Haworth a dozen toy soldiers for his nine-year-old son Branwell, who gave one of them to each of his sisters; around these toys, during the next few years, the Brontë children built a series of imaginary kingdoms, of which they wrote elaborate histories, and in time, according to some literary analysts, Charlotte's soldier grew into Rochester and Emily's into Heathcliff. Although we can't promise you "Wuthering Heights," Polk's has not only plastic soldiers equipped for up-to-the-minute incursions but hundreds of sets that are fitted out for wars more comfortably distant in time. A set of eighteen two-and-a-half-inch cowboys and Indians, for instance, is $14.50. Twenty-two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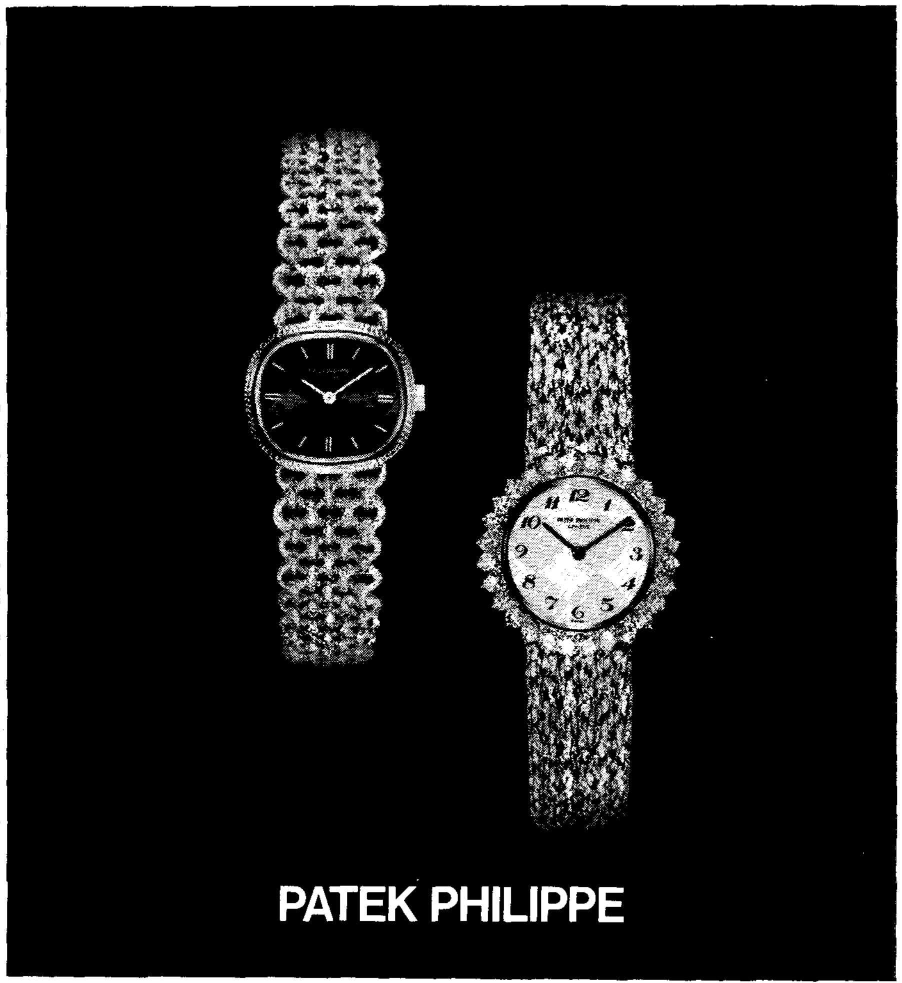
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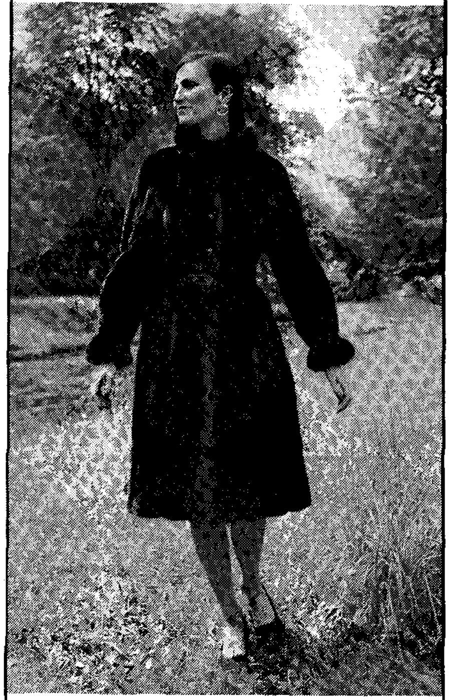

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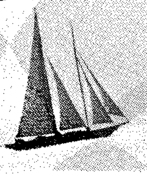

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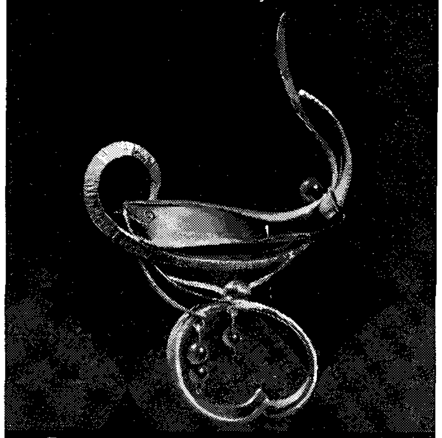
medieval knights, of the same size, four of them mounted, are $6. And (how far back do you want to go, anyway?) twenty-two Trojan warriors also come to $6; the Trojans are among its best-sellers, Polk's says. As for those dominoes, Polk's has a double-twelves set for $4.95. And, just for fun (and for the toe of somebody's stocking), there's what is probably the world's smallest playable domino set—at, appropriately, Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th). The pieces measure a quarter of an inch by half an inch, are of an ivorylike plastic, come in a box of the same material an inch and three-quarters long, and cost $1. The only trouble with giving children dominoes of any size these days is that in the traditional game, as you know, the dominoes are laid flat and matched up end to end, so that, not being upright, they're in no danger of toppling in any direction, and when the kids eventually get to Modern History 1, they may well demand to be told what kind of domino game the politicians played in the olden days. Not only politicians, incidentally, but the military-industrial complex itself was recently beholden to the toy business—or wanted very much to be. Beginning in 1967, Navy ordnance experts spent four years trying to see if the flight characteristics of the soaring plastic Frisbee could be adapted for warfare. Day after day, tracked by high-powered cameras, Frisbees that had been subjected to elaborate wind-tunnel tests were sent sailing off the thousand-foot Hurricane Mesa in Utah, the hope being that the studies would help in the development of a disc-shaped flare that could be launched at night from airplanes to light up battlefields. The flare was eventually devised, but, because of various technical problems, its flight pattern was nothing like as dependable as the Frisbee's, and, after a total expenditure of $375,000, the project was finally washed out. A red plastic Wham-O Frisbee that works fine will set you back a good deal less—$1.80 at Polk's. (Over a million children in five hundred and thirty cities competed in last year's National Junior Frisbee Contest, and President Nixon sent his greetings to the finalists, although he didn't telephone any pointers at half time.) Incidentally, if you don't believe that toys *can* serve a useful purpose in a wartime situation (and if you don't believe that there'll always be a public-relations man), consider this press release that arrived on a British editor's desk a few months ago. "There may be violence in the streets of Bel-



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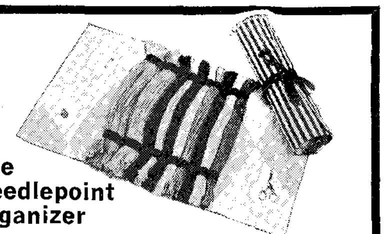

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fast," it began, "but for many children it is still the top-selling indoor soccer game Subbuteo that keeps them out of trouble." How are things on your block? If they're a bit hairy (or if you just want to be prepared for a rainy day), Schwarz has a twenty-four-by-thirty-nine-inch indoor soccer game on folding legs for $34.95. The players, made of hard plastic, are attached to horizontal rods and are maneuvered by means of handles protruding from either side of the table.

As for the debt the toy business owed this year to politics of the international variety, it was considerable. It's true that we can't say we've come across a very young doctor's kit with acupuncture accessories (a couple of perfectly serviceable kits, minus acupuncture equipment but containing toy thermometers, stethoscopes, and some other traditional tools of the trade, are $2.49 and $4.99 at Macy's), and that although, according to the *Times*, the Chinese doctors who recently visited here left behind with their American Medical Association hosts "a doll with which to study acupuncture," it doesn't seem to have gone into mass production yet. Toy-pandamania, however, has been one result of the President's excursion to Peking and the subsequent arrival at the Washington zoo of those giant pandas, Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing. (For whatever any survivors of the China lobby want to make of it, we looked everywhere for toy examples of the two rare musk oxen that were this country's return gift to the Chinese government, and have to report no luck whatsoever.) Of course, pandas have been available in the plush-toy menageries for years, but in the past they were usually among the rarer species on view and, in any event, were designed so they were hardly distinguishable from black-and-white Teddy bears. On some counters nowadays, however, the pandas almost outnumber the Teddy bears (which is pretty ironic, since, as you may remember, the Teddy bear got its name from a political cartoon about Theodore Roosevelt, who was a strenuous supporter of the Open Door Policy toward China), and the toy manufacturers have now gone to the trouble of making their pandas look more like the real thing. Schwarz has a fairly authentic-looking thirteen-inch panda, with those deep-set and—well, Asiatic-looking eyes, for $12. At Macy's, you'll find a truly giant, three-foot panda, at a truly giant price; $49.99. At Bloomingdale's, a seven-and-a-half-inch musical giant panda plays "Around the

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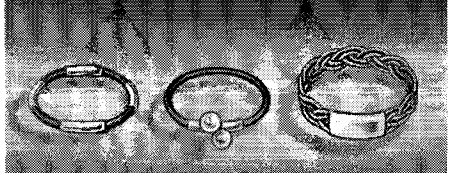

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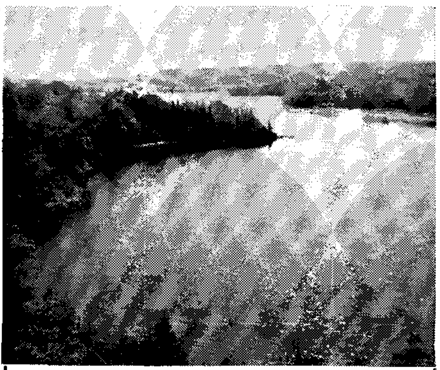
World in Eighty Days" ($4.50)—just the thing for the kids to take along on the family's next trip down to the Chinese Rathskeller, on Mott Street. And Gimbels has, for $9.99, a fourteen-inch mother panda and her cub, whose names are given as Ping and Pong.

Meanwhile, table tennis, which was given a boost by international politics (People's Republic of China division) last year, continues to prosper; sales have risen three hundred per cent in many stores since the great Ping-Pong *rapprochement*. Table tennis, as you probably know, is the generic name for a game that first began to be played with a celluloid ball around 1900 in England, where one of its trade names was the onomatopoetic Ping-Pong. It was under this name that Parker Brothers introduced it here a year or so later, and for a generation this was the official name of the sport in this country. The Parker people, whose specialty is smaller board games, sold off the Ping-Pong line in 1971 and soon afterward brought out one called Gnip Gnop, which, although it sounds even more onomatopoetic, is actually "Ping-Pong" spelled backward, more or less. Gnip Gnop, which is designed for five-year-olds and up, is played on a seven-by-nineteen-inch plastic court with a clear dome. The players, whacking levers at either end, try to shoot balls through hoops in the middle. Macy's has this for $4.99. If, even though you have a space problem, you'd rather give house room to something that is closer to the real thing, Schwarz offers Mini Table Tennis, a table measuring a little over two feet by four that comes complete with two paddles, a net, brackets, and a ball, for $26.95. A regulation table (five feet by nine), which folds in half, not only for convenient storage but so that one of the halves can be propped up and used as a backstop for practice purposes, is $55 at Gimbels, and the equipment to go with it (a net, four paddles, six balls, and a rule book) comes to $10 at the same place. Some young enthusiasts have got deeply enough into Ping-Pong to discover that the official international tournament paddle is nothing like the cork-and-sandpaper type that most of us are used to but, rather, is a fat rubber-and-foam number invented by the Japanese and known as Double Happiness. You can buy Double Happinesses for $6.99 apiece at Herman's Sport Goods, 135 West 42nd Street. Incidentally, we've been told that certain young badminton enthusiasts have been secretly plotting a breaking off of relations between the United States and



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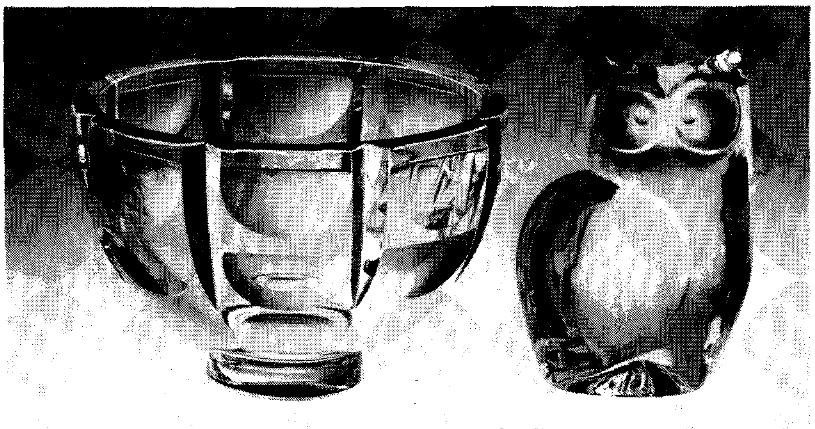
Indonesia (very brief and nothing serious, you understand), which might then be followed by a widely televised détente over the badminton table and an instant elevation in status for their favorite sport: Indonesia, it appears, has the world's first-ranking badminton team, and the national champion is every bit as well known there as Indonesia's President. If you want to be prepared for this unlikely international development, or just for some backyard fun when the weather warms up, Macy's has a badminton net, two racquets, and three shuttlecocks for $10. And at a number of stores around town, you'll find a distantly related item that wouldn't be of the slightest interest to Indonesia's most famous athlete but might please a five- or six-year-old you know: two "racquets" made of synthetic foam and two balls of the same material, which can be whacked around the living room without hurting either the furniture or the baby. The set sells for around $1 and is called—no, not badminton spelled backward but *Good*minton.

Of course, there's another game that owes its new surge of popularity to developments of grave international concern—and we don't mean The Godfather Game, which comes concealed in a box shaped like a violin case with the outline of a submachine gun on one side, to give you an idea of *its* inherent morality. When The Godfather Game ($15 at Brentano's) first came out, last winter, a local Italian-American congressman tried to persuade the federal government to halt its distribution. One of the game's designers suggested that it would be more appropriate for the congressman to turn his official attention to a "war game . . . that encourages plotting, deviousness, elimination, and territorial conflict . . . called chess." There were times during the skirmishing at Reykjavik later in the year when this description of chess didn't sound so ludicrous. At the end of a summer when it sometimes seemed that no political maneuver, Little League ballgame, or recipe for bread pudding could be described in print without some reference to hanging pawns or the Tartakower variation of the Queen's Gambit, toy manufacturers who consulted the best-selling-toy list regularly published in the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World* discovered "Chess Sets, All Makes" at the very top, in a spot only recently vacated by Wham-O's Frisbee and Barbie's Country Camper. One discount toy house soon reported that its sale of chess sets had increased ten times, and, mark-



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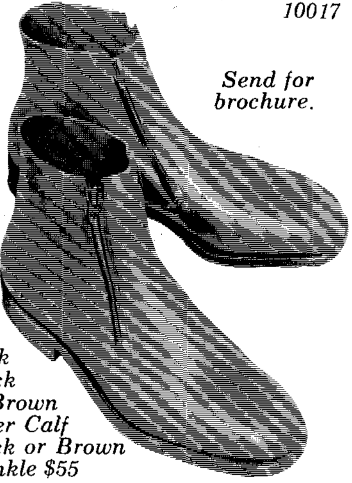

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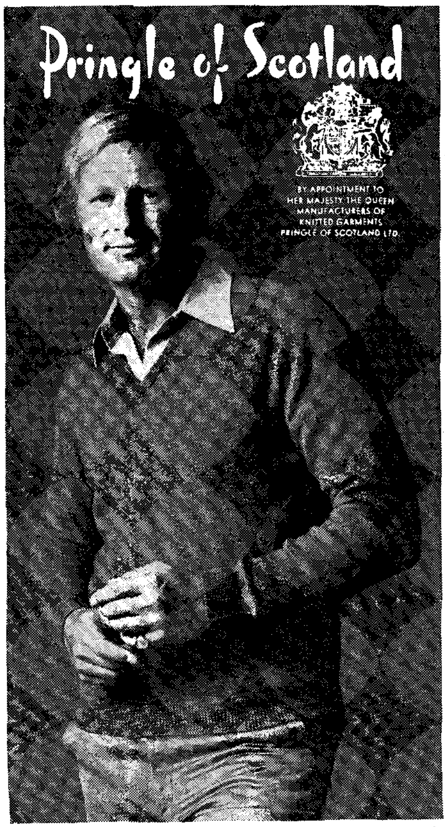

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ing the game as a true smash, there were photographs in the newspapers of bathing beauties pondering their moves on a six-foot-square board as they floated around at a fashionable beach resort. Most of the sets now on the market are of more traditional size, but the pieces are often in such nontraditional shapes as faceless cylinders, heroes of the Roman or the Napoleonic age, courtiers of ancient China (this year it was bound to happen), and, another development that was probably inevitable, politicians who had something to do with the 1972 Presidential race. To give you an idea, the pawns in this version are elephants and donkeys, the seven-inch kings are, of course, Nixon and McGovern, the black rook is John Mitchell, and the white knight is John Lindsay. In case you know a young player who thinks that the Democrats would have won if only they'd opened with Ruy Lopez, Gimbels has this instant antique for $30. One game manufacturer, E. S. Lowe, was in particularly good shape for recent developments, because his company had already made sixty-four different varieties of chess sets—including Chess Tutor, designed for families without a resident player. This is really just a regulation set (the plastic king is three and one-eighth inches tall), but there's also a ninety-four-page instruction book that could start somebody on his way. This set is $2.98 at Rappaport's. An especially handsome folding set with wooden checker and chess pieces (a three-inch king) and an inlaid wooden box that converts into a board is $20 at Gimbels, and at Schwarz a magnetic set for either chess or checkers, with lithographed squares on a wood-framed case (opened up, it forms a board just under eleven inches square), is $12.95. Of course, chess items emblazoned with the name of Bobby Fischer, the new American hero (or antihero), are widely available. Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess is $8.95 at Brentano's. Schwarz has, for $3, a case with slide-out windows and a set of cards giving the moves in each of the twenty Fischer-Spassky games, so that a player can try to figure out for himself what each of the champions did next. And a seven-inch record called "The Ballad of Bobby Fischer," by Joe Glazer and his Fianchettoed Bishops, is described as "a musical epic of Bobby Fischer's life and exploits" and costs seventy-nine cents at the Chess House, 143 West 72nd Street, which before recent events in Iceland called itself the House of Games.

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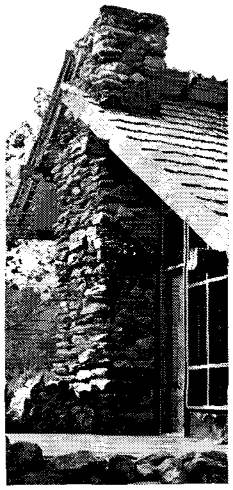

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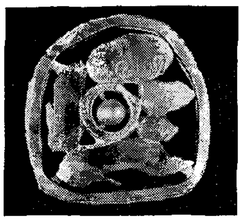

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the credit to Bobby's insistence on absolute silence at game time or to the City Council's stiffer antinoise regulations, but this year there seems to be a bit less racket in the toy departments; many of the toy trucks and other vehicles are now apparently able to operate without the ear-splitting "V-rroom!" and "Za-Zoom!" sounds that made Christmas shopping a deafening affair in the recent past. The rider is permitted to supply his own sound effects for a twenty-and-a-half-inch-long Sit-N-Ride steel dump truck with balloon tires that costs $14.95 at Schwarz, and it's do-it-yourself decibels also for a fine steel fire truck just over two feet long that costs $19 at Altman's. This one has a hose, and a hydraulic cylinder that lifts the rescue boom to three heights. We did think we heard an occasional snap, crackle, and pop above the sound of "Jingle Bells" in the stores, but that was only to be expected, for the fierce collusion between the cereal business and the toy industry that has been going on for some time shows no sign of abating. The biggest of the toy companies is still Mattel, but General Mills, which makes not only Cheerios but such items as Play-Doh, Playtentials, and SSP Smash-Up Derby, and which last year was the second-largest toy company in the world, is now in third place, after—are you ready?—Quaker Oats. This last concern, which got into the toy field a few years back when it took over Fisher-Price Toys, makers of playthings for preschool children, bought Louis Marx & Co. six months ago, paying a reported fifty-one million dollars in cash, which is a lot of oatmeal. Mr. Marx, who has been referred to as the hawk of the toy industry, not only because he named four of his sons for generals but because there was an impression that he had continued to turn out toy war matériel long after most other companies had converted to plastic plowshares, may find some wry amusement in the fact that the former family corporation is now being run by a company whose name and trademark are of the Friendly Persuasion. And then there's Nabisco, the company that, if you remember, last year expanded its cookie-and-Shredded Wheat holdings to include a toy company called Aurora Products Corporation, and almost immediately discovered, to its dismay, that among Aurora's most popular products were snap-together toy torture kits, including a toy guillotine—items that soon caused Nabisco's New York headquarters to be picketed by delegations of angry mothers blaming the

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company for the national crime wave ("Sadistic Toys Make Violent Boys!"). The torture kits were cancelled long ago, but this year—poor Nabisco!—it was pickets all over again. This time, the demonstrators were librarians objecting to an ad for a Nabisco snack product that showed a librarian as a dismal frump. "Nabisco Carries Freshness Too Far!" one of the demonstrators' signs read, and others reminded the company that former members of their profession included a *Playboy* Playmate of the Month, a Miss World, and, for that matter, Mao Tse-tung. (This year, those Chinese are everywhere.) Though the pickets eventually withdrew—they settled for an expression of regret from the management and three boxes of Oreo cookies, which they divided up—it's little wonder that Nabisco (or, rather, its Aurora subsidiary) has gone *pro bono publico* this Christmas with a line of toys intended to "help teach values such as brotherhood, understanding, and coöperation." (Anybody out there against brotherhood?) Not only were the toys designed in coöperation with the United States Committee for UNICEF but a small percentage of each purchase price is being contributed to the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund. Known as Uniworld Toys, the line includes six sets of international dolls (Japanese, Spanish, African, Eskimo, English, and American) in their native environments, and though these don't actually have much to do with the latest sociological reports to UNICEF—the English dolls live in a castle, to give you an idea—we doubt if the kids will mind. The dolls are of the beanbag type and are less than two inches tall, so, of course, they're known as Bam-beanos. In the Japanese set, for example, three Bam-beanos come in a plastic case six inches long, five inches wide, and five and a half inches high, which opens up to form a shallow Japanese house of sorts, equipped with a colorful screen, a hibachi, some furniture, a set of working chimes, a rickshaw, and, in the foreground, a tiny arched bridge over a painted lake, so the children will feel right at home the next time they're turned loose in a roomful of Japanese prints. Like the other Bam-beano sets, this is $6, in a good cause, at Bonwit Teller and Macy's. And one last note on the great cereal-toy alliance. The Pillsbury Company, a late-comer to the scene, took an entirely different tack from the other grain-based conglomerates. Instead of buying up a ready-made toy corporation, it brought out its own Pillsbury Poppin' Fresh Doughboy doll, modelled on the animated figure who bounces around the television screens in commercials for the company's frozen products. A seven-inch-high, bulging-eyed polyvinyl fellow in a chef's cap—"a squeezable, lovable, poke-in-the-tummy doll" is how Pillsbury describes him—he almost immediately bounced onto the best-selling-toy list, and several million of the Doughboys (which are about $1.98 everywhere) have been sold since last winter. The whole thing must have given the toy industry some pause. Where will it all end? Best-selling Mr. Clean dolls by the Mr. Clean people? Tiny pairs of bearded Smith Brothers by the Smith Brothers? Possibly even a polyvinyl, squeezable, lovable, poke-in-the-tummy white-haired Quaker off the Quaker Oats box to startle the shade of Mr. Chesterton?

Happy Holidays
GREETING

QUITE a few of the other dolls seem to be crying real tears a lot of the time. We don't know whether it's the threat of amateur competition or politics or all that televised football in the next room. You wouldn't think a doll named Sweet Tears had much to cry about, but she weeps constantly as long as her supply of tears holds out. A fourteen-inch brunette who wears a ruffly pink dress, she travels in her own trunk, which also holds three changes of outfit, a bottle, a pacifier, a hot plate, and several toys, and she costs $19.95 at Schwarz. Tiny Tears, a less advantaged, blond sort, arrives wearing only a disposable diaper, but she knows enough to stop crying when her mother picks her up. Gimbels has this obliging doll for $5.99. A while back, incidentally, we began to hear about a contingent of would-be doll-owners who felt that *they* had something to cry about; namely, rank discrimination in the toy business. The complaint was that virtually all dolls (except, of course, black dolls) were made with blue eyes—possibly in the same tradition that until recently specified that, no matter how various the names are in the national vital statistics, all families in television situation comedies should be called by such names as Gibson and Anderson. Some mothers of

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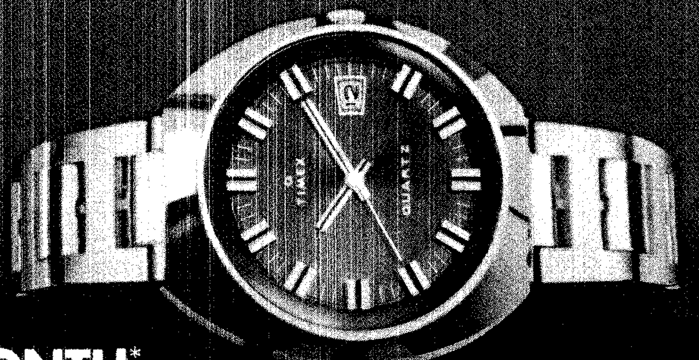
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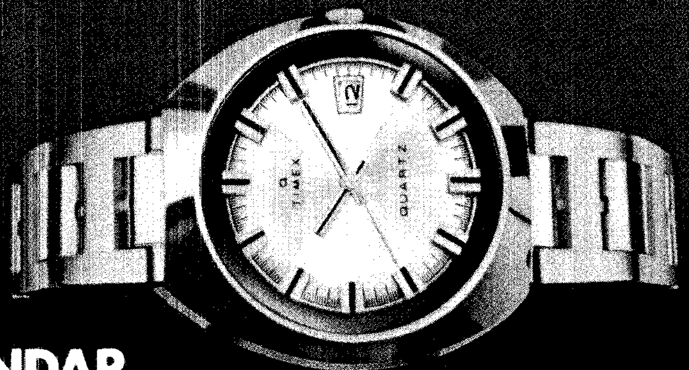
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brown-eyed children began writing letters, and now, all of a sudden (do you suppose it could have anything to do with the debate over who was going to get the ethnic vote?), every fourth doll on the counters seems to be brown-eyed, including Crissy and Bizzie Lizzie, whom we've already mentioned, and also dolls called Madcap Molly and Hi Dottie and Francie and Walking Miss America, and even the latest Kewpie, a fourteen-inch vinyl doll who wears a yellow ruffled dress and costs $3.29 at Gimbels. (Like Tiny Tears and a number of other dolls, Kewpie also comes in a black version, in honor of other precincts.) The Kenner company, makers of a new character called Blythe, may have overreacted to the doll-eye crisis: when you pull the magic string on this flexible, twelve-inch, hydrocephalic doll, who costs $6.99 at Macy's, her eyes change from blue to yellowish brown to green to *purple*—and, as far as we know, the green-eyed and purple-eyed delegations haven't even started picketing yet. After that, we imagine you'll be pleased to learn that the second-most-popular dolls in the country (after Doughboy) have eyes that are the same old familiar black shoe buttons—Raggedy Ann and Andy. Fifteen-and-a-half-inch versions of this durable pair are $3.60 each at Altman's, and if you want them to do a little talking ("See my candy heart," "Be kind to everyone"), they're $9 each in the eighteen-inch size. At the same place there is a Raggedy Ann steel-framed wooden toybox on casters, twenty-four inches long and twenty-two inches high, which could be put to endless use as a delivery truck, a mobile canteen at snack time, or an ambulance for a sick musical giant panda; Raggedy Ann and her brother are depicted on the sides, and the price is $10.

The Fisher-Price people have come up with some good ideas for the pre-kindergarten crowd this year. One is a houseboat, thirteen and a quarter inches long, that can be pulled along the floor and will also float in the tub. There are five removable residents, including a dog, and if you have a feeling you've stumbled over some of these knob-headed types before, you're probably right; two hundred *million* of them have been sold in the last dozen years. The knobheads on this houseboat seem to have a pretty good life. There are deck chairs, a barbecue grill, a diving board, and an auxiliary speedboat, though only two life preservers (*sauve qui peut*). The deck tilts up to form a carrying handle, and the cost

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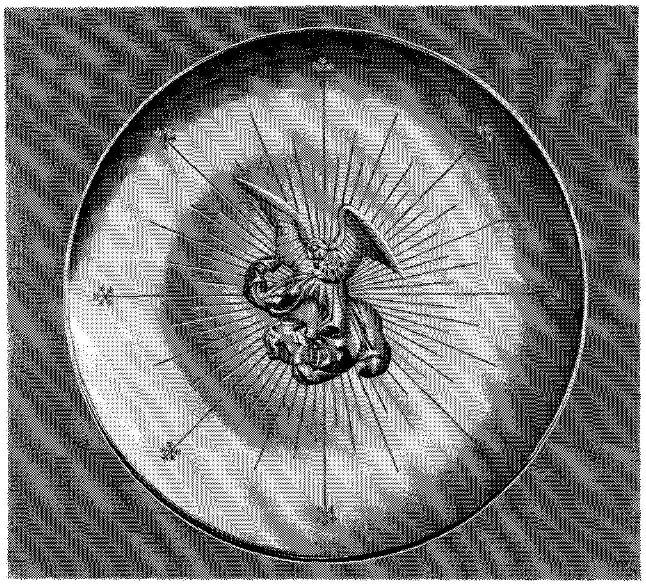

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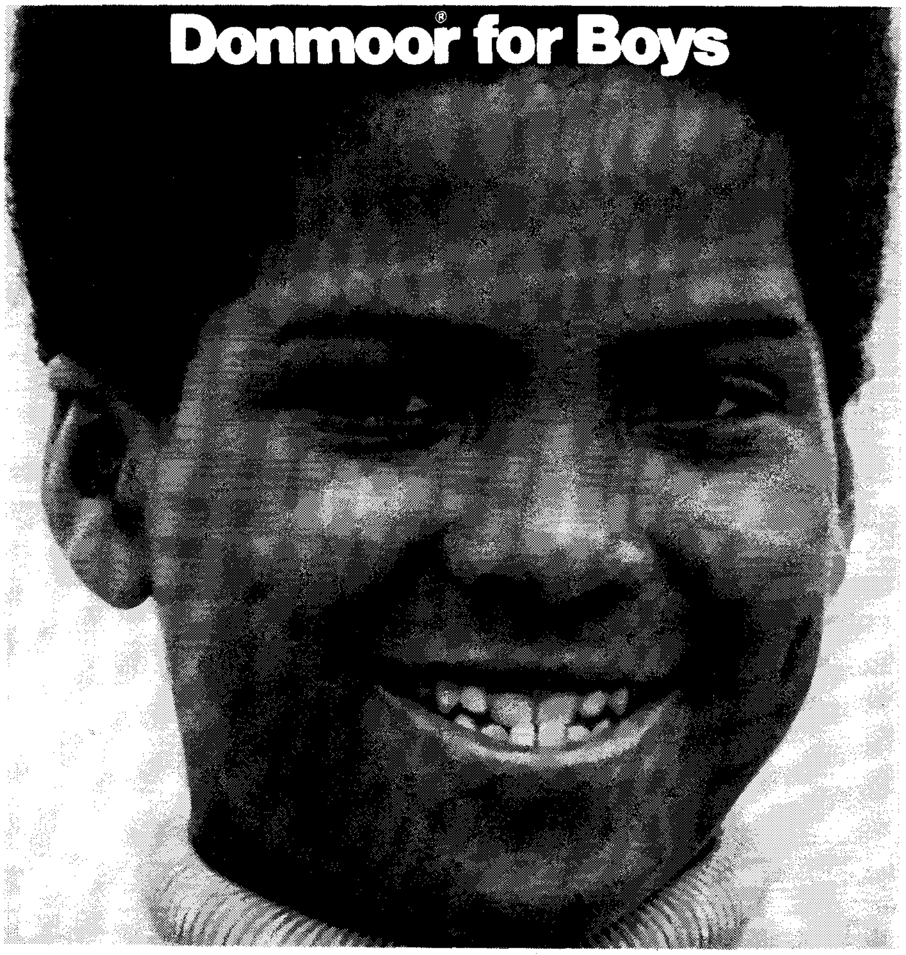

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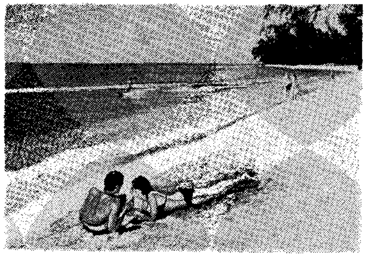

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is $8.95 at Reiss Brothers. On the Play Family Merry-Go-Round, by the same company, four knobheads have their choice of riding a giraffe, a swan, a turtle, or a pig, and as they go around and around, to the tune of "The Skaters' Waltz," the proprietor, who wears a black mustache and a baseball cap, pumps away furiously at the machinery, under the impression that he's the one who is keeping things going. The children, however, know that the joke is on him: not only is the music box a wind-up affair but the machinery has an on-off switch, so *they're* the ones who are in charge. This setup is twelve inches long and nine inches wide, and costs $9.95 at Polk's. Most Fisher-Price toys are a combination of brightly painted wood and very sturdy plastic, and seem to last forever—or at least until everybody goes off to another cognitive environment, such as the first grade. Some parents, however, have an abiding faith in unpainted solid-hardwood toys (is it fair to think of them as the kind of people who wouldn't put mayonnaise on salad under any circumstances?), and, of course, there are plenty of these toys around, too. A nine-inch hardwood lobster boat for the bathtub, accompanied by four wooden lobsters and a pole to catch them with, is $6.50 at Childcraft, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street. A nineteen-inch-long wooden marina complete with two boats, a gas pump, a seaplane, a shed, and a flagpole is $11.95 at Creative Playthings, 1 East 53rd Street, and at Gimbels East. At the same places, you'll find a set of forty-eight wooden blocks suitable for any kind of construction project, for $18.95. There are nine shapes, most of them measuring one and three-eighths inches by two and three-quarters by five and a half. A block this size with clip-on rubber wheels that turn it into a car or any other kind of rolling stock is $1.95, also at Creative Playthings and Gimbels East. And Design/Research International, 53 East 57th Street, has some especially nice wooden toys, handmade in the Mad River Valley, in Vermont, using only dowels and pegs, rather than modern hardware. (We almost felt that we should pay for them in pink pebbles.) A sixteen-inch Vermont farm truck, which, like all these toys, has wooden wheels, is $12. The foot-long Bud Souhan Milk Tanker (named, it is explained, for an old Seneca Falls milkman) is $9.75, and, for the nostalgia-minded (although there are fewer of these in the three-

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year-old set than some of the toymakers seem to think), an eleven-inch Tin Lizzie Coupé is $17. For the newest name on your list, Creative Playthings has a bentwood ball rattle with a bell inside, for $2.95. Two mobiles that are meant to be clamped to the side of a crib, to brighten the afternoon for a young person still in the sacque, are a wooden circus, starring five gaily painted acrobats, clowns, and such ($6.95 at Schwarz), and Friendly Faces, which features four bright-colored plastic faces that circle gently to a music box playing the Children's Prayer from "Hansel and Gretel" ($8 at Bloomingdale's). An eleven-inch sponge-bodied, terry-cloth-covered doll that goes right in the washing machine is $3.95 at Schwarz, where for $4.95 you'll also find a roly-poly plastic frog with a weighted bottom, so that he rolls back upright when pushed around. A foam-filled plush seal, nineteen inches long, who can be hugged and sat upon is $7.50 at Childcraft. At the same place, an unbreakable mirror that rocks back and forth and chimes softly when it's touched is $4.50. And if your young friend is up to doing some rocking himself, how about an untippable baby rocker called a Teetertot Shoo-Fly, nineteen inches high, which is $14.95 at Childcraft, or a very elegant rocking swan, white plush over a wood frame, that is $44.95 at Schwarz.

WAS it a children's *record* you had in mind? The following are all 33⅓-r.p.m. records designed for stereo, and, except as noted, are available just about everywhere records for children are sold. "Music for 1's & 2's" (one-year-olds and two-year-olds, that is) deals unpretentiously with some of the big events in a very young child's life—getting ready for an outing, rolling a ball to Daddy, and so on. Tom Glazer sings the simple songs in his easygoing voice and also provides the guitar accompaniment (CMS, CMS 649; $5.95). The youngest members of the family as well as their parents should find a collection of Woody Guthrie's songs called "Looks Good to See You" very easy to take. Sung by Louise and Bob De Cormier, they include "I Want It Now," "Don't You Push Me Down," and "Dry Bed"—the only song for bed wetters we've ever come across (Golden, LP 268; $1.98). The attention of the people responsible for the Dimension 5 "participation albums," as they call them, is focussed on a slightly older, ready-for-kindergarten crowd, and in their latest

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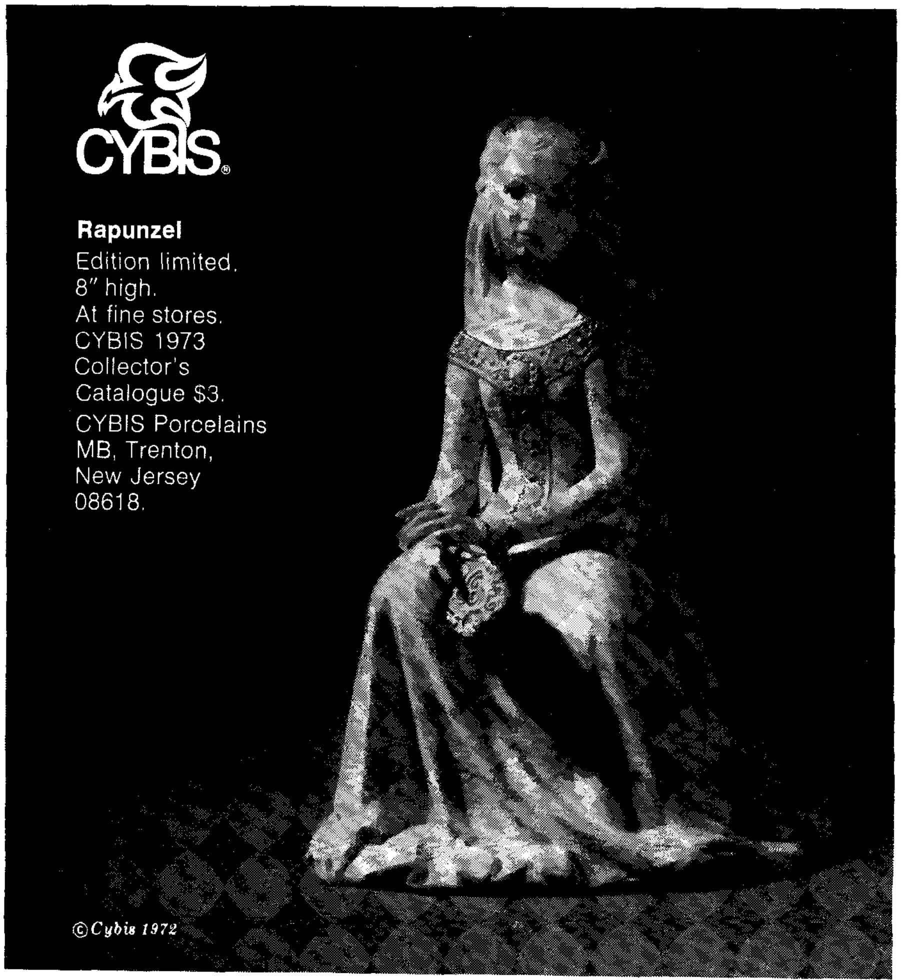

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release, "Dance to the Music" (Dimension 5, D161; $6), their goal, as usual, is to get the children up off the living-room rug and set them to stomping around, singing, and giggling a lot. Most of the prodding is done by a highly versatile electronic music-making machine, and the attractions include a musical encounter session, a square dance done with the fingers, a jive routine, and even part of Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto, this one played on a real piano. This record is available only at Schwarz, Rizzoli, and the Doubleday stores. Most of the favorite residents of Sesame Street are on hand for "Havin' Fun with Ernie & Bert" (Columbia, CC 25506; $5.98), which, as you might expect, throws in some academic lore here and there without being portentous about it. (When it's music-lesson time and it's pointed out that the melody Oscar the Grouch has managed to create from nothing more than three trash-can lids of different pitch was in fact lovely, his response is "It was? How embarrassing!") The children who enjoyed that Candyland game might have enough sweet tooth left over for a collection of songs from the movie "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory" (Golden, LP 276; $1.98)—or, more likely, by the time they've listened to "Raisins and Almonds" and "Strawberry Jam" they may feel they've already had their dessert. By the time they finish listening to "Fruit and Vegetable Alphabet Songs" (Golden, LP 274; $1.98), they may feel as if they've had the rest of their supper. This record, incidentally, has some nice variations on the old "A"-is-for-apple routine; "F" is for finochio, for example, "G" is for garlic, and "K" is for kumquat. There are also some surprises on the record's flip side, labelled "Favorite Nursery Rhymes," for the category has been enlarged to include not only "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" but a jolly number called "Go Get the Axe (There's a Bee in Lizzie's Ear)." Just about all the Christmas songs you can imagine (and surely all you'll want to hear by December 26th, although the children may not feel that way about it) are available on "A Child's First Christmas Record," which is actually two records (RCA Camden, CXS 9024; $3.98). The Richard Wolfe Children's Chorus is involved in this one, and so, from time to time, is Arthur Godfrey, and the collection includes everything from solemn carols like "O Come, All Ye Faithful" to the jingly tale of the red-nosed Rudolph and child-convulsing numbers

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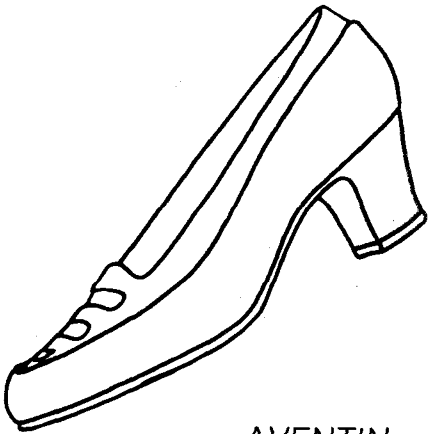

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like "All I Want for Christmas (Is My Two Front Teeth)." A record that is intended to make the children laugh from beginning to end, and that may succeed more often than you would believe, is "Christmas Songs That Tickle Your Funny Bone" (Golden, LP 278; $1.98). To give you an idea of the kind of new lyrics that have been attached to familiar tunes having nothing to do with Christmas, the stately refrain of "Home on the Range" begins, "Toys, beautiful toys (that turn on and make lots of noise)," and the Scottish song about taking the high road has been turned into a tree-trimming number—"Oh, you'll take the high branch and I'll take the low branch . . . but we'll both trim the middle together." Meanwhile, the Children's Television Workshop, which produces "Sesame Street," has come out with "The Electric Company" (Warner Brothers, BS 2636; $5.98), honoring its slightly more advanced television seminars. It is probably the best children's record of the year—one that makes learning about learning sound not only like fun but like more fun than *not* learning about it. Featured on the record are such familiar names from "The Electric Company" series as Lee Chamberlin, Bill Cosby, and Rita Moreno, as well as invited guests, who include Victor Borge, Mel Brooks, and Tom Lehrer. Among them, they resort to almost every kind of musical beat—not just rock, jazz, calypso, and blues but soft-shoe, London music-hall, and soap-opera-organ routines—as they sing, for example, of "Old Double E" ("A refer*ee* named McG*ee* / Just got water on the kn*ee*"), "Punctuation" ("Now an exclamation point is saying 'Pow!' Yes sirree! I don't mean maybe! Boy! And how!"), and an inspiring character named Easy Reader, who is so hooked on the literary life that he demands a bottle of "Dr. Delight," so he can roll the words on the label around his tongue ("I wouldn't *drink* that stuff. I just wanted to *read* it"). Included with the record, just in case a listener missed an exclamation point or two, are the words to all the twenty-five lessons, in painless comic-book form. The musical background of "The Muppet Musicians of Bremen"—Bremen, Louisiana, that is—is less various. It's Dixieland jazz all the way, and it, too, is fun. The libretto of this record (Columbia, CC 24521; $4.98) recounts the adventures of a bunch of broken-down animals who stumble on some musical instruments and so, of course, go into business as

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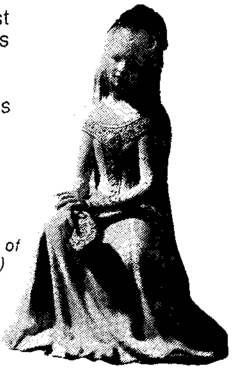

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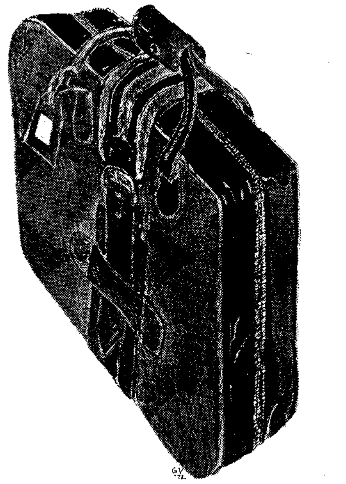
travelling musicians, but a note on the jacket from the Columbia people, who are honest sorts, explains, "When the animals tried to play these instruments they couldn't play well enough . . . so we had a bunch of really good musicians play for them." The pinch-hitters include Tommy Johnson on tuba, Guido Basso on trumpet, Ed Bickert on banjo, Rob McConnell on trombone, and Moe Koffman on clarinet—a line-up that could bring Grandma and Grandpa on the double from the next room. No substitutions were necessary in the case of "Great Children's Favorites," played by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra, which might be just the thing if you have any great children on your list. It's a two-record set (RCA, VCS 7095; $6.98), offering Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf," in which the various members of the cast are introduced by Alec Guinness; Benjamin Britten's "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," narrated by Hugh Downs, who also recites the verses that Ogden Nash wrote as an accompaniment to Saint-Saëns' "Carnival of the Animals;" and the overture and seven themes from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite." In an abbreviated version of "Man of La Mancha" (Golden, LP 265; $1.98), Richard Kiley chases the impossible dream as he did on and off Broadway, and Kiley also does the narration for "Tall Tom Jefferson," "a musical history of America's third President" (Golden, LP 270; $1.98). It's nice for children to have some notion of the philosophies that divided early-nineteenth-century Americans, but can the producers of this record be forgiven for presenting an ideological confrontation between Hamilton and Jefferson as a vaudeville turn based on the old Gallagher-and-Shean routine? ("Oh, Mr. Jefferson! Oh, Mr. Jefferson! If the new United States is to be stable / It has always seemed to me / That the government should be / By the rich and the well-born and the able." "But, Mr. Hamilton! Oh, Mr. Hamilton . . . ") On the whole, the kids are probably better off waiting until they can read the "Federalist Papers." In the meantime, the younger ones would likely be content to listen to Julie Harris read to them about another character of seemingly limitless talents, "Curious George." This record (Caedmon, TC 1420; $4.30) includes four stories about George. On another Caedmon record (TC 1395; $6.50), Glynis Johns reads a quiet version of the trip to Never-Never Land, suitable for bedtime. And for other members



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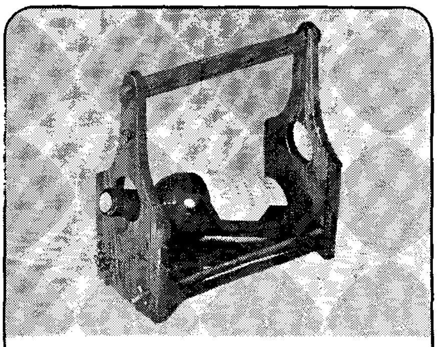

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of the family, who don't mind if they do grow up and, indeed, are well on their way, there are two Caedmon collections of James Thurber's animal fables, read with marvellous verve and discernment by Peter Ustinov. There are fourteen of the cautionary tales on each of the records, which sell for $6.98, and are called "The Unicorn in the Garden and Other Fables for Our Time" (TC 1398) and "The Grizzly and the Gadgets and Further Fables for Our Time" (TC 1412). Little Sister, happily playing with Bizzie Lizzie, ought perhaps to be sheltered for the moment from the knowledge that in these fables male encounters with the female of the species generally have distressing results, and that the slothful, more often than not, end up with the swag—or, as the moral of "The Shrike and the Chipmunks" concludes, "Early to rise and early to bed makes a male healthy and wealthy and dead." The moral of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" is rather different, of course. The Caedmon version (TC 1135; $6.98), humanely trimmed to fifty minutes, and narrated by Paul Scofield with Sir Ralph Richardson as the snuffling, snarling old curmudgeon, is a delight from beginning to end. And if you'd like to keep close tabs on the performance and find out how the author would have done it, a facsimile of Dickens' prompt copy, with revisions and abridgments in his own handwriting, is $15 at the sales shops of the New York Public Library.

AND now for a miscellaneous roundup. You may have heard the rumor that the Wankel rotary engine, which operates without conventional cylinders, pistons, lifts, or crankshafts and may save modern civilization from choking to death on its own gasoline fumes, is actually quite a simple affair, and apparently there's something to this: Childcraft gives ten years old as a reasonable minimum age for a kit whose end product is a see-through model of this welcome invention. Two necessary AA batteries bring the price to $7. While we all wait for it to go into more extensive production, however, something called the Johnny Horizon Environmental Test Kit might be a prudent investment. Said to be the only such kit that is licensed by the United States Department of the Interior, this item, which sells for $12.95 at Rappaport's, includes all the materials a ten-year-old will require in performing ten experiments to detect pollution on the block—four for air pollution and six

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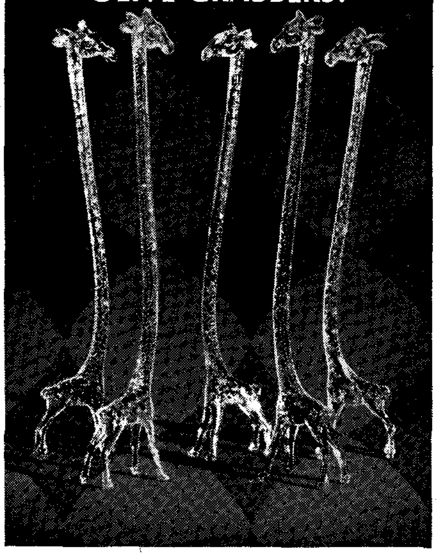

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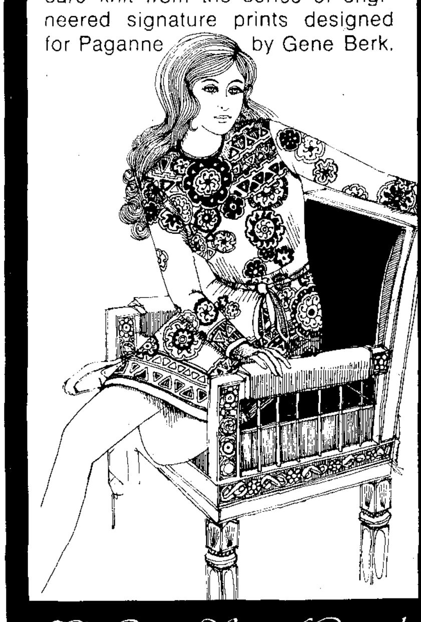

The Country Store of Concord

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for water. A different kind of water experiment was conducted a few weeks ago when some teen-agers in Orlando, Florida, broke the existing record for Monopoly-played-underwater. Their total was fifty hours, but, of course, you're allowed to buy Monopoly (it's $7 at Polk's, among other places) without passing a snorkel test. It has been quite a year for game and toy records. Another one was broken last winter when a Wabash Cannonball locomotive ran continuously on its track at a Lionel factory for a certified four hundred and forty miles (or what the company declares to be the equivalent of "about twenty years of play-time"), almost tripling the previous nonstop toy-engine record, in the Guinness Book of World Records. Don't worry, though—you'll get a brand-new locomotive if you decide to buy a Wabash Cannonball train set for $29.88 at Polk's. With the engine, four cars, ten pieces of track, a mechanical uncoupler, and a twenty-five-watt transformer, the O27-gauge Cannonball measures forty-three inches over all. The claim to fame of Märklin's Z-gauge Mini-Club train has nothing to do with endurance records: it's just the smallest electric train in the world. The locomotive is about the length of a kitchen match, and when it's hitched up to the four cars that come with it, the whole caravan measures ten inches. Travelling on its fourteen lengths of track, it makes an oval about the size of a meat platter, and, including power pack, costs $66.90 at Model Railroad Equipment Corporation, 23 West 45th Street. If an epidemic of miniphoria breaks out among the children in the family after they've been hanging over the Mini-Club for a while, Federal Smallwares could very well be your next stop. You'll find there a four-inch-tall pine-finished rolltop desk and a chair to go with it for $4.85. An old-fashioned ("Hello, Central?") wooden wall telephone an inch and three-quarters high is $1.60.

And don't overlook the gift shops in the museums and libraries around town for the kind of items that the cereal conglomerates couldn't see for Grape-Nuts. At the Children's Gift Shop of the American Museum of Natural History, there's Microtel, a combination telescope and microscope, but don't be disappointed if the kids don't make scientific history with it, since it's only eight inches long, and costs $2. If you'd like the children on your list to have an idea of what dolls were like before polyvinyl and twist-'n'-turn waists, the gift shop at the Museum of the City

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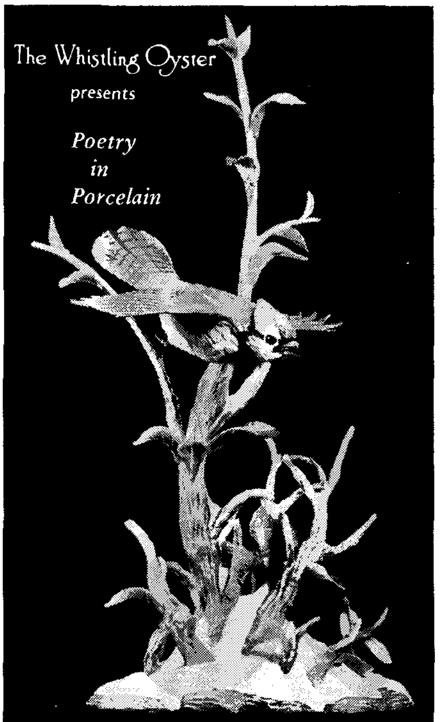

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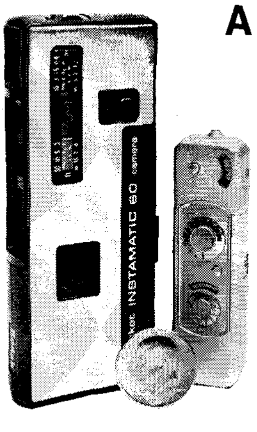

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of New York has one six inches high that is made out of a corncob and costs $3, and, for $5, there's a five-inch bisque doll, who comes dressed to the teeth in a lace dress, sash, and boots and is known as Frozen Charlotte, because she's made of a jointless piece of molded bisque. Her arms do move, but her bisque hat stays on at all times; she's clearly a proper sort. A thirteen-inch cloth cat pattern (back and front) that can be sewn and stuffed is $2.75 at the same place. An Alice in Wonderland match-up card game with the old Tenniel illustrations is $2.25 at the sales shops of the Public Library, where there is also a five-and-a-half-inch-high, painted upright piano that is really a musical jewel box ("The Skaters' Waltz"), for $7.95; a book of twenty-three Kate Greenaway pictures to crayon or paint (tracing-paper overlays are included), for $2.25; and, for $1.50 each, a set of paper dolls to color that are a long way from the little Greenaway girls—Henry VIII and his six wives, each accompanied by a brief historical commentary. At the Gallery Shop of the Brooklyn Museum you'll find a carved three-inch wooden bear from Japan ($2.75), a Spanish tambourine eight inches in diameter ($2.50), a scary-looking twelve-inch felt witch on a broomstick, from England ($3.50), and a thirty-six-piece wooden construction set marked "Made in China." This last costs $2.90, and will make you think of nothing so much as Lincoln Logs. As for the gift shops of the Museum of Modern Art, their prize exhibit is called Satellite: eighteen bright-colored transparent discs three inches in diameter, along with instructions on how to assemble them into a marvellous, shimmering mobile that would be perfect for hanging in the front window to celebrate not only Christmas but, just possibly, peace at last: Double Happiness.

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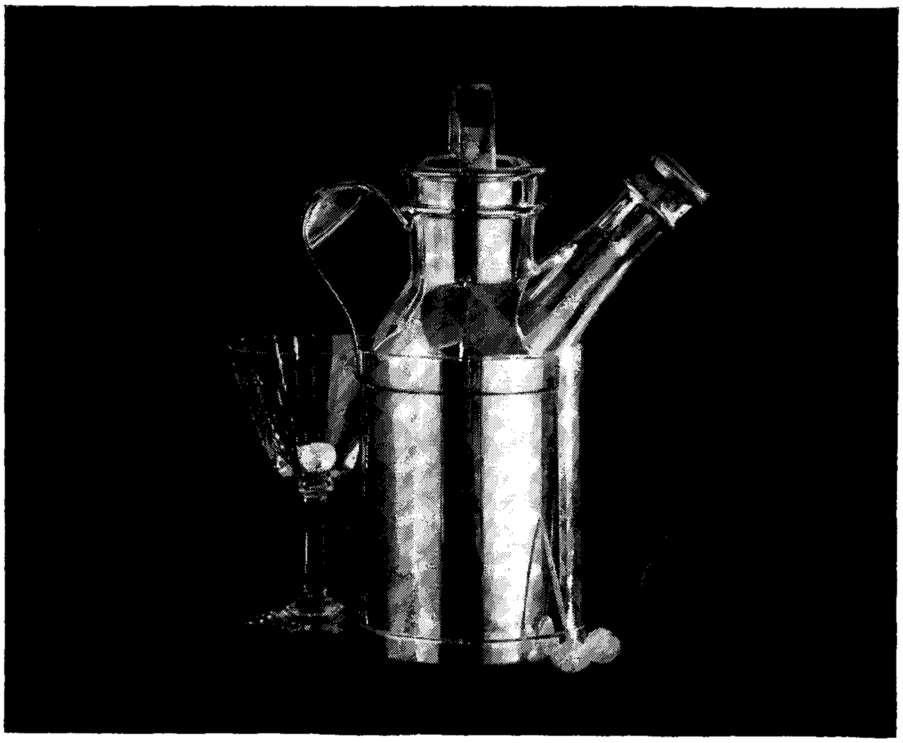

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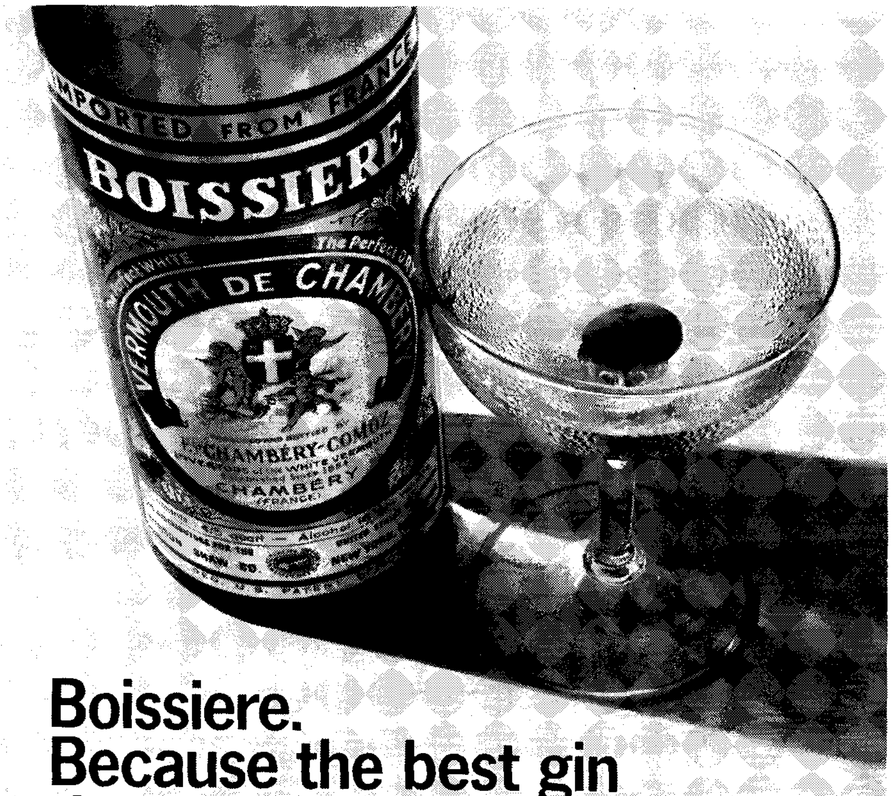

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

POETIC LARKS BID BALD EAGLE WELCOME SWAN OF LIVERPOOL

At some point early this year, somebody in authority decided that it would be a good idea to kick John Lennon and Yoko Ono out of the country. John Lennon, of course, was one of the Beatles, the four Liverpool boys who dominated the popular music of Britain and the United States for most of the nineteen-sixties. In addition to winning great popular success as a singer and composer, both with the Beatles and since their dissolution, in 1970, he has been a film actor (in "A Hard Day's Night," "Help," and "How I Won the War") and an author (of "In His Own Write" and "A Spaniard in the Works," two collections of idiosyncratic, pun-laden short stories and verse). He is now thirty-two years old. Yoko Ono, who will be forty years old in February, was an established conceptual artist and avant-garde composer when she married John Lennon, in 1969; since then she, too, has become a rock singer and songwriter (and, incidentally, the most famous person of Japanese origin in the Western world). In the controversy over whether or not the Lennons should be allowed to stay in the United States, the Immigration and Naturalization Service has taken the position that it is merely enforcing the law, and that because John Lennon was convicted in a British court in 1968 of possessing cannabis resin, one of the drugs derived from the Indian hemp plant, he and his wife must be deported. The Immigration Service is a branch of the Department of Justice. Under President Nixon and his Attorneys General, John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst, the Department of Justice has made a practice of bringing charges against people, usually in clumps (the Chicago Seven, the Seattle Seven, and the Catonsville Nine, to name twenty-three), for what many civil libertarians regard as political reasons. The Lennons believe that their own frequently expressed political views—unorthodox from the Justice Department's point of view, though quite ordinary in Greenwich Village, where they live—are the real reason for the government's desire to show them the golden door.

"Senator, I just can't get over how like your image you are!"

John and Yoko, as they are universally called (except by the Immigration Service, which calls them Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lennon), have been in the United States since August 13, 1971. This is the longest time either of them has spent without interruption in one country since their marriage. John had been here before, as a touring Beatle and on business trips, and with Yoko in 1970, when both of them were patients of Dr. Arthur Janov, the psychotherapist and author of "The Primal Scream." Yoko first visited this country in 1936, when she was three years old. Her parents moved from Tokyo to Scarsdale, New York, when she was nineteen, and she enrolled at Sarah Lawrence. Between 1957 and 1966, she spent most of her time in New York (at one point earning her living as a building superintendent and as a waitress at the Paradox macrobiotic restaurant, on the lower East Side), staging "events" and giving concerts with, among others, John Cage and David Tudor.

Technically, the Lennons were here this time as "visitors for pleasure;" their main purpose, however, was not to enjoy themselves but to try to secure custody of, or at least visiting rights with, Yoko's daughter, Kyoko Cox, who is now nine years old. Yoko's divorce, in 1968, from Kyoko's father, Anthony Cox, a film producer, had been amicable—so amicable, in fact, that at one point the Lennons permitted Mr. Cox to make a documentary film about them in England. Although neither parent had been awarded sole custody of the child, Mr. Cox became increasingly reluctant to let Yoko and her new husband spend time with Kyoko, and finally refused to permit it at all. For a year before the Lennons came to America, they had been chasing Mr. Cox and Kyoko around Europe. In Majorca, Spain, the Lennons caught up with them and spirited Kyoko off to their hotel; but Mr. Cox called the police, and a Spanish court gave the child back to him. The incident added to his fear that the Lennons wanted to take her away from him for good.

Soon after the Lennons arrived in New York, they went to the United States Virgin Islands, to the same court where Yoko had been divorced, and that court awarded her permanent custody of her daughter. Kyoko, however, was in Houston, Texas, with Mr.

Cox and his new wife, Melinda, the daughter of a prominent local citizen, and Mr. Cox had started his own custody action there. The judge, Peter Solito, of the Domestic Relations Court of Harris County, ruled that the decision of his court would take precedence over that of the Virgin Islands court, which was still pending. At the hearing, where Yoko was represented by her lawyers, Mr. Cox showed a film the Lennons had sent to Kyoko as a birthday present. It showed John Lennon and Kyoko taking a bath together. On September 29th, Judge Solito awarded temporary custody of the child to Mr. Cox and extensive visiting rights to Yoko. Among other provisions, the court order gave Yoko the right to take her daughter with her for ten days at Christmastime, with the stipulation that the Lennons post a twenty-thousand-dollar bond to insure Kyoko's return, and that they come to Houston for a weekend beforehand, "in order to reëstablish a relationship with the child." The Lennons arrived in Houston on December 18th for their weekend with Kyoko, but Mr. Cox refused to let them see her except in his presence. The Lennons went back to New York and their lawyers went back to court, and on December 22nd Judge Solito sentenced Mr. Cox to five days in jail for contempt of court. Just before the bailiff led him away, Mr. Cox, who by this time had become a member of the Evangelical Church, a fundamentalist Protestant sect, shouted, "If any Christians are hearing my voice, I hope you pray for me!" He was released under five thousand dollars' bond the next day, and the Lennons returned to Houston on December 29th for another try. Mr. Cox, who had been ordered to bring Kyoko to the courthouse, did not show up. He had disappeared on Christmas Eve, taking his wife and daughter with him. Again the Lennons returned to New York, and again their lawyers went to court, this time to file a motion asking that temporary custody of Kyoko be transferred to her mother.

MEANWHILE, John and Yoko had moved into a two-room apartment in the basement of a house in the West Village, and they were busy. Both of them are energetic and ambitious, and they have a large appetite for work. They appeared on the air, in contexts as diverse as Bob Fass's midnight program on WBAI—the New York listener-supported FM radio station—and the Dick Cavett and David Frost television programs. They "co-hosted" the nor-

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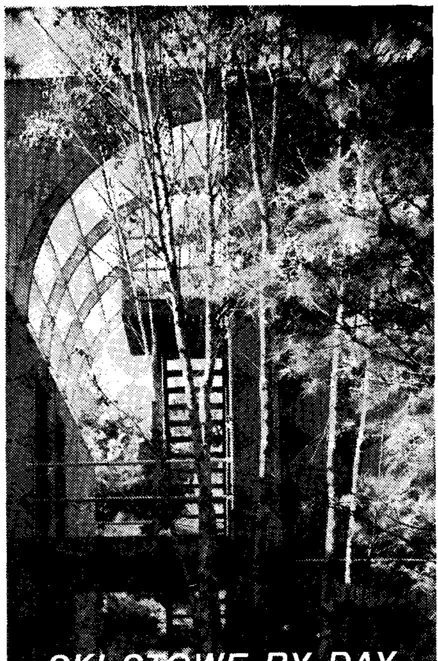

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mally bland Mike Douglas show for a week in February. In October of 1971, they each released a new record album—"Imagine" and "Fly," respectively—and the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York, mounted the first retrospective exhibition of Yoko's art, including paintings, sculpture, notational poetic writings, films, and what Yoko calls "pieces." Many of the last whimsically demanded the participation of the viewer. A row of empty flowerpots was entitled "Imagine the Flowers." "Cloud Piece" was a water bed with a skylight above it and an inscription reading "Lie down and watch, until a cloud passes from left to right."

In December, Yoko orchestrated an "event" that, in its particular mixture of cleverness, sentimentality, coyness, sweetness, satire, and mystification, was typical of her work. She placed an advertisement in the *Village Voice* with a picture of herself walking in front of the Museum of Modern Art and carrying a shopping bag with a big "F" on it. The copy in the advertisement read, "Museum of Modern art—Yoko Ono—one woman show—Dec. 1st-Dec. 15th." The "show" consisted of a sandwich man who walked to and fro on the sidewalk in front of the Museum. His sign said:

> flies were put in a
> glass container the
> same volume as yoko
> 's body the same pe
> rfume as the one yo
> ko uses was put in
> the glass container
> the container was t
> hen placed in the e
> xact center of the
> museum the lid was
> opened the flies we
> re released photogr
> apher who has been
> invited over from e
> ngland specially fo
> r the task is now g
> oing around the cit
> y to see how far th
> e flies flew the fl
> ies are distinguish
> able by the odour w
> hich is equivalent
> to yokos join us in
> the search observat
> ion & flight 12/71

The "catalogue" for the "show" was published later. It was a big book, a foot square and a hundred and sixteen pages long. It showed Yoko releasing the bottle of flies in the Museum's garden, and the bulk of it consisted of photographs of different parts of the city, where a hundred and thirty-eight of the flies had purportedly been found. The last photograph in the book showed the box office of the Museum,

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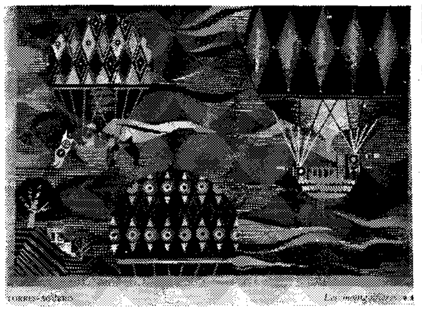

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where the ticket seller had posted a copy of the advertisement with the words "THIS IS NOT HERE" scrawled across it. (The phrase was a favorite of the Lennons; at the Everson show, they had distributed dozens of "THIS IS NOT HERE" T-shirts.) Following the photographs, the book had several pages of notational writings, mostly directing the reader to do things. One page, for example, offered this program of activities:

1) Go through the photos in this book and choose a spot you like.
2) Declare ownership of the spot.
3) Send letters to your friends declaring your ownership.
4) Every month, make a painting or take a photo of the spot and hang it around your room and/or send a copy to your friend.
5) Visit the spot whenever you feel like and invite your friends.
6) Keep the spot clean and tidy, or as you see fit.
7) Every year, send a card to your friends reminding them of your ownership.
8) Make a study on the geographical and historical aspects of the spot.
9) Hand down/out materials on the spot to your children or somebody you love.

The Lennons bought a narrow two-story loft building in SoHo and installed in it six people who work for a movie company they own, Joko Productions. In Wall Street and on the Staten Island Ferry, they shot scenes for a feature film, "Imagine," planned as a companion piece to the record album of the same name. Joko Productions set to work editing the film (which has not yet been released). During Christmas week, the Elgin Theatre, in Chelsea, put on a program of seven of the Lennons' experimental films, including "Fly," which shows a common housefly, in closeup, crawling across a woman's body for twenty-three minutes, and "Legs," which shows three hundred and thirty-one pairs of bare legs, mostly belonging to New York artists and intellectuals.

The Lennons spent much of their time at a studio on West Forty-fourth Street, the Record Plant, recording and producing records. The Record Plant was designed specifically for rock musicians. With its shag rugs, acoustically baffled wood-panelled walls, and banks of winking electronic equipment, it has the air of a luxurious space capsule. When the Lennons were working on a record, they spent all night, night after night, at the studio, sleeping until late afternoon and not seeing much daylight. Because each instrument or voice is usually recorded one at a time on one of the sixteen tracks of the

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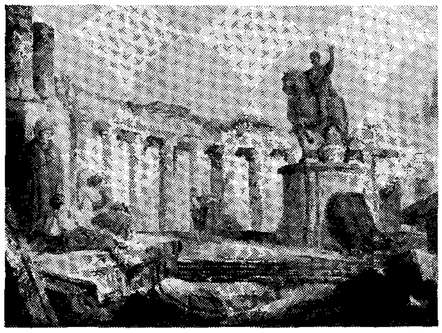
Alfred Robaut, *L'Oeuvre de Corot,* Paris, 1905,
No. 2381, Volume III, pp. 370-71, where a
preparatory sketch is illustrated.



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PROVENANCE: Newhouse Galleries, New York.
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studio's tape equipment and the tracks must afterward be painstakingly "mixed," or blended, into the final, two-channel product, a thirty- or forty-minute record album may take weeks to produce, exclusive of the time spent writing the music and lyrics. The producer supervises all stages of the recording and mixing, with the result that he must spend more time in the studio than the musicians themselves. John and Yoko produced their own records—in their sixteen months in New York they have turned out three albums of their own material—and they also produced records by a hard-rock group called Elephants Memory and a hoarse-voiced street singer called David Peel. The Lennons came across David Peel in Washington Square Park, where he has been singing on nearly every warm Sunday for seven years. Mr. Peel had been "discovered" before—Elektra Records had released two albums by him—but he was news to the Lennons, and they recruited him for Apple Records, of which John is a part owner. In him they perceived a connection with the "real" life of the streets, a world more or less closed to them by their celebrity. Mr. Peel's tunes are primitive and repetitive, and thus ideal for street singing. His doggerel—which influenced the Lennons' own writing for a time—is calculatedly outrageous and defiant, as in this verse from one of the songs on "The Pope Smokes Dope," the album he recorded under the Lennons' supervision:

> I'm proud to be a New York City
>   hippie!
> I'm proud of dirty feet and dirty
>   hair!
> I'm proud of living with the
>   cockaroaches!
> I'm proud of living in a garbage
>   can!

More important, from the standpoint of their relations with the United States government, John and Yoko began soon after their arrival to involve themselves in American radical and anti-war politics. Their interest in political activity was not new. Before Yoko met John, she had staged a "Bag Peace Event" in London, standing in Trafalgar Square completely covered by a black bag and holding a sign with the word "Peace" on it. John, besides being "the clever Beatle" and "the writing Beatle" during the Four Mop Tops period, had been "the political Beatle" as well. It was he who made the notorious statement that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus, and it was he who defied the wishes of the Beatles' managers during the group's final American tour, in 1966, by saying at a press conference that he did not like the war in Vietnam. He had also written "political" songs, including "Revolution No. 1," "Give Peace a Chance," "Power to the People," and "Working Class Hero." (At the Washington Monument, in November of 1969, Pete Seeger led two hundred and fifty thousand anti-war demonstrators in singing "Give Peace a Chance.") After John and Yoko were married, in March of 1969, they pulled a series of what amounted to publicity stunts for peace. They celebrated their wedding with what they called a Bed Peace Event on the seventh floor of the Amsterdam Hilton Hotel. Reporters were ushered into the newlyweds' room, where, to their bewilderment, they found nothing more sensational than John and Yoko sitting up in bed in their pajamas and talking about peace and brotherhood. They staged another bed-in in Toronto. At one point, the Lennons sent acorns to about fifty heads of state, asking that they be planted as a sign of faith in the future. (Golda Meir of Israel and Pierre Trudeau of Canada were among those who wrote back saying that they had planted their acorns.)

In New York, the Lennons' political involvement became (in terms of the prevailing tactics of the radical movement) more conventional. Through Jerry Rubin, one of the Chicago Seven defendants, who telephoned them a few days after their arrival and soon became their friend, they met many representatives of "the movement." They participated in a demonstration against the war in Vietnam in Bryant Park in April. They gave financial support to radicals and radical causes, including a jailed activist who needed bail money and a failing (and now defunct) underground newspaper, the New York *Ace.* They contributed a column to a new West Coast magazine, *SunDance.* In one of these columns, they wrote, "To the hard-hats who think that they don't have the power to free themselves from the tyranny and suppression of the capitalists: It's not their power or money that is controlling you, as is generally believed. Their power depends on your fear and apathy. . . . REMEMBER TO VOTE." Yoko wrote a short article, "The Feminization of Society," which was published last February on the Op Ed page of the New York *Times.* "The ultimate goal of female liberation is not just an escape from male oppression," she wrote. "How about liberating ourselves from our various mind trips such as ignorance, greed, masochism, fear of God and social conventions?"

For their first public concert performance in the United States, last December, the Lennons chose a huge "Free John Sinclair" rally at Crisler Arena, the largest hall at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor. John Sinclair, a poet and a manager of various rock groups, is the founder of a commune in Ann Arbor called the Rainbow People's Party, formerly known as the White Panther Party. He was in jail, having served two and a half years of a ten-year sentence for possessing two joints of marijuana. The many speakers at the rally included Bobby Seale, of the Black Panthers; Jerry Rubin; and another of the Chicago Seven defendants, Rennie Davis. Yoko told me recently that she believes that her and John's troubles with the immigration authorities began with that rally. In the unlikely event that the Lennons' political activity had escaped the government's notice up until then, the Ann Arbor rally assuredly served to bring it to their attention. (As for John Sinclair, he was released from jail three days after the rally, but this was the result not of the Lennons' visitation but of a new state law reducing the penalties for possession of marijuana.)

The Lennons get their information about the world primarily by watching television and talking with friends. They have not done much serious political reading. (One day, when I asked Yoko what books had influenced her political thinking, she replied, without much conviction, "Well, 'Das Kapital' was a big thing for me when I was young.") John and Yoko are both radical pacifists, but beyond that it is pointless to try to characterize their views in ideological terms. The particular issues that interest them tend to arise from their own backgrounds and experiences. They are an international couple—Yoko was evacuated from Tokyo during the Second World War and was twelve when atomic bombs were dropped on her country—and they are interested in peace. They are an interracial couple, and they are interested in racial equality. John is partly of Irish descent, and he is indignant about the presence of English soldiers in Northern Ireland. He grew up a working-class kid speaking with an accent that was socially undesirable, and he feels strongly about class prejudice.

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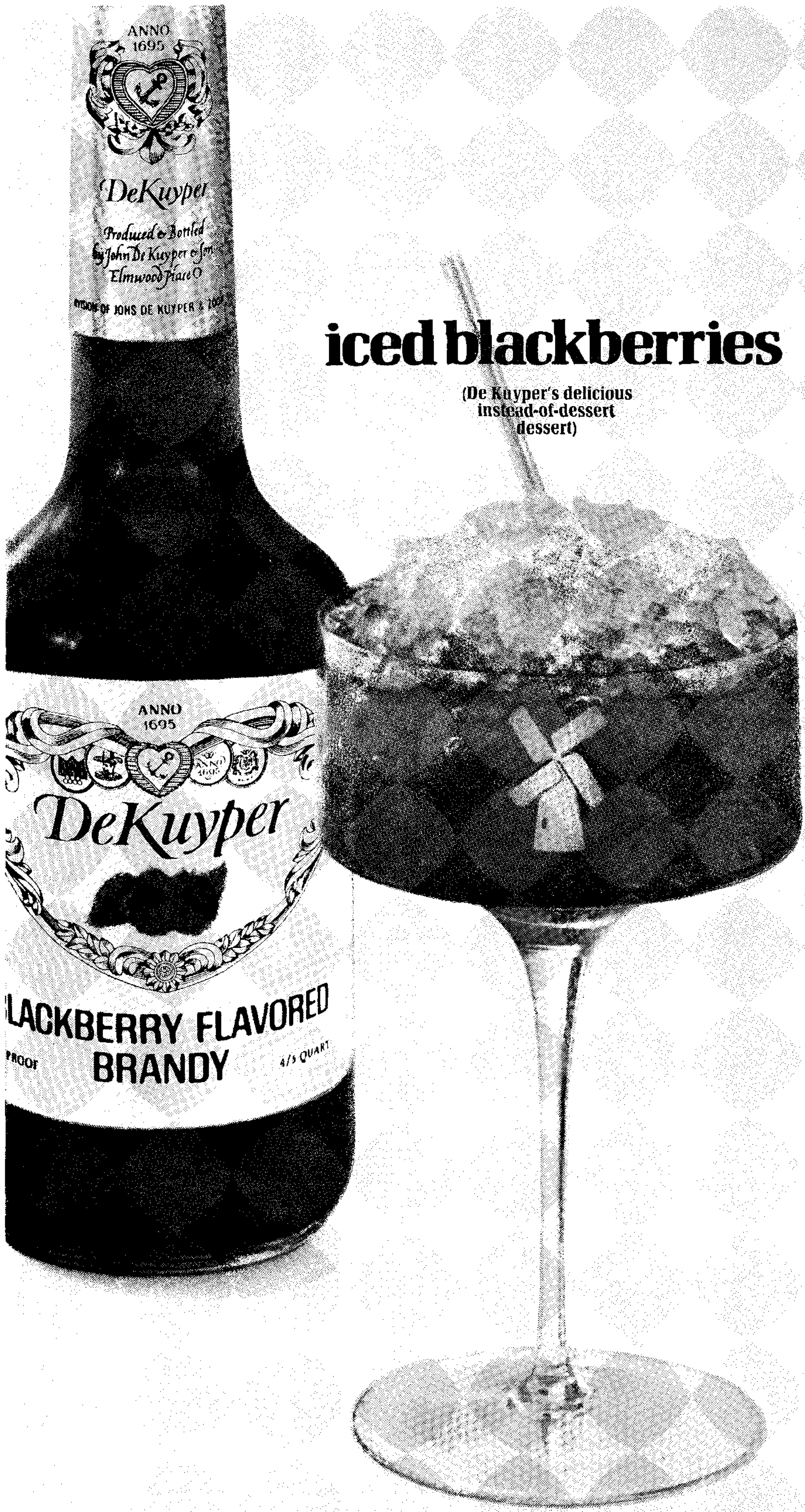

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New York, the Lennons wrote about a dozen "political" songs, most of which appeared on an album, "Some Time in New York City," last June. "The songs we wrote and sang are subjects we and most people talk about, and it was done in the tradition of minstrels (singing reporters) who sang about their times and what was happening," John wrote in a *SunDance* column. The record includes a song about John Sinclair, a song about Angela Davis, and two songs each about prison, the Irish troubles, and women's liberation. None of the songs are memorable, and there is something clumsy and dutiful about their topicality. One of them begins with these words, sung incongruously to a lullaby-like tune:

> Angela, they put you in prison,
> Angela, they shot down your man,
> Angela, you're one of the millions
> of political prisoners in the world.

For the most part, John's contributions to the album express anger and Yoko's express hope. In "The Luck of the Irish," John sings:

> Why the hell are the English there anyway,
> As they kill with God on their side?
> Blame it all on the kids and the I.R.A.!
> As the bastards commit genocide,
> Aye! Aye! Genocide!

Yoko summarizes her political wisdom in the song "We're All Water." Here is a typical verse:

> There may not be much difference
> Between Eldridge Cleaver and Queen of England
> If we bottle their tears.

THE Lennons' visas were due to expire on February 29th of this year, and in January they hired a lawyer, Leon Wildes, to do what he could to help them stay in the United States. Mr. Wildes, who is thirty-nine, was president of the Association of Immigration and Nationality Lawyers in 1971. Normally, practicing immigration law is a matter of knowing how to handle the bureaucratic machinery; in contrast to the practice of civil-liberties law, or even of ordinary criminal law, it seldom involves confrontations. The Lennons wanted, initially, nothing more than a few additional months in the country. Mr. Wildes anticipated no trouble on that score, because a first six-month extension of a tourist visa is usually granted as a matter of course. But as the deadline approached, it became clear that there would be no extension. When Mr. Wildes telephoned Sol Marks, the director of the New York

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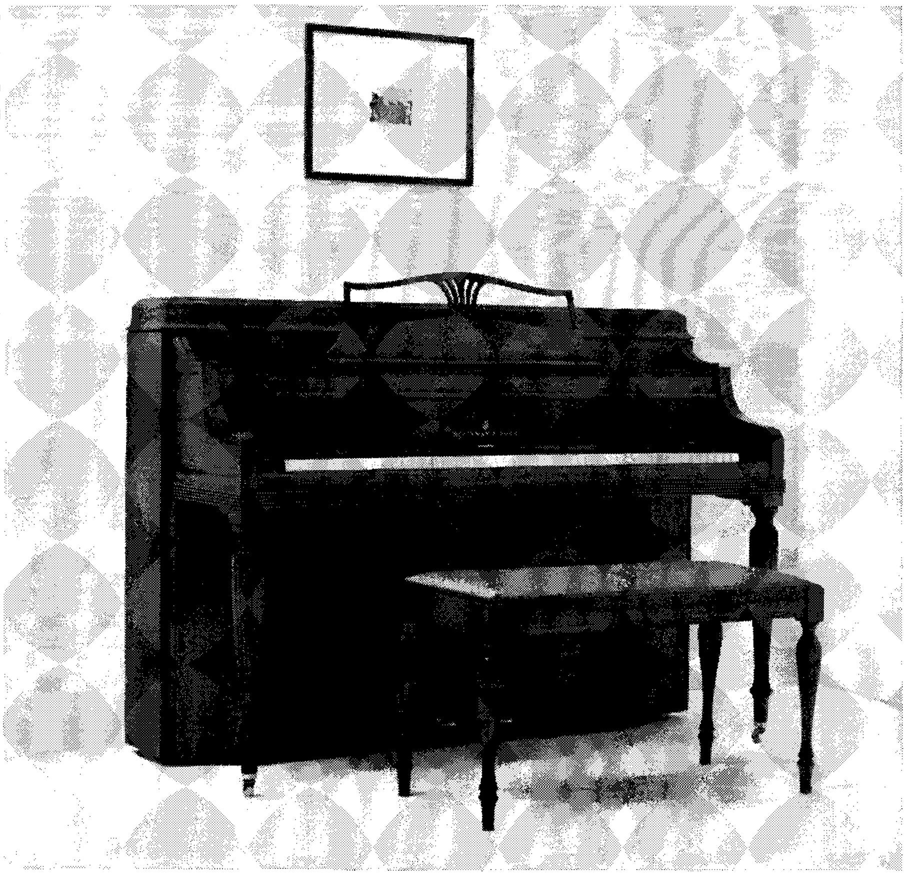
District of the Immigration Service, Mr. Marks told him that because of John's old British conviction for possession of cannabis resin an extension would be out of the question. And on March 1st the Immigration Service gave the Lennons fifteen days to get out of the country.

That day was the beginning of a frantic week for John and Yoko, their lawyers, and the immigration authorities. On March 3rd, the Domestic Relations Court in Houston rendered its decision. Judge Solito gave temporary custody of Kyoko to her mother, and ordered the absent Mr. Cox to surrender the child. The Judge pronounced himself satisfied that Yoko was willing and able to provide a "suitable environment" for Kyoko and that John would "coöperate in every way possible, necessary, and advisable" in her "proper upbringing and education." Finally, the Judge stipulated that Yoko's custody of her daughter would have to be exercised "within the territorial limits of the United States of America." This last provision made the prospect of having to leave the country far more agonizing to the Lennons, since their departure would mean the collapse—possibly for good—of their efforts to recover Kyoko.

On that same day, March 3rd, the Lennons petitioned the Immigration Service to change their administrative category from that of "nonimmigrant visitors" to that of "third-preference immigrant" visa applicants. The immigration law defines a third-preference immigrant as "an alien who is a member of the professions, or who because of his exceptional ability in the sciences or arts will substantially benefit prospectively the national economy, cultural interests or welfare of the United States." (First-preference immigrants are the unmarried children of United States citizens, and second-preference immigrants are the spouses and unmarried children of permanent resident aliens. Third-preference immigrants rank ahead of the married children and the brothers and sisters of United States citizens, and ahead of refugees.) Mr. Wildes chose this bureaucratic stratagem for his clients because it offered a way of keeping them in the country longer than twelve days. Under normal Immigration Service procedures, a visitor whose third-preference petition is approved is permitted to stay until a visa number becomes available, at which point he formally applies for status as a permanent resident. Approval of the petitions seemed to Mr. Wildes a foregone conclusion. Getting permanent-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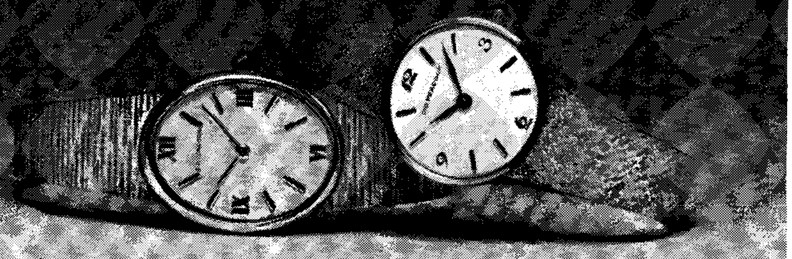

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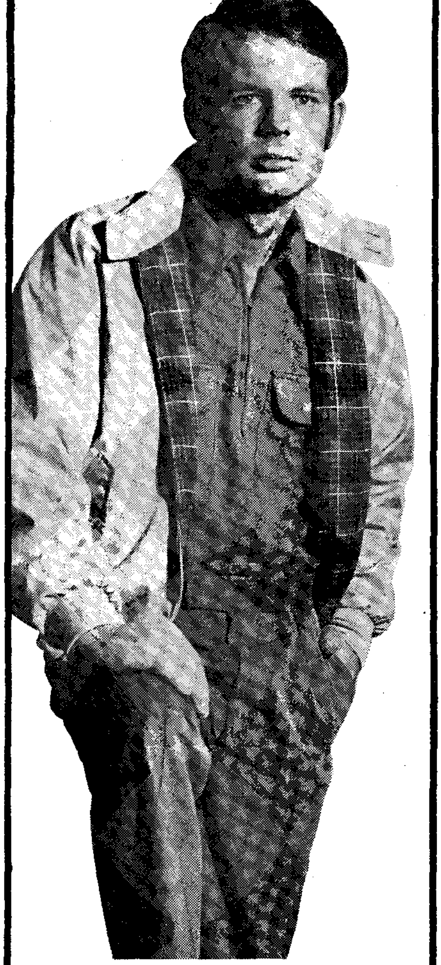

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residence status would be the hard part, since the immigration law specifically denies it to people convicted of violating "any law or regulation relating to the illicit possession of or traffic in narcotic drugs or marijuana," and John's cannabis-resin conviction seemed to fall into that category (although Mr. Wildes was prepared to argue otherwise). At any rate, the whole procedure was a way of buying time. Or so Mr. Wildes thought. But when he talked to Mr. Marks about it, Mr. Marks told him that because John was presumed to be ineligible for residence the usual practice would *not* apply to the Lennons, and they would have to leave on schedule. "In fourteen years of practicing immigration law, I'd never heard that theory," Mr. Wildes told me later. "It was sheer tommyrot."

Then, on March 6th, the Immigration Service suddenly lowered the boom. A trio of officers appeared at the door of the Lennons' apartment and presented a letter from Mr. Marks. "On March 1, 1972, we advised you in writing that you were expected to effect your departure from the United States on or before March 15, 1972," the letter said. "It is now understood that you have no intention of effecting your departure by that date. We are therefore revoking the privilege of voluntary departure as provided by existing regulations." Along with the letter, the three officers delivered written orders directing the Lennons to appear at a hearing on March 16th, and to show cause there why they should not be deported. The orders also declared that the Lennons were in the United States "without authority." The government seemed to be saying that the Lennons couldn't legally stay in the country but they also couldn't leave without disobeying a presumably legal order. (In psychiatry, this sort of conundrum is known as the double bind.)

From the government's point of view, the show-cause orders had a flaw: they failed to mention that the Lennons had been given until March 15th to leave and that nine days of this time had still not elapsed. The point was made in Mr. Marks's letter, but the letter was not a legal document. Someone at the Immigration Service noticed this omission, and the next day the three officers appeared again, with new show-cause orders. "They were falling all over themselves, they were so anxious to get rid of John and Yoko," Mr. Wildes remarked to me later. "It was almost like the Keystone Kops."

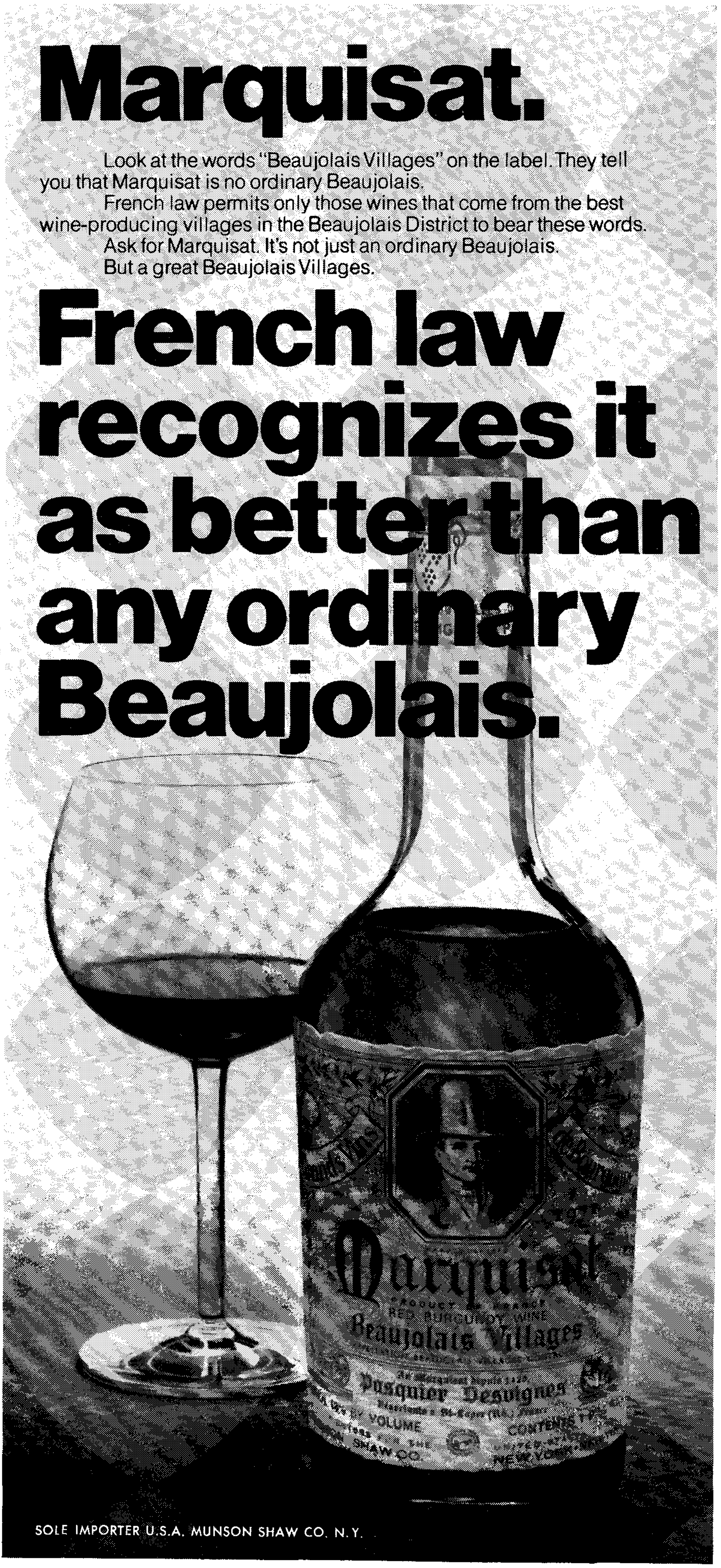
When I discussed the case with Mr. Marks, who is a vigorous man of fifty-nine and the son of immigrant parents himself, I asked him what had led him to conclude that the Lennons were not going to leave on time. "I talked to their counsel on the telephone, and he indicated that they were not planning to leave but to apply for resident visas," he said. "I put the question directly to Mr. Wildes: 'Are your clients planning to leave?' And he said no. I thought it would be fruitless to wait for the end of that fifteen days." Mr. Wildes recalled the conversation differently. "I told him I was advising the Lennons to apply for third-preference, but I didn't say they weren't planning to leave. They didn't *want* to leave, of course, but they weren't required to want to. Their intention merely had to be to comply with the order and leave within the time authorized, and not be deported. The third-preference petitions didn't contradict that, because they would want those to protect their interests even if they were going back to England."

THE Lennons' deportation hearing, which had been postponed for more than a month while Mr. Wildes unsuccessfully petitioned Mr. Marks to cancel it, finally got started on the morning of April 18th, in a small room on the fourteenth floor of the Immigration Service headquarters building, on lower West Broadway. The Lennons were dressed almost identically, in dark-blue suits, checked shirts, and nondescript ties. "We're a pair," their clothes seemed to say, "and it would be a shame to break us up." John was pale and clean-shaven. His sandy hair, combed back instead of in the tousled Beatle cut, stuck up here and there in cowlicks. Yoko, tiny and wide-faced, sat beside him at a table facing the raised desk of the Special Inquiry Officer, Ira Fieldsteel. Mr. Fieldsteel, a mild-looking man with thinning gray hair and horn-rimmed glasses, is not, strictly speaking, a judge. But he wore black robes, and he looked like one.

The Lennons were rather less flamboyantly turned out than the two lawyers who sat flanking them. The one on Yoko's left had a battered face. He wore a Norfolk-cut suit of shiny shantung, and his hair, black and wavy, was long enough to cover his collar. The one on John's right had a smoother face, and he wore a more subdued, beige spring suit. His fair hair, streaked with gray, was a trifle shorter, but his tie was wide and bold, and his glasses were modishly wire-rimmed. John and Yoko whispered amicably with both of them, apparently without distinction. It developed that the dark lawyer was Vincent Schiano, chief trial attorney for the New York District of the Immigration Service, and the fair lawyer was Mr. Wildes. An observer with nothing to go on but a silent film of the proceedings could never have guessed which of them represented the Justice Department of the Nixon Administration and which the counterculture's answer to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. The hearing was short, and the lawyers did all the talking. Mr. Wildes presented a motion to terminate the proceedings, arguing that the Immigration Service had violated its own procedures and its mandate to assist in the reunion of families. Mr. Schiano disagreed. Mr. Wildes remarked that the government seemed to be repeating the error it had made in the case of another talented Englishman, Charlie Chaplin. Mr. Fieldsteel denied Mr. Wildes' motion, and the hearing was adjourned until May 2nd.

A week after that first session of the hearing, Mr. Wildes dropped in at Immigration Service headquarters again to see what had become of the Lennons' third-preference petitions. It customarily takes between thirty and sixty days for such petitions to be processed. Fifty-three days had passed, and he hadn't heard a word about them. He inspected the Lennons' files, and the petitions weren't there. He insisted on seeing them. An hour later, they were produced, in sealed envelopes. Mr. Wildes has a certain way of stapling documents together, and it was evident to him that these hadn't been touched, although they would ordinarily have been routed to the Department of Labor three weeks after they were submitted. Mr. Wildes telephoned the Labor Department and visited the office at Immigration headquarters that handles third-preference petitions. In neither place had anyone heard of the Lennons' petitions.

Mr. Wildes decided he had better do something. The deportation hearing was scheduled to reconvene at 8:45 A.M. on May 2nd—just a week away. He put together a complaint, and on May 1st he filed it in the federal district court. At four-twenty-five that afternoon, Judge Morris E. Lasker issued an injunction against the deportation hearing, and ordered Mr. Marks to show, at ten o'clock the next morning,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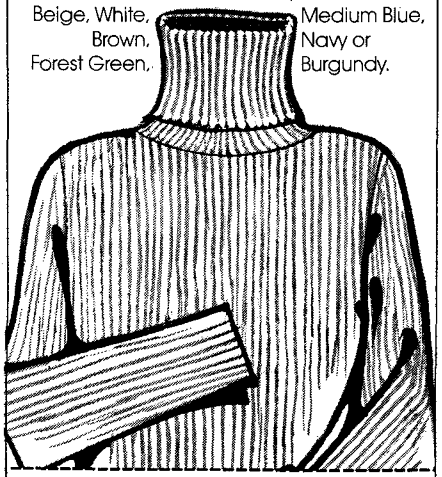

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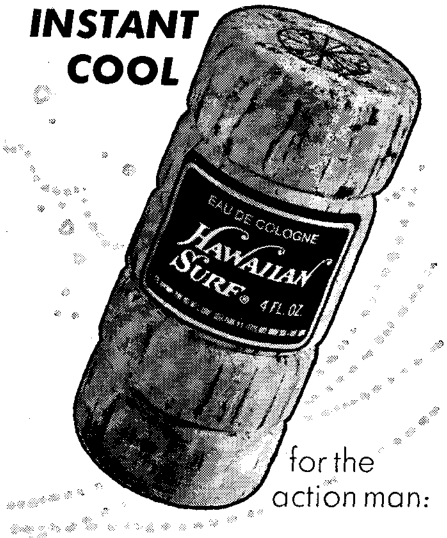
why the hearing shouldn't be stopped until the petitions were acted upon.

At ten minutes to ten the next morning, in a courtroom in the United States Courthouse in Foley Square, a government lawyer summoned Mr. Wildes to the bench and told him that Mr. Marks had just called to say that he had reached a decision. A few minutes later, Mr. Wildes was talking on the telephone with Mr. Marks. Later, Mr. Wildes told me how the conversation had gone: "I said, 'Sol, what are you going to do?' He said, 'I'm approving the petitions.' I said, 'Sol, that's wonderful, but how did you do it so quickly? The Labor Department people have to study the market, they have to call the unions—' He said, 'Don't worry about it. We did all that by phone.'" The official notification that the petitions were approved arrived the next day—exactly sixty-one days after they had been submitted.

THE deportation hearing resumed on May 12th. The hearing room—a larger one this time—was crowded. It had windows on two sides, looking out on the World Trade Center, the back of the old *World-Telegram* building, the Erie-Lackawanna piers, some punchy old warehouses, and the Hudson—a superb view, and the weather was clear. For John and Yoko, who love New York, it was a singular room in which to sit and listen to a discussion of whether they should be thrown out of the country. Mr. Fieldsteel adjusted a Dictaphone on his desk and began to talk to Mr. Wildes in a grave tone. At that moment, a powerful scent of flowers pervaded the room. The spectators—some fifty friends, reporters, and witnesses—smiled. John turned around in his chair and looked mock-sternly at the rows of people; Mr. Fieldsteel frowned and ordered the windows to be opened. The crisis passed. Later, it turned out that one of the spectators had spilled a small bottle of perfume.

This session was both about deporting the Lennons and about their applications to become permanent residents, for visa numbers in their new, third-preference category had lately become available. The government's case against Yoko remained, throughout the hearing, a mystery. Mr. Schiano did, however, have a case to present against John. He introduced as government exhibits a certificate of John's conviction for possession of cannabis resin and a copy of the British law under which he was convicted.

John's conviction is not a particular-



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ly horrendous one, as these things go. In November of 1968, he pleaded guilty to the charge and paid a hundred-and-fifty-pound fine. The offense was a misdemeanor, not a felony, and British law permitted a conviction even if the accused had no idea he was in possession of a forbidden substance. By contrast, the narcotics laws of all fifty states, Canada, and Mexico all specify that a person must be proved to have *known* he possessed a drug before he can be convicted of possessing it—a point that Mr. Wildes stressed in his brief—and British law has since been similarly amended.

In the stipulation concerning "any law or regulation relating to" the possession of narcotics or marijuana, the language of the U.S. immigration law is unusually broad, and Mr. Wildes argued, both in the hearing and in his brief, that its meaning is more limited than it sounds. He argued that the purpose of the law is not to punish pot smokers but to keep traffickers out of the country, and he pointed to the 1964 Varga v. Rosenberg case as a precedent. In that decision, a United States District Court in California ruled that a Mexican resident of the United States was not subject to deportation even though he had been convicted of being under the influence of narcotics. The court held that the aim of Congress was "to eliminate traffic in narcotics as distinguished from use," and that since all the narcotics in the defendant's possession were in his bloodstream, he obviously could not sell them.

At the time of John's arrest, he and Yoko were on a macrobiotic diet and were not taking drugs of any kind, even caffeine. They had been tipped off by newspaper friends to expect a bust, and they had given their house a thorough cleaning. Nevertheless, the arresting officer testified that he found the goods in John's binocular case. John claimed afterward that the drug had been planted. Many people found this claim implausible, since John had never made a secret of the fact that he smoked marijuana from time to time, but subsequent events have tended to lend support to the notion that he was framed. The policeman in the case, a detective sergeant with a reputation for zealousness in finding drugs in the homes of musicians (he also arrested George Harrison, another Beatle, and Lionel Bart, composer of "Oliver!"), left the Metropolitan Police last July after Scotland Yard, in connection with an unrelated case, began an investigation of his division's methods of collecting evidence. A month ago, the

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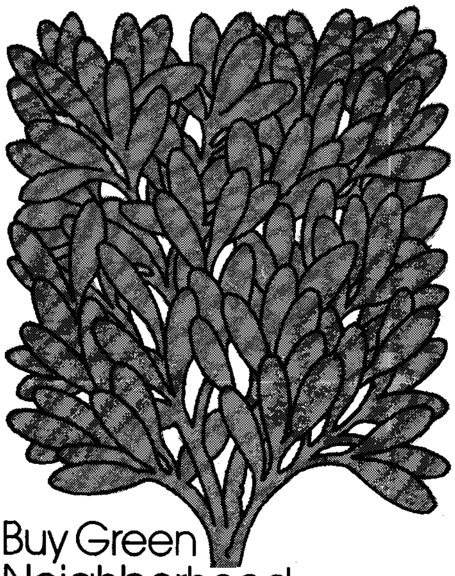

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former policeman was charged with perjury and with conspiring "to pervert the course of justice." In a letter that Mr. Wildes placed in the record, John's London solicitor noted that he planned to seek a judicial expungement of the sentence once the investigation of the policeman was over. The solicitor added that he could have presented a good defense, but that it would have depended on Yoko's testimony, and she was pregnant at the time and had a history of miscarriages. John decided to plead guilty, pay the fine, and be done with it. But Yoko miscarried anyway, and John, of course, is far from done with it.

Mr. Wildes argued that in view of John's apparent ignorance that he had a drug he could hardly have been trafficking in it. He also argued that the law, in specifying that possession be "illicit," requires felonious possession, or at least possession with knowledge, and that to deport John for a conviction that would be void under American law would be to deny him the due process of law. Mr. Wildes also had an ingenious technical argument, and to buttress it he called Dr. Lester Grinspoon as his first outside witness at the hearing. Dr. Grinspoon, a professor of psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School and author of the book "Marihuana Reconsidered," knows as much as anyone about the hemp plant and the pharmacological products derived from it. He had a great deal to say—for instance, he described the harvesting of hashish by Nepalese farmers, who run through the hemp fields collecting the gummy substance on their naked or leather-clad bodies—but the nub of his testimony came when Mr. Wildes asked him, "Dr. Grinspoon, is cannabis resin marijuana?"

"No, cannabis resin is not marijuana," Dr. Grinspoon replied.

"Is cannabis resin a narcotic drug?"

"No, cannabis resin is not a narcotic drug."

Dr. Grinspoon went on to explain that marijuana is "the cut pistolate tops and small leaves, usually mixed with stems and seeds." Cannabis resin, he explained, is the sticky exudate of the plant—the substance commonly known as hashish. Mr. Wildes argued that the immigration law, which contains no definition of either narcotic drugs or marijuana, should be narrowly interpreted. The law, he said, doesn't talk about hashish or cannabis resin, only about narcotics and marijuana, so John's conviction doesn't come under it. "Of course, it's a technicality," he said later to a group of reporters. "But they're trying to deport my clients on a technicality."

In support of the Lennons' applications for visas as permanent residents, Mr. Wildes produced an impressive succession of character witnesses. The first was the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Thomas H. P. Hoving, a tall, sinuous man with a manner as aristocratic as it is possible to have and still be an American. "I first came across Mr. Lennon in 1966," Mr. Hoving said. "I was partly responsible for bringing Mr. Lennon and the other members of the group the Beatles to Shea Stadium, of which, as Parks Commissioner, I was the landlord. I took my young daughter, who was, I think, put into a state of catatonia for several hours after she met them. Mr. Lennon's fine basic character has remained unchanged over the years, but the artistic nature of his work has undergone a remarkable change for the better. Few people in the past ten years in any of the arts—painting, sculpture, architecture—have contributed as much as Mr. Lennon." Mr. Hoving smiled faintly at Mr. Fieldsteel, and continued, "Artists throughout all time have acted in ways that those of us who are on the bureaucratic side of life may find a little strange." Offhandedly, without providing any particulars, he mentioned the example of Georges de Latour, and heads nodded sagely around the room. "I would say that if Mr. Lennon were a painting he would be hanging in the Metropolitan Museum, benevolently on the wall," Mr. Hoving concluded. "I am less familiar with Miss Ono, but I know that she has done a great deal of very serious and sincere artistic work."

Dick Cavett, wearing a green sports coat, was next. "My opinion is that the Lennons are an important artistic presence in this country," he said, and several spectators tittered, perhaps out of habit. "They seem to be a kind of stimulus to members of the artistic community. They are an inspiration not only to other artists but to young people—if I'm not rambling on too long—to young people in danger of falling into apathy."

A young lawyer named Eric Schnapper, special assistant to the chairman of the Committee on Drug Abuse of the Young Lawyers Section of the American Bar Association—"funded by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the Department of

Justice," he noted pointedly—testified that the Lennons had offered to play a series of college benefits for his organization.

James Harithas, big and lanky, the director of the Everson Museum, said he "would like and absolutely need their help and advice for at least a two-year period" in connection with a series of community projects growing out of Yoko's retrospective.

"I first met Yoko in 1961 or so," said Norman Seaman, a short, red-bearded man who is a theatrical and concert producer. "Some said she belonged in an insane asylum, others praised her depth of imagination. I found her a person of unusually deep humanity. If her present troubles were written down, it would be a real tear-jerker, sort of a Stella Dallas story—a woman looking for her child, being cross-examined in a courtroom as to her right to stay with her husband." Mr. Wildes interrupted to ask Mr. Seaman's impression of the Lennons' life style, and Mr. Seaman said, "I would say that they're almost square. They get up and they eat and they go to work. They work harder and longer than most people."

Kenneth Dewey, a rangy artist with a magnificent beard and a bald head, presented a sheaf of petitions opposing the deportation of the Lennons. The petitions had been circulated by the National Committee for John and Yoko (of which Mr. Dewey was chairman until his death, last August, in an airplane crash). The committee, started by a group of artist friends of Yoko's, had acquired the support of scores of prominent artists, curators, gallery owners, art critics, writers, poets, musicians, and actors. The artists included Joseph Cornell, Willem de Kooning, Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Louise Nevelson, Claes Oldenburg, Robert Rauschenberg, Larry Rivers, James Rosenquist, and Jack Tworkov; the writers, Saul Bellow, John Cheever, Joseph Heller, Norman Mailer, Henry Miller, Joyce Carol Oates, John Updike, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and the late Edmund Wilson; the poets, Robert Creeley, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg, Stanley Kunitz, May Sarton, Karl Shapiro, W. D. Snodgrass, and James Wright; the musicians, David Amram, Leonard Bernstein, Ornette Coleman, Bob Dylan, George Kleinsinger, Nina Simone, and Virgil Thomson; the actors, Fred Astaire, Claire Bloom, Diahann Carroll, Tony Curtis, Ben Gazzara, and Jack Lemmon.

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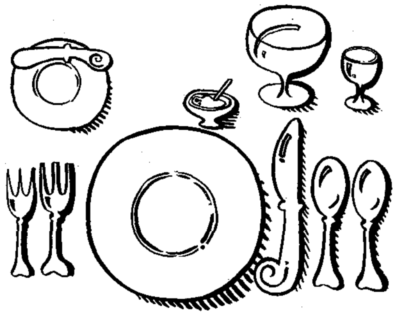

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two favorite pieces of paper are a telegram to the Immigration Service from Leonard Woodcock, the president of the United Auto Workers, and a remarkable statement issued by the American Center of P.E.N., the world association of poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists. Mr. Woodcock's telegram begins, "It would be an outrage and a tragedy for this country if John Lennon and Yoko Ono are deported." The P.E.N. statement, which was written by Allen Ginsberg, is as follows:

> It is with great pleasure that we wish to add P.E.N. American Center's great Roc's voice to the vast chorus of poetic larks and Ambassadorial Editorial Owls who've already raised cries throbbing to Heav'n that American shores, woods and lakes not be banned to the great Swan of Liverpool, John Lennon poet musician (in the line of descent of Campion, Waller and Dowland, fellow language-ayre minstrels celebrated in the great tree of Britain's poesy) and his paramour-wif conceptual Authoress Yoko Ono, birds of a feather.
>
> Such mighty creatures as these who've winged oer Atlantic's deeps to Mannahatta Isle are threatened to be cast hence for once consuming hemp leafs in their home nesting ground. So tiny a natural peccadillo, and so great a cage, as large as the world, to keep them out of America!
>
> May all the chorus of singing creatures on Turtle Island (North America) bid them welcome to stay immegrant here including even the lonely near-extinct Federal Bald Eagle.

After Mr. Dewey had stepped down from the witness chair, Mr. Schiano shook his head exasperatedly and said, "Look. The government could produce lists of people who have written in, too, from a different point of view. Let's keep this a trial, not an election."

The last character witness for the Lennons was Allen Klein, their business manager, a gruff New Yorker who looks like a foreshortened prizefighter. "The Lennons have extensive holdings in the U.S.," he said. "Their businesses do an annual gross business of fifty million dollars. A hundred to a hundred and fifty families depend on them for their livelihood. The economic benefits to this country are great and would be greater if they were allowed to live here and watch over their interests." Mr. Klein, who is not normally given to tender sentiments, grew reflective. "To separate this couple, I think, is not really human," he said. "That woman who stands there in the harbor with her torch would not want to separate this type of people."

The hearing was adjourned until May 17th, and the Lennons held a brief news conference. It took place, oddly, in the grubby office of the man

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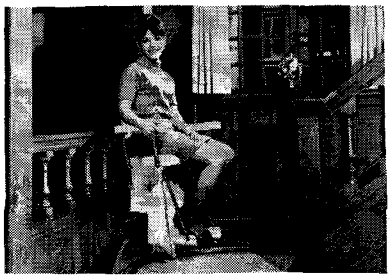

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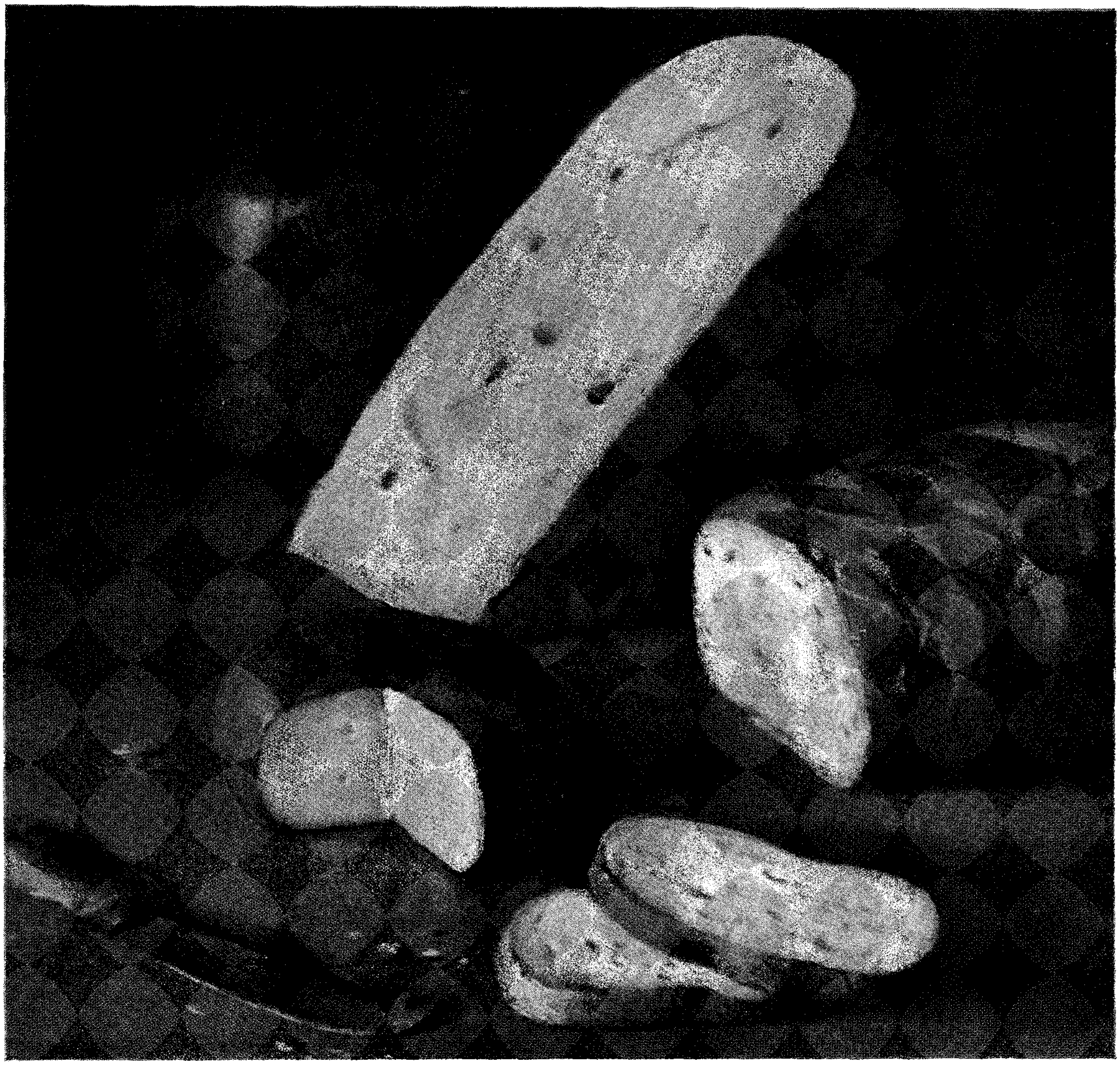

"Holland Edam, Gouda, and Baby Gouda" by Burton Silverman

HOLLAND
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charged with prosecuting the case against them, Mr. Schiano, who stood behind his desk, smiling benevolently throughout.

"What will you do if you're deported and Yoko isn't?" a reporter asked John.

"I'll hover in a helicopter ten feet off the ground, or in a boat paddling in the Hudson," he said.

Someone asked why they didn't flood the country with leaflets with Kyoko's picture on them, and John said, "We're wary of asking for public help. There are a lot of cranks, and we don't want to put her in a precarious position. We get a lot of crank calls as it is, and, of course, we have to follow them all up. It's not a federal case, so we can't call in the F.B.I. People think we're not doing anything about Kyoko because they read about us doing other things, but rest assured that ninety per cent of our time and energy is spent looking for her."

"Would you choose to stay here even if there were no problem with Kyoko?" another reporter asked.

"I would like to stay in America, yes," John said. "Yoko was brought up and educated here, and she's made a convert of me. New York is like Paris in the old days. I always used to dream about van Gogh and everybody being there together. Now everyone's in New York. I love a lot of places, like France, but New York is more like Liverpool. Even the Brooklyn accent is like Liverpudlian—'cawfee.' New York and Liverpool are both full of tough people. They're both near the water. I'll go back home when I'm eighty, to Cornwall, maybe, or Wales. We all go home to die, like elephants. But I'd like to spend a few decades around the world first."

"Would you bring Kyoko up as an American?"

"I would like her to become an international person," Yoko said. "The best world is world of no passports, no visas. I don't hope to bring her up as a fanatic nationalist, if that's what you mean."

"John, would you want to become an American citizen?"

"Citizen, citizen, it's a piece of paper. People are people, wherever. It's all red, white, and blue anyway, isn't it?"

AT the third and final session of the hearing, five days later, the only witnesses were John and Yoko. Holding hands and looking rather wan, they again sat between the contending lawyers. Mr. Fieldsteel seemed more relaxed and less stern. "I know it's not a big matter," he said, smiling, "but the

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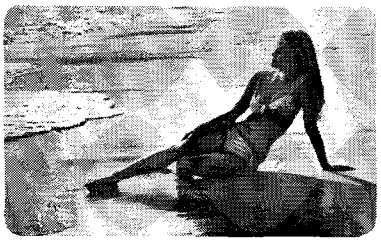

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fees have to be paid on these visa applications. Twenty-five dollars each, please."

Mr. Wildes fired off two more Establishmentarian salvos, in the form of a letter from Mayor Lindsay and an affidavit from William David Ormsby-Gore, Lord Harlech, former British Ambassador to the United States. Mayor Lindsay's letter, addressed to Raymond F. Farrell, the Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, in Washington, noted that the Lennons "have personally told me of their love for New York City and that they wish to make it their home," and continued, "The only question which is raised against these people is that they do speak out with strong and critical voices on major issues of the day. If this is the motive underlying the unusual and harsh action taken by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, then it is an attempt to silence Constitutionally protected First Amendment rights." Lord Harlech's deposition was nothing if not lordly. "It may be that there is a theory that no danger arises for the United States of America if someone resides there for six months but that the danger does arise if he stays for seven months or longer," he wrote. "This argument is so obviously ludicrous that I make no further comment on it. . . . As a life-long friend of the United States of America, I reject the suggestion that the most powerful democratic country in the world whose whole constitution is based on individual freedom and human rights could believe for one moment that it might be subverted by the presence of a single young artist."

John took the stand, and Mr. Wildes' direct examination began in a traditional fashion. "Mr. Lennon," he asked, "have you ever been a member of the Communist Party or of any group whose purpose may be to overthrow the government?"

"No," said John Lennon.

"Are there any activities for which your continued presence or continued joint presence in this country is required?"

"There are many, from recording talent discovered here, to Yoko's own art work, to a few universities that want us to go and lecture on music and art and things generally. Our most important activity is looking for Kyoko. That's what we're really doing, and that's what we have planned until we find her."

Mr. Fieldsteel asked John whether he would leave the country voluntarily if given that opportunity. "Well, I wouldn't do anything that wasn't legal," he said, and glanced at his lawyer. "I wouldn't do anything he didn't advise me to do." Then he turned back to Mr. Fieldsteel. He talked briefly about the search for Kyoko, and he said, "I don't know if there's any mercy to plead for, because we are not in a federal court, but if there is any, I'd like it, please, for both of us and our child."

In his cross-examination, Mr. Schiano asked John a series of questions about his business interests and tax arrangements, and it quickly became plain that John's grasp of them was rather shaky. "I own one-fourth of Apple," he said firmly, but beyond that he grew vague. "I don't know—it's very complicated. I think it all has to go to England first. Whatever it is, I've just got lawyers that do it. I sign things sometimes. . . . Some of Apple's lawyers don't understand it themselves."

"Would you have any objection if the federal government took a hand in trying to find Kyoko?" Mr. Schiano asked.

"All we ask is that whatever be done be done quietly, without fanfare. We're frightened of her becoming a famous child."

Yoko followed her husband to the stand, and, after denying membership in the Communist Party, said, in her faintly singsong voice, which is like that of a small, solemn girl, that her aunt and several of her cousins as well as her daughter are American citizens. Mr. Wildes asked her to talk about Kyoko's disappearance, and she said, "I was afraid that if I made this incident public it would affect my child later, and hurt her. I only did it after looking for her for two years. I still feel if I had any choice about it I would never have done anything to make it public. It's going to hurt her later to know her parents had fought over her in court." Yoko's eyes filled with tears. "I think my ex-husband took my daughter away because she was developing a close relationship with my husband, John Lennon," she said. "Without my husband's support and efforts to console me, I could not carry on. We have followed all the leads. We have hired private detectives. But as soon as we arrived someplace, because we are famous everybody would know we were there and my ex-husband would go away again. The ironical thing is that the position we are in, which is considered to be a powerful position, is working against us."

Mr. Fieldsteel asked Yoko whether she would still want to be a permanent resident of the United States if John's application should be denied. "You're asking me to choose between my husband and my child," she said. "I don't think you can ask any human being to do such a thing."

The hearing ended, the Lennons disappeared briefly to be fingerprinted for their visa applications, and the flock of reporters waited for them in Mr. Schiano's office. Mr. Schiano was not trying particularly hard to conceal his lack of enthusiasm for deporting the Lennons—he is, he said, another Beatle fan among millions—but, as the reporters idly asked him questions to pass the time, he grew a trifle uncomfortable. Someone asked him if he thought it was really such a good idea to kick John Lennon out of the country, and he said, "What I think isn't the point. I feel that the law bars him from becoming a permanent resident. The law allows no discretion at this point, and that's it. Even if we loved the Lennons, we couldn't do anything about that."

"Maybe the law should be changed, then," a reporter suggested.

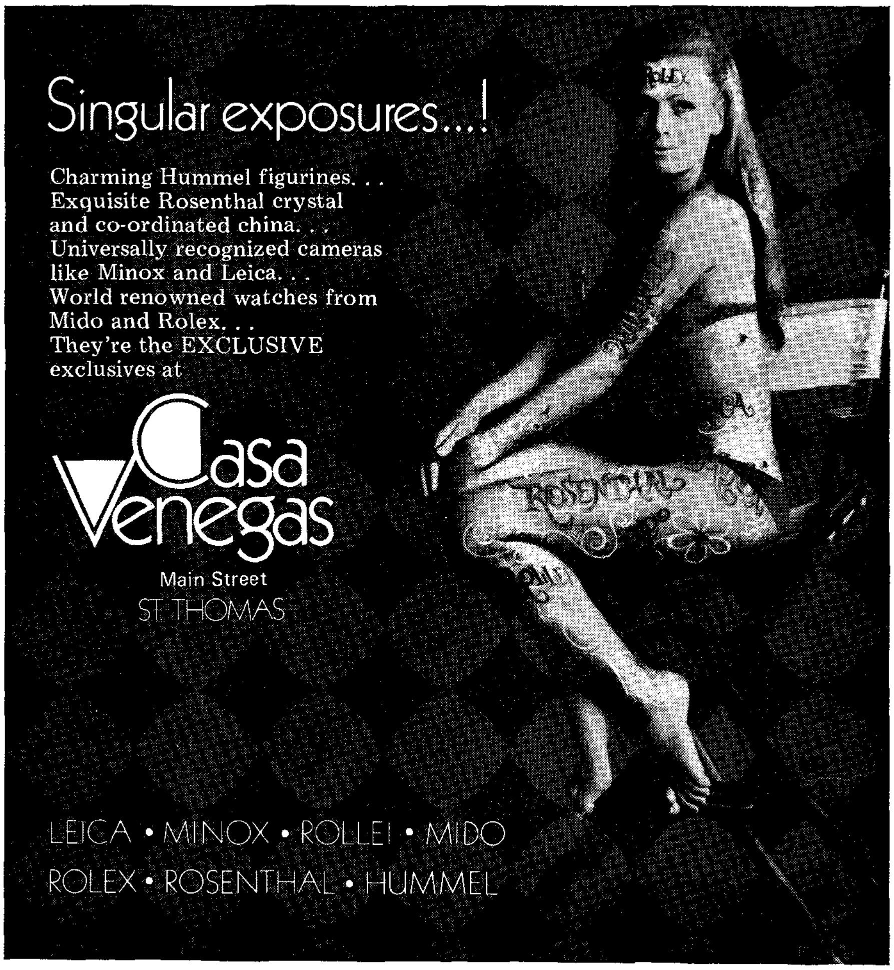
"Well, a bill was introduced in Congress to give us the right to choose between the good guys and the bad guys on something like this. I mean, if we know a guy is a big drug dealer but the only conviction on his record is for possession of marijuana, we ought to be able to deport him. But if it's just a kid who got himself busted for a joint, that's something different."

The reporters asked more questions, and finally Mr. Schiano mumbled, as if to himself, "You know the old saying—sometimes the best guarantee of civil liberties is the inefficiency of government." Then he said, "I think I'd better stop talking. I'm still healing from some old wounds. I've had to sue for every promotion I've gotten."

The Lennons entered, and Mr. Schiano looked relieved. "Tell you what," he said to John. "I'll go to Tittenhurst"—Tittenhurst is the Lennons' country house in England—"and you take my job."

"Maybe you got a deal there," said John.

ON July 1st, Leon Wildes filed a fourteen-thousand-word brief in behalf of John and Yoko. Mr. Schiano, who decided to wait for the transcript of the hearings to be typed, did not sub-



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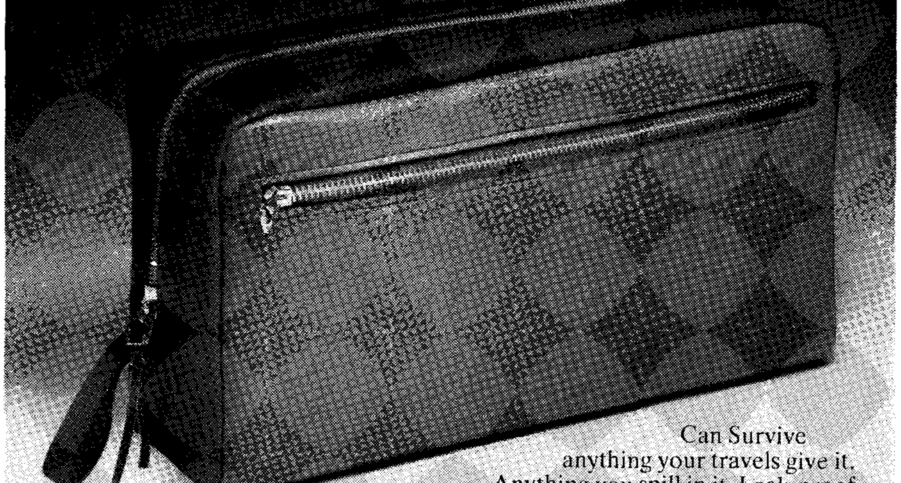

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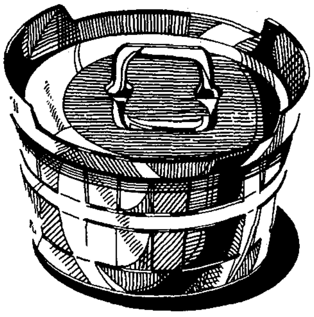

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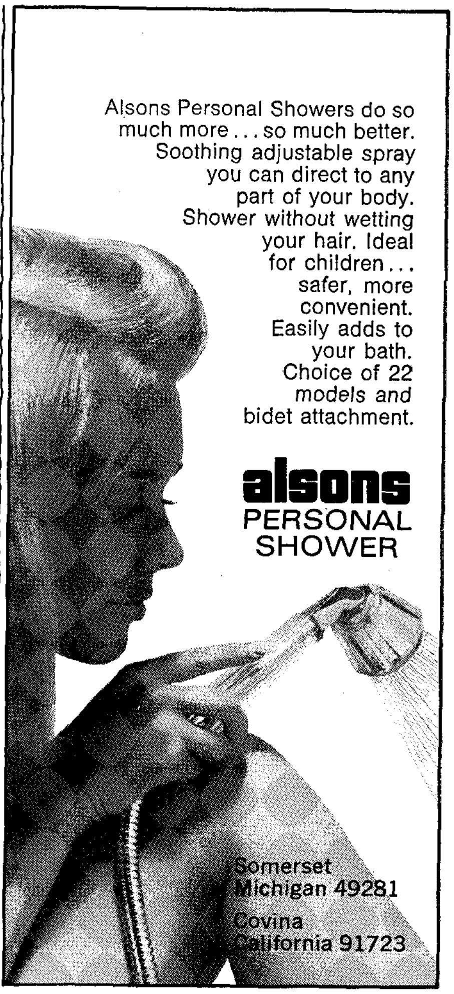
mit the government's brief until about three weeks ago. It was short—two thousand words—and was limited to the points that the hearing officer, Mr. Fieldsteel, is empowered by the law to decide. Mr. Schiano devoted most of his brief to John's drug conviction. He contended that to overlook it because it might not be acceptable under American law would clog the immigration-hearing system by throwing every foreign conviction into question on one basis or another, and he argued that the Narcotics Control Act's definition of marijuana, which includes cannabis resin, or hashish, is the one that applies. "Marijuana has become the universal term in the United States for the plant known as Cannabis sativa," he wrote. "To say that, therefore, Congress intended to bar only possession of the plant Cannabis sativa (and not its parts or extracts) is to say that Congress intended only to bar possession of a plant which grows four to sixteen feet in height, and which, by itself, causes injury only by hitting someone with it."

Mr. Wildes will have an opportunity to answer the government's brief, and Mr. Fieldsteel will probably render his decision sometime around the first of February. It is likely that Yoko's application for permanent residence will be approved; even Mr. Marks, the New York District director of the Immigration Service, is now not so sure it was a good idea to try to deport her. "We admit we maybe acted a bit hastily on that one," he told me recently. "But they wanted to ride together." If John loses—and he probably will, though his chances are better than they were at the start—Mr. Wildes will take his case to the Board of Immigration Appeals, in Washington, and, if necessary, to the federal courts. The appeals process could take years, and as long as it continues, John will be obliged to remain in the United States if he wants to preserve his chances of eventual success. It could easily happen that the government's attempt to deport John Lennon will have the paradoxical effect of forcing him to remain in this country longer and more continuously than he otherwise might have.

In the six and a half months since the deportation hearing ended, Anthony Cox, his wife, and the daughter of his marriage to Yoko have still not turned up. George P. Kendall, Mr. Cox's father-in-law, told me last week that he and Mrs. Kendall have not seen them since last Christmas Eve and do not know where they are. The Kendalls received a letter from their daughter in February and another in September,



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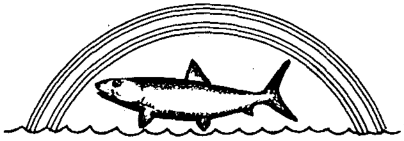

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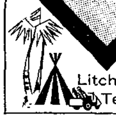

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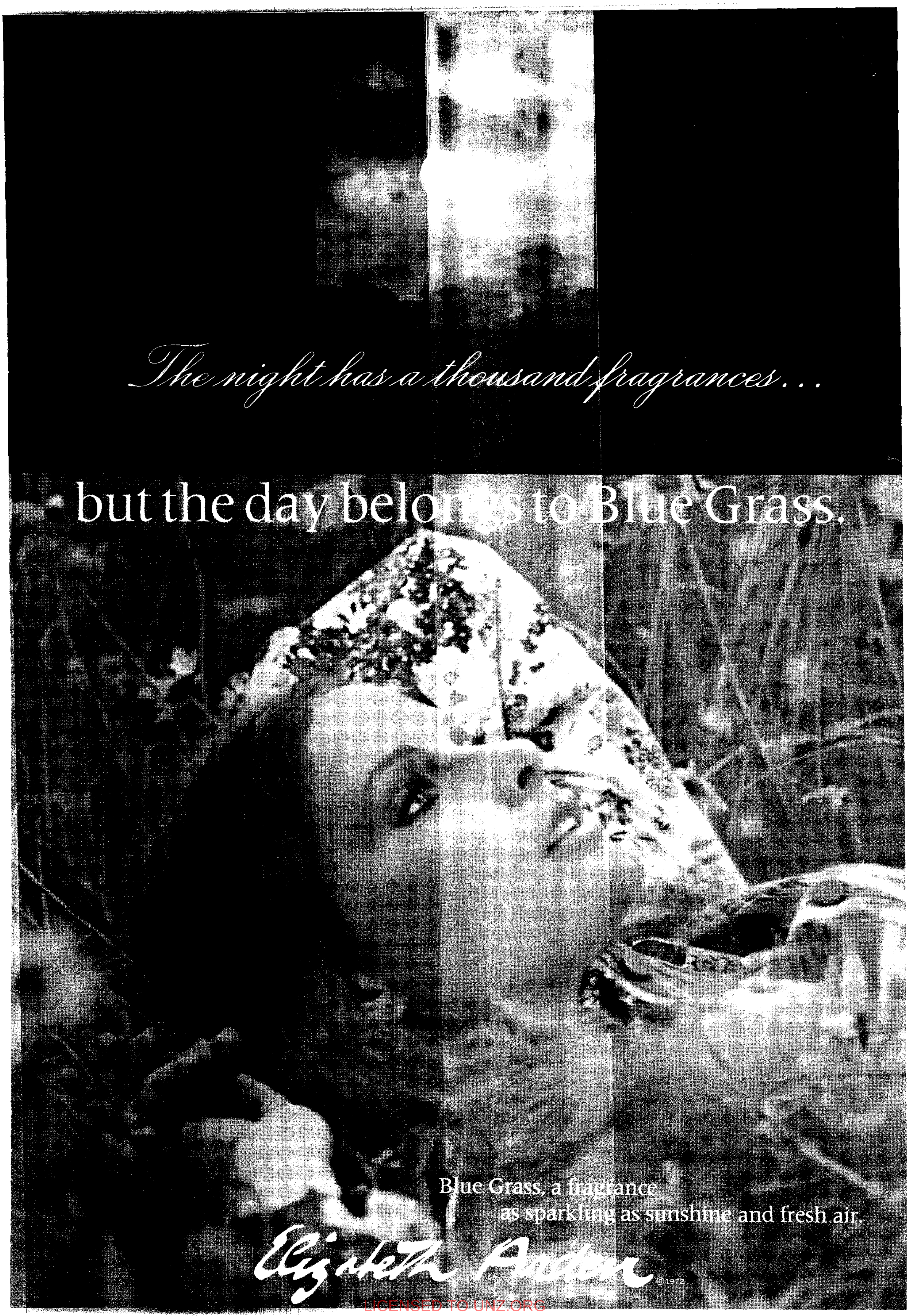
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both postmarked Houston and both assuring them that she, her husband, and Kyoko (whom the Coxes now call Rosemary) were well and happy. "Tony is obsessed with the fear that the Lennons would not return the child," Mr. Kendall said. "He has dedicated his life to what he believes is right for the safety of that child."

When Yoko and I discussed her feelings about being separated from her daughter, she said, "I was never a possessive mother. I just want to be given a chance to help Kyoko's situation. I think she needs to know that she's wanted by both parents. Through the pain of this experience, I have started to go back to what I believed in before I had my own child, which is that all children belong to all of us. The exclusive ownership of children is connected with nationalism and capitalism and bad things like that. A child is brought up with family pride and taught to believe it's different and better, when really it's not. I used to think it would be nice if all people interested in bringing up children would register, and when a child is born it would be given three sets of parents of all different kinds—maybe a politician, a farmer, and a fisherman—and it could always change them. I'm thinking that way now again."

Yoko said that her private detectives had been unable to find Kyoko, but she seemed certain that the child was with her father and was in good health. I asked her what she would do if she did locate Kyoko, and she said, "I certainly would not send someone to sneak her away. I would ask someone both Tony and I respect—Dick Gregory, perhaps—to go and talk with him and try to work out a better situation. I know that Tony is very close to her, and I'm not about to try to cut that relationship off."

I asked Yoko why she had not filed a charge of kidnapping against Mr. Cox or tried in some other way to get the assistance of the law-enforcement authorities in recovering her child. "Kyoko has had enough traumatic experiences without the police coming to grab her father," she said. "Remember, I once before pushed this to the point where Tony went to jail. I feel guilty about that now, because it didn't help, and it upset Kyoko very much. And please remember, in the story of Solomon it was the *real* mother who gave up her child rather than let it be cut in half."

THE government's determination to deport the Lennons has badly frightened them, and they have largely

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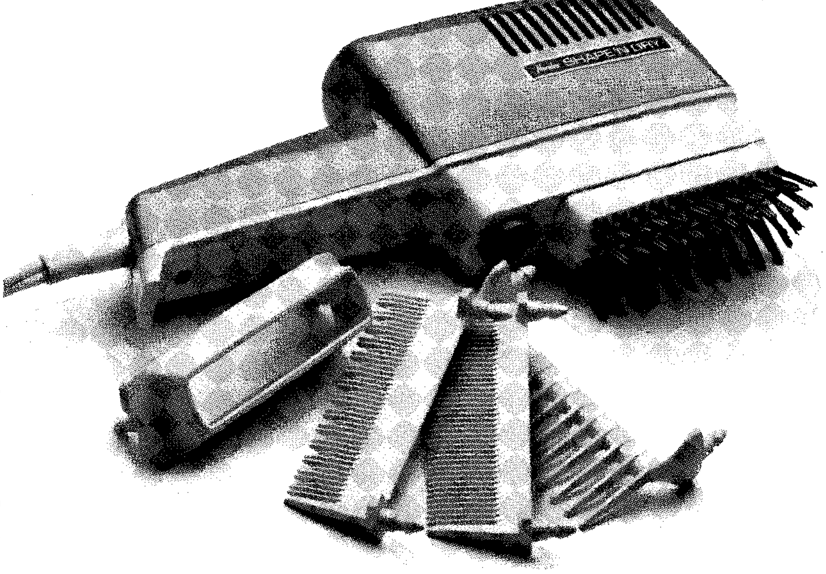

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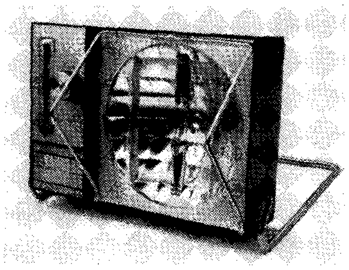

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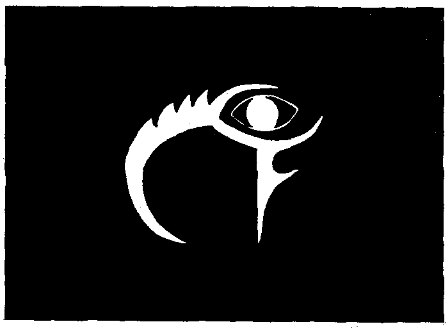

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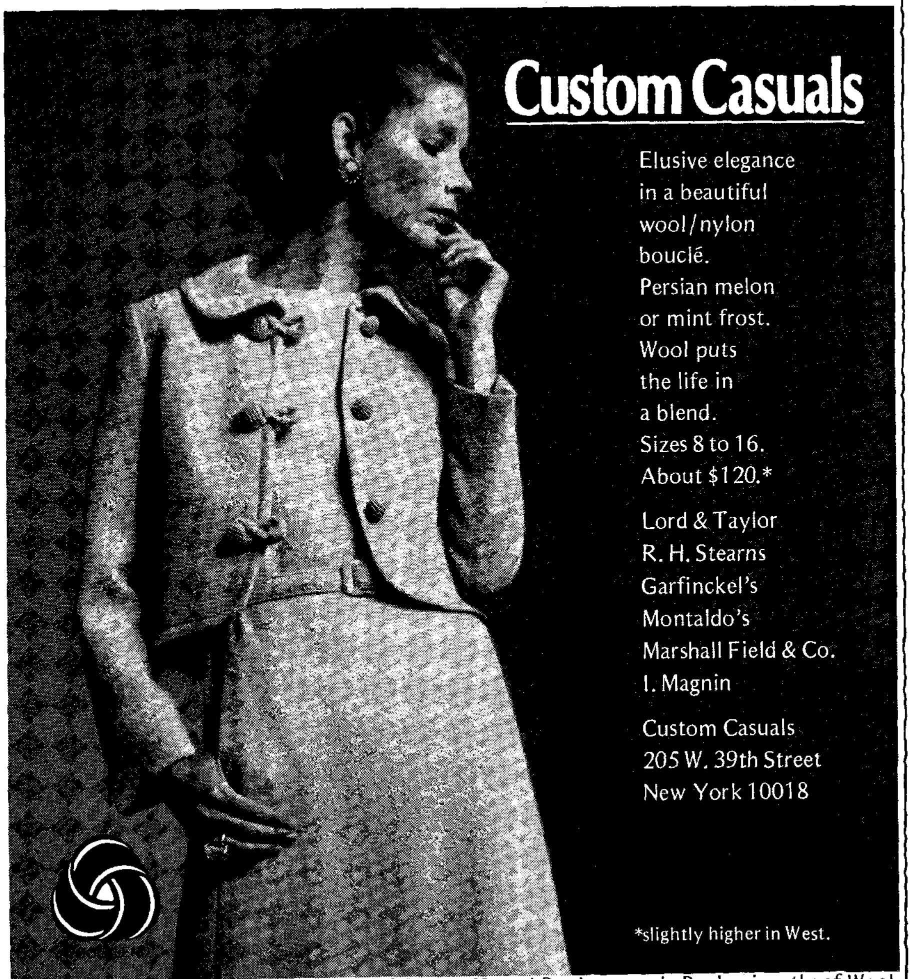

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withdrawn from political activity. They would have liked to help in the McGovern campaign—as another foreigner, Melina Mercouri, actually did—but they did not want to anger the Administration any more than necessary. They are convinced that they are being watched, and their telephones tapped, by government agents, and they are afraid of the consequences of saying or doing anything controversial. Their second concert performance of their current stay, at Madison Square Garden on August 30th, was a benefit to raise money for the care of mentally retarded children.

It is possible, of course, that the government's treatment of the Lennons has been motivated solely by a desire to enforce the law and protect the American public from drugs. Mr. Marks told me that the government's course of action was determined by him, and that his superiors in Washington approved but did not dictate his decisions. In theory, Mr. Marks had the authority to select options other than the hard line that was chosen. He could, for example, have recommended the renewal of the Lennons' visitor's visas; he could have marked their cases "nonpriority"—a common practice in the overburdened Immigration Service—thereby effectively holding up action on them; or he could have cancelled the deportation proceedings, on the ground that they were endangering the unity of a family, an action he has had the nominal statutory authority to take at any time. Immigration lawyers who have worked with Mr. Marks in the past think that his approach to the Lennons' case has been uncharacteristic of him, and it is at least open to question whether he would have proceeded in quite the way he did without some guidance from his superiors in the Department of Justice and the Nixon Administration. The Lennons' deportation case may be some sort of wildly inefficient political persecution, or it may be a simple law-enforcement case or just a routine bureaucratic nightmare. Whatever it is, John and Yoko are thinking twice before going on any more demonstrations.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Terpsichore's Touch

WHY, they ask me, do you so much enjoy living in New York? And I reply that from rooms high above the Hudson I look into light that makes each day a visual adventure, or that after years of Kensington's traffic stench and jet-loud skies New York seems the most serene of great cities to work and walk in. And if those are deemed reasons insufficient I add that the New York City Ballet also lives and works here. Imagine a world in which Mozart's music was played regularly in only one town, by an ensemble directed by its composer, while in other places it could be enjoyed only when that ensemble made one of its rare foreign tours—apart from a few performances of a few compositions (as it were, *his* "Apollo," "Serenade," "Night Shadow," "Palais de Cristal") scattered through the repertory of local troupes. What person to whom music matters would not wish to spend long months in that town? What person to whom ballet matters cannot wish to spend long months in New York? There are other composers than Mozart, other ballet-makers than George Balanchine. But each is central to his art.

Ballet began when Terpsichore touched Apollo's finger, as on the Sistine ceiling God touches Adam's, and inspired a pas de deux in which movement became form and bodies learned to speak and sing—a pas de deux that whenever it is reënacted holds implicit in its plastic images all dance, past, present, and future. This symbolic moment outside time, when Terpsichore joined her sisters Polyhymnia and Calliope on equal terms, was first shaped in mortal history on June 12, 1928, on the stage of the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt in Paris; in cold print it is recorded just before rehearsal-figure sixty-four of Stravinsky's score "Apollo Musagetes." The Stravinsky-Balanchine "Apollo" is missing on the bills of the current City Ballet season, but there are many other works of that marvellous partnership, including two new masterworks that were made for the company's Stravinsky Festival earlier this year—"Violin Concerto" and "Duo Concertant." Balanchine had used the Violin Concerto before, for "Balustrade," a de Basil ballet of 1941. A phrase of Edwin Denby's about that ballet lingers in my mind—"the wonderfully sensual acrobatics of the middle section" (but it was in the outer movements that he traced the start of Balanchine's "direct new classicism")—and eight minutes of it linger on film in the New York Public Library's Dance Collection at Lincoln Center. Stravinsky recalled "Balustrade" as "one of the most satisfactory visualizations of any of my works" (adding in parenthesis Hofmannsthal's remark to Strauss: "Ballet is perhaps the only form of art which permits real, intimate collaboration between two people gifted with visual imagination"). Yet a more precise bodily articulation of Stravinsky's score than the new "Violin Concerto" could not be conceived. The composer declared that by making his "Movements" visible Balanchine had advanced the acceptance of that score by at least a decade. "Violin Concerto," like "Orpheus," like "Agon," seems almost to flow from a single mind, an entity called Stravinsky-Balanchine. The opening toccata is built with a double subject (two couples)—used not in the sonata-form manner of the soloist and couple in the first movement of "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" but in shifting relationships, like the two contrasted musical themes that either soloist or orchestra can play. The first aria is a breathtaking two-part invention for more or less equal "voices," Karin von Aroldingen and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous; the second is a lyrical cantilena in which Kay Mazzo's melody is supported, and shaped, by Peter Martins. The choreography discovers a playfulness in the music unheard in straight concert accounts. Stravinsky smiles most often when he is in performance with Balanchine; flashes of wit pass between the two men, in "Violin Concerto" as they do in "Agon." The audience observes them; the players and dancers remain intent on their tasks, smiling no more than does a piano at some sly sally of the pianist.

The solo-instrumental part of "Violin Concerto" was admirably played by Joseph Silverstein. Musicians who plan to play Stravinsky should study Balanchine, definer of impetus, clarifier of textures, master of counterpoint and of subtle variation. "Accompanying" dance is a task some performers think beneath them, but during a Balanchine ballet one is apt to hear music more intently than in the concert hall—and, with Balanchine to inspire them, Lamar Alsop and Gordon Boelzner, violin and piano, gave, I swear, a more elegant, stylish, and cogent account of Stravinsky's Duo Concertant than did Rafael Druian and Michel Beroff at their Philharmonic Hall recital, in October. The relations between sonic and visual imagery, readily experienced, are seldom straightforward, rarely as plain as in the "Bransle Simple" of "Agon" (a canon for two trumpets, and for two boys). How often Balanchine's work makes me wish that I could read dance notation, and that his compositions were available in print, to be studied and savored at leisure!

In Stravinsky's career, the Duo Concertant followed directly on the Violin Concerto and continued, with chamber forces, that vein of rhythmicized lyricism. Formally, Balanchine's "Duo Concertant" is a different sort of work altogether from "Violin Concerto": not so much a fusion with the score as a commentary on it—and perhaps also a description, unusually frank and confiding, of his way of assembling a ballet. To the first of the five movements the dancers, Miss Mazzo and Mr. Martins, just listen. In the second, they try out some steps. He invites her to initiate moves to the third, follows her lead, tries her ideas, modifies them, checks her once, and, after her gentle insistence, checks her again with courteous determination to impose his own pattern. (Something similar has happened between the instrumentalists.) Music kin to that of "Violin Concerto" has led to some movements, in this different context, recalling the manner of their pas de deux in that ballet. In the final "Dithyramb," it is as if some new spell had been cast. The light fades. The dancers disappear, are found again. Some phrases can take visual shape, others are left to the musicians alone. It is a small ballet that is mysterious, satisfying, and perfect.

In 1936, Balanchine produced Gluck's "Orfeo," for the Metropolitan Opera. That Opera's current "Orfeo" is a dismal affair, wretchedly danced and dully sung; I will not dwell on it. In any moment of City Ballet's "Orpheus," a composition Stravinsky and Balanchine planned together from the start, there was a clearer, nobler appreciation of the myth, and Mr. Bonnefous, with his clear, precise classicism and elegantly Attic shape, has become the interpreter of the title role the work has long needed. Melissa Hayden was an urgent Eurydice;

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Francisco Moncion was moving in his original role of the Dark Angel. How much passion can be compassed within a classical style! The range of ballets presented is immense. The finale of "Symphony in C" is surely the grandest thing danced since Petipa dreamed up the "Kingdom of Shades" scene of "La Bayadère" (and is a hundred times more interesting and distinguished in invention). "Western Symphony" shows how classicism can acquire an authentic cowboy accent not through distortion of its forms but by force, rapidity, and indolent grace of delivery; the Muses who drew Apollo's chariot can flick into high-stepping fillies hauling a buggy. I missed "Episodes," but have seen, at last, the wonderful "Four Temperaments," the first creation of the company (then the Ballet Society) back in 1946. Anyone accustomed to ensembles that prepare only a handful of works at a time must be astounded at the enormous repertory that City Ballet has brought to performance pitch—not only by the dancers but also, be it added, by Robert Irving's capable orchestra. Though "Agon" at one performance fell short of what memory said it was, at the next it was as outrageously audacious, and limpidly beautiful, as ever. (This is another score that sounded difficult until Balanchine made it as accessible as a Mozart divertimento.) "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" was also a discovery for me. It is evidently not performance-proof. One matinée it seemed just—just!—brilliantly fashioned; a few evenings before, with a single cast change and a different conductor, the andante had been the most poignantly lyrical dance I had seen in years.

A love affair of long standing—it began when City Ballet first came to Covent Garden, in 1950—has lost none of its intensity. Love need not blind one to faults. Much of the lighting has been less than expertly handled. Dreadful things have been done to "Firebird." It is now "conceived as Chagall accompanied by music and dance;" the Bird's monstrous costume, inhibiting speed and flutter, allows scarcely more than a stately ostrich progress to the rapid, glittering music. The set for the "Swan Lake" excerpt looks mean; property swans dragged across the stage suggest a parody; the orchestra sounds thin, not sumptuous. Why do the episode? (Oh, well, it does contain some sumptuous dancing.) But nothing by, nothing wholly by, Balanchine has been disappointing. His dancers, new and old, are still superbly tuned instruments,

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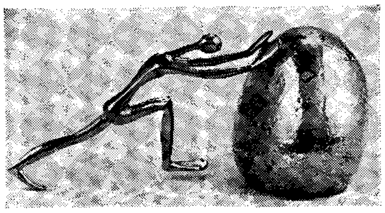

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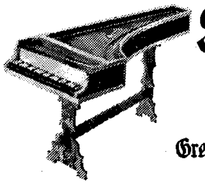

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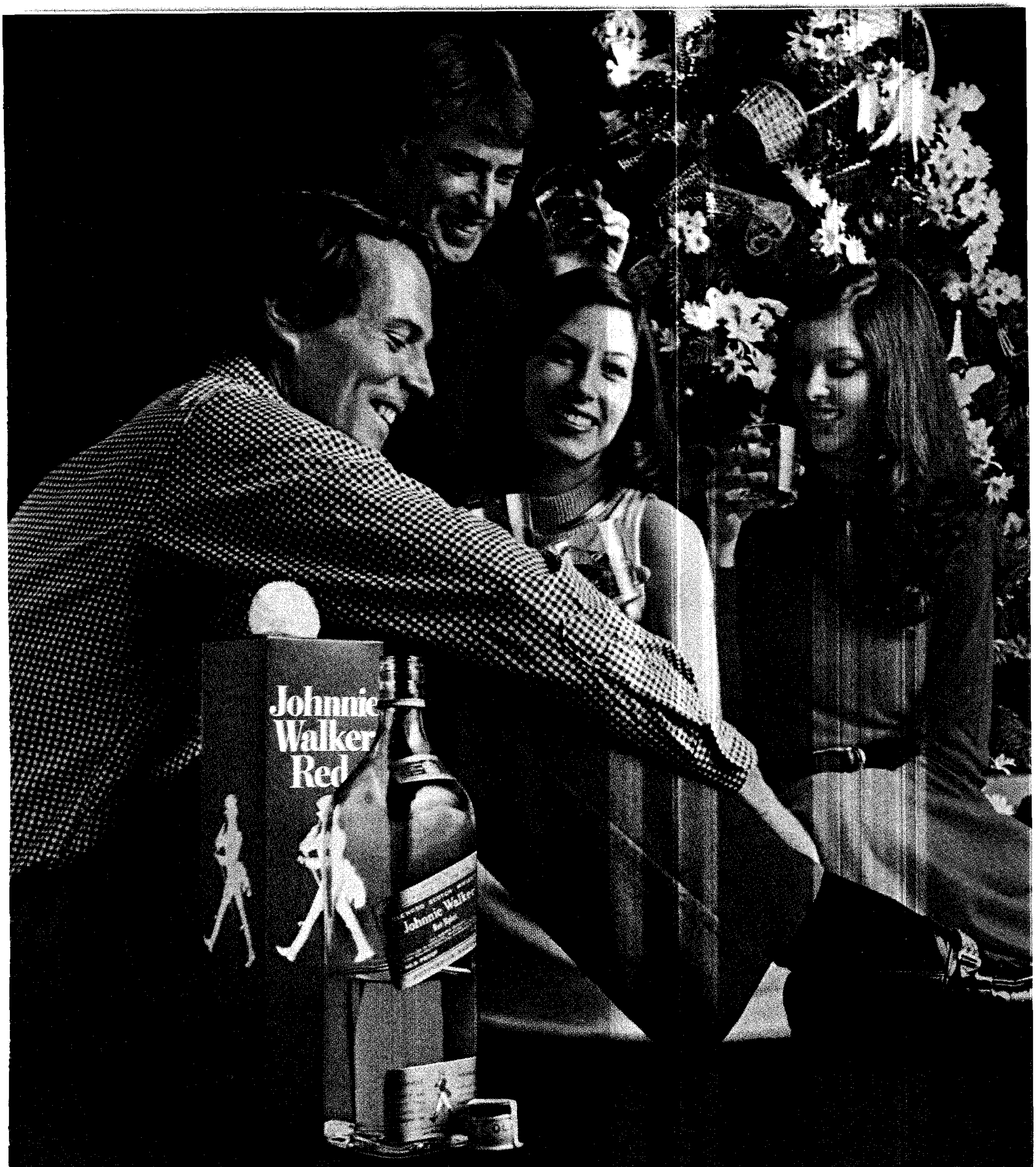
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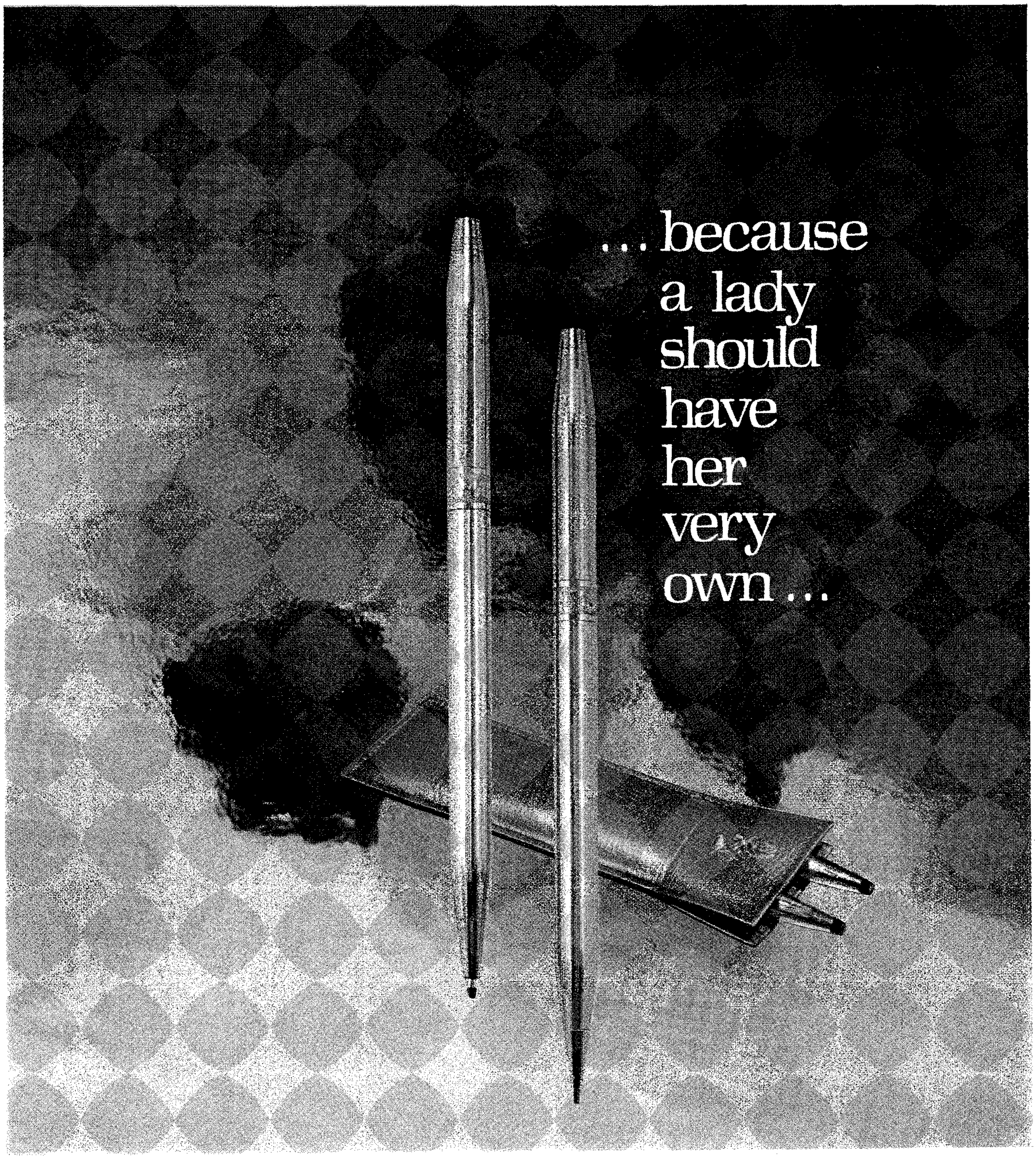

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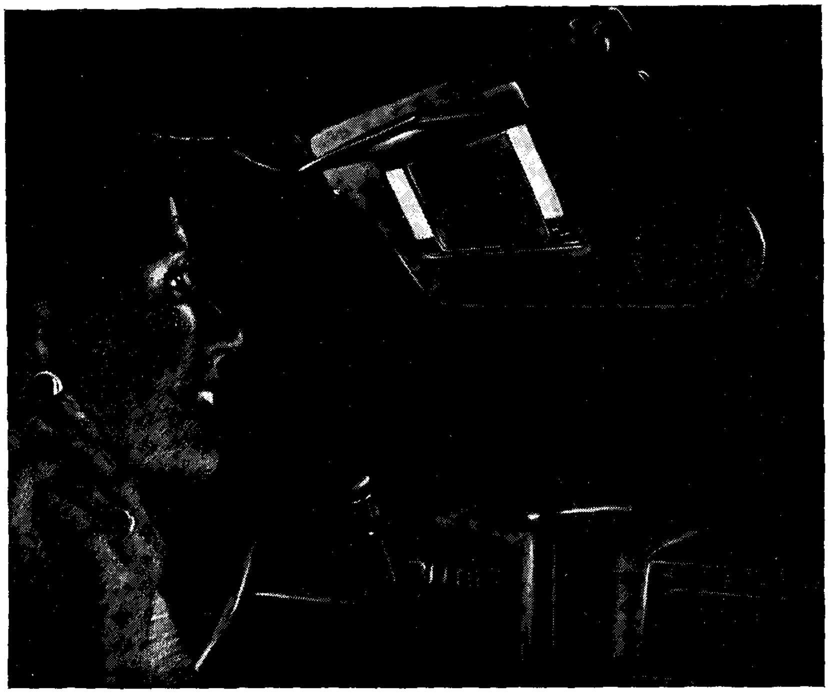
large, lucid and pure in style, cutting the air cleanly, long-phrased in adagio, effortlessly rapid, rhythmical, buoyant.

I SHOULD have said something about Jerome Robbins' important contributions to the City Ballet repertory, and should squeeze in at least a word or two about Paul Taylor's fresh, thoroughly likable Dance Company, which has been at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and Alvin Ailey's exhilarating, popular young Dance Theatre, at City Center. Mr. Taylor's new "So Long Eden" is an innocent, carefree pas de trois in a garden not at all embattled. John Butler's new "According to Eve," for Ailey, takes up the tale at a later chapter, in a pas de trois for Eve, Cain, and Abel. This is a pretty effective dramatic ballet; it makes, however, mainly incidental use of a score—George Crumb's "Ancient Voices of Children"—that is too positive not to resist such treatment. The Lorca texts may loosely parallel Eve's sorrows, but composer's and choreographer's images for them fit awkwardly.

THOUGH America may lack the eighteenth-century court theatres most apt to the performance of Rameau's operas, the composer of the exotic entrées in "Les Indes Galantes" might well have enjoyed the surroundings—blended *Encyclopédiste* science and marbled splendor—of the charming little Baird Auditorium in Washington's Smithsonian Institution, where, the other day, his "La Naissance d'Osiris" was revived. The largest tiger ever shot, the largest elephant ever stuffed, one poised for a spring and the other trumpeting high—Rameau could have found tense, athletic music for these noble beasts. Lancret or Pater should have pictured the strange dream-elegance of the scene afterward, as the guests gathered in the long gallery to sip wine—beneath a life-size model of a blue whale played upon by simulated submarine flicker. "La Naissance d'Osiris, ou La Fête Pamilie," composed to celebrate the birth of the Duke of Berry, later Louis XVI, was first performed at Fontainebleau, in 1754, and not performed again until Alan Curtis, of the University of California, Berkeley, prepared an edition and got together with Shirley Wynne, of Ohio State University, to bring it to life. Mr. Curtis is a musicologist who directs his university's Collegium Musicum, Mrs. Wynne a choreologist who directs her university's Rococo Dance Ensemble—both happy exemplifiers of scholarly



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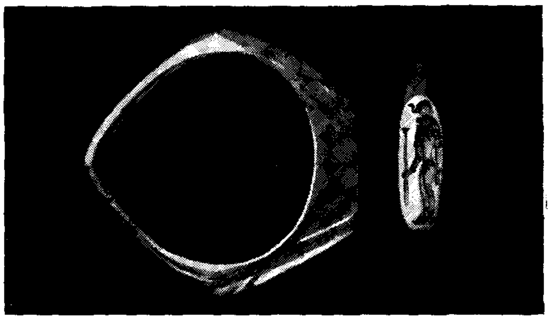

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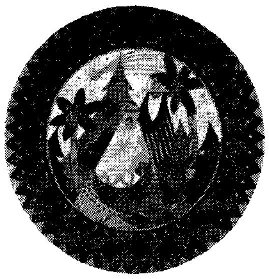

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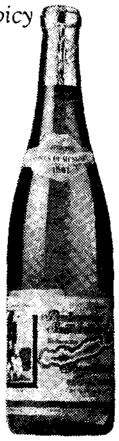
disciplines that find fulfillment in performance, and performance practices that are illumined by scholarship. The instruments used in their presentation were baroque, or new-built to baroque specifications. The steps of the dance were such as are found in eighteenth-century primers. The costumes were designed by Louis-Simon Boquet, who decked the first performance of the piece, at Fontainebleau.

Jean-Philippe Rameau is of all the great opera composers the most cruelly neglected—and, for that matter, of all the great composers the one least well served by modern musicology. The "Oeuvres Complètes," begun in 1895, petered out, leaving four full-length operas and four one-acters untouched. (Welcome plans are afoot to make a new start.) The B.B.C. has done some good work. The record companies have started to show interest ("Castor et Pollux" is available now, played on the right instruments). The few French revivals have generally been in faulty editions marred by tinkery. Rameau is not easily staged; all the dances pose a problem—which must be solved, for they matter. Louis de Cahusac, the librettist of "La Naissance d'Osiris," declared (in his "La Danse Ancienne et Moderne," also 1754) that in the theatre movements should communicate with even more precision than the spoken or sung words: "*Je dis, avec plus de précision, parce que le geste est plus précis que le discours. Il faut plusieurs mots, pour exprimer une pensée: un seul mouvement peut peindre plusieurs pensées.*" Moreover, the dances should be no mere *agrément isolé* but intimately bound to the main action, indissolubly one with it. Although Mrs. Wynne's dances, gaily composed in the old formal language, did not really speak more clearly than words, they forwarded such slight action as "La Naissance" contains, were at one with the patterns of the music, and made a fresh, delightful effect free of museumy mustiness. Mr. Curtis' little band, boasting some brilliant baroque woodwinds, revealed once again that the music of any age expresses itself most directly to modern listeners in the tones and idioms of its composer. The solo singers and the local chorus were so-so. "La Naissance" is late Rameau, without the high, sensational dramatic strokes of the *tragédies*. Pamilie's festival simply celebrates the birth of a noble heir and "*la joie et le bonheur d'un Peuple aimable gouverné par la Sagesse et l'Amour*" (who could foretell, in 1754, that the relations between Louis XVI and his people would



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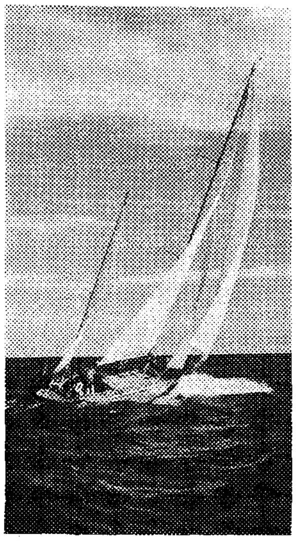
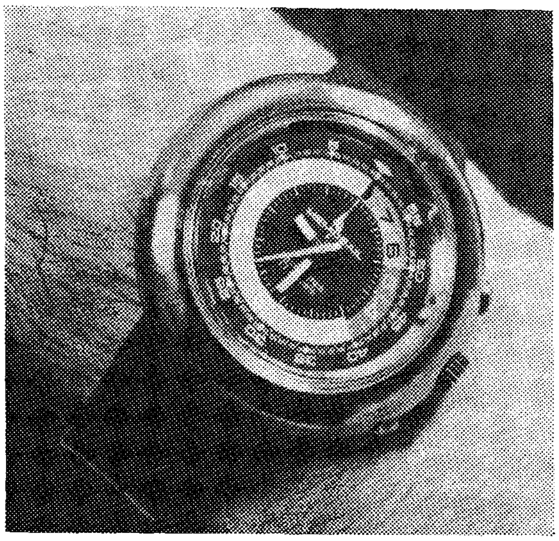
one day be less than amiable?), doing so with grace, elegance, and much cunning, pretty invention. The composer himself declared that in old age, while his genius deserted him, his taste improved. His taste and skill, matched by those of the pair who directed this performance, provided an unusual and happy evening. —ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

Into the Seventies, for Real

IT'S a few long weeks after Nixon's landslide and I'm sitting home listening to albums by Five Dollar Shoes, a local product, and the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils, a bunch of rock-and-roll crazies from Berkeley. If the sixties as a cultural unit can be said to have ended with Altamont, the deaths of Hendrix and Joplin, or the collapse of the peace movement (choose one), I think the seventies can be said to have begun with this election. Rock-and-roll fans are already beginning to launch an anti-sixties backlash that parallels (or parodies) the Nixon victory. It incorporates the standard grievances about musical-poetical-political pretension's crowding out fun and noise, but goes further. As Rockin' Ron Weiser puts it in a fanzine called *Flash*, "Then we got the Beatles . . . look at these phony jerks wearing TIES and SUITS and really clean-cut looking . . . and singing songs about 'Wanting to Hold Your Hand'!!!" He also accuses the Stones of ripping off Chuck Berry. The rest of the magazine is less extreme but still abounds in withering references to "doped-out dullards," tea-drinking, crumpet-eating Britishers, and peace-loving hippies. Nor is this mood confined to cultists. Turn to *Rolling Stone* and there's Nick Tosches agreeing "that eating . . . is more fun than spiritual introspection; that sex and violence and stuff like that are more vital than cosmic awareness."

You get the idea. We're supposed to get back to the mythic crudity and crassness reputed to be at the heart of rock and roll before it was corrupted by meaning, sensitivity, taste, and the like. The aestheticians of the backlash may overlap with the fifties-r.-&-b. nuts we've always had with us, but in general they take the spirit rather than the sound of fifties rock as their inspiration—particularly the Dionysiac illiteracy of Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard. "Punk-rock" has become the favored term of endearment. I have mixed feelings about all this. For one thing, the bloodnraunch-forever approach to rock tends to degenerate into

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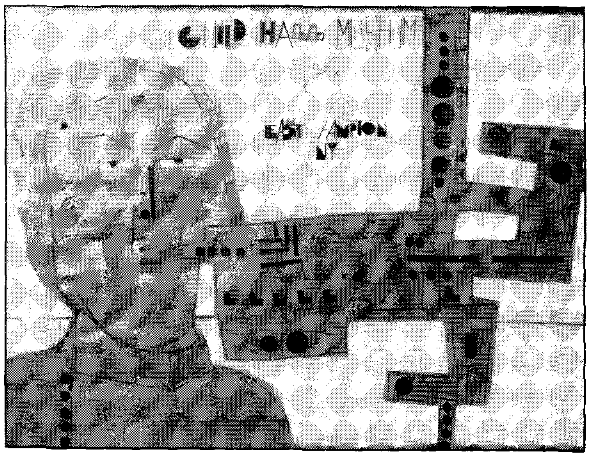

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a virility cult. Besides, having lived through the fifties, I find it impossible to romanticize them. In spite of rock and roll, they were dull, mean years—at least for middle-class high-school girls. For all the absurdities of the counter-culture, it was better than what we had before; there's something to be said for a little cosmic awareness, provided it doesn't get out of hand. And if it hadn't been for the Beatles (I wonder, did Rockin' Ron despise Buddy Holly for wearing suits and glasses and looking like a schoolteacher?) we might never have developed the kind of consciousness about our shared past that allows a rag like *Flash* to exist. Still, I do have a weakness for dedicated crudity and crassness, and so I've been digging these two backlashy bands, Five Dollar Shoes and the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils.

On Thanksgiving weekend, I saw Five Dollar Shoes at the Mercer Arts Center's Oscar Wilde Room—which may yet become New York's revenge on San Francisco—and was impressed. The Shoes combine an unmistakably neo-punk sensibility and what-am-I-doing-here humor with a sound that comes out of sixties-mainstream-hip rock. The group's first album, "Five Dollar Shoes" (Neighborhood NRS 47002), owes much to the Stones, Dylan (especially the Dylan of "Blonde on Blonde"), and the Velvet Underground (whose pervasive influence is becoming more and more apparent). The album has a few dull stretches, but "Can't Do That Anymore" is a masterpiece, and "Let's Leave Town" comes close. Lead singer Mike Millius has a lot of potential, if he can just get beyond thinking he's Mick Jagger dancing on hot coals or Dylan imitating Randy Newman with a cold.

The Hoodoo Rhythm Devils have released two albums—"Rack Jobbers Rule" (Capitol ST-H42) and "The Barbecue of Deville" (Blue Thumb BTS 42). Their stuff is a mash of rock-and-roll styles from honky-tonk to post-white-blues and a mish of lyrical modes from unintelligible doubletalk to innuendo, all overlaid with California good-timey zaniness. The resident genius of the group is Joe Crane, who provides vocals, piano, guitar, and *élan*. Of the two albums, I prefer "Barbecue," a piece of monomaniacally (or maybe just maniacally) one-dimensional slop that includes such gems as "Eating in Kansas City," which is about eating in Kansas City; "Lotta Fine Mama," which is about lotta fine mama; "Suite 16," which is about a long, lean hotel room; "Sign Your Life Away," which is about inflation; and "All Tore Down," which is about existential despair.

ANOTHER album I've been listening to a lot lately is "Black Sabbath Vol. 4" (Warner 2602). Black Sabbath isn't really a seventies band. It belongs to the transition period of the last couple of years, a time of romantic, self-indulgent pessimism, when people were acknowledging that the dream was dead but weren't quite ready to spit on its grave. Black Sabbath's first three albums are mostly awful, but this one moves me. In particular, I love two songs. "Wheels of Confusion" is the definitive post-psychedelic teen-ager's dirge: "Long ago I wandered through my mind. . . . Lost in happiness I knew no fears, Innocence and love was all I knew. Was an illusion!" The logic of the song is kind of murky. In the last verse, our disillusioned one warns, "Life is just a game. Don't you know there's never been a winner? Try your hardest you'll still be a loser," which suggests that he hasn't so much said goodbye to all that as merely switched from a good trip to a bad one. But logic isn't as important here as Ozzy Osbourne's voice, which expresses teen-age angst in all its essential purity and dumbness, and the music, which has resonances of "Gimme Shelter" and "Tomorrow Never Knows." The other song, "Changes," is a contemporary version, with feminist overtones, of the old fragility-of-young-love-in-an-alienating-world riff. It has the kind of radiantly naïve lyrics that sixties heavies from Bob Dylan on down have been imitating for years—lines like "I feel unhappy, I feel so sad, I've lost the best friend that I ever had," and "But soon the world had its evil way. My heart was blinded, love went astray." And Ozzy *means* them.

The genius of these songs is that they convert the residue of a decade's aborted visions into the timeless melancholy of adolescence. They remind me that the anti-sixties backlash is an anachronism even before it begins. Pretty soon, there's going to be a new crop of kids, who, whatever they may inherit from the sixties, won't know where it came from, or care—until, of course, they grow up and get self-conscious, like everybody else.

—ELLEN WILLIS

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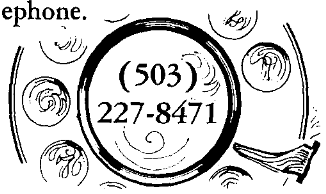

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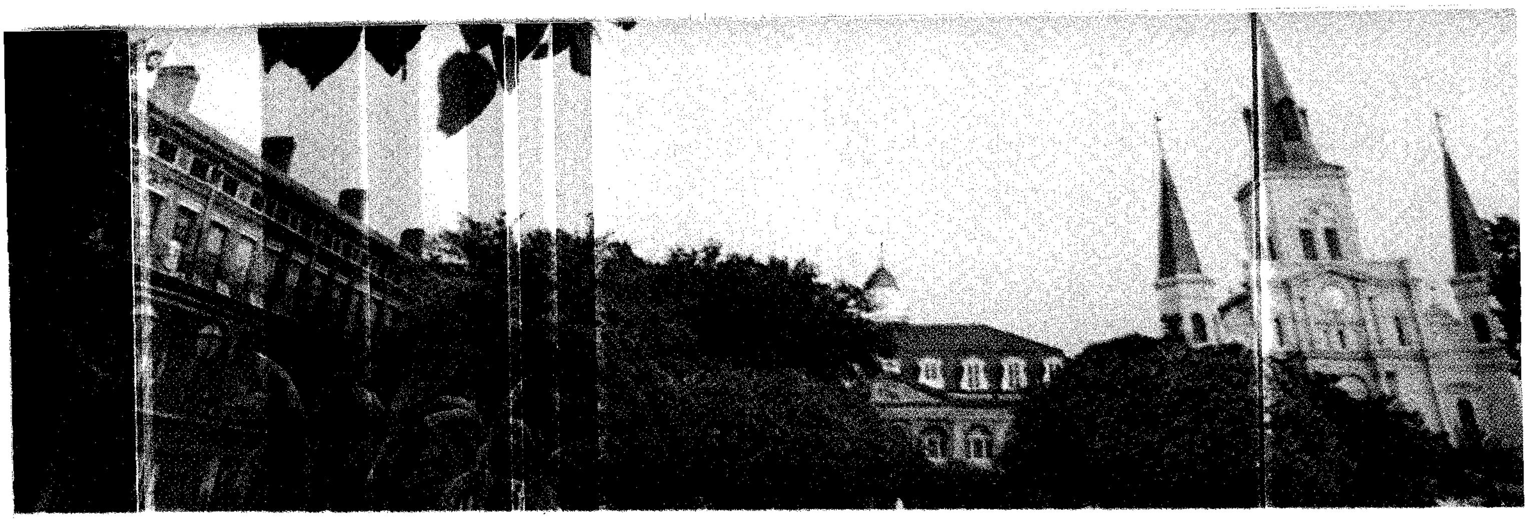

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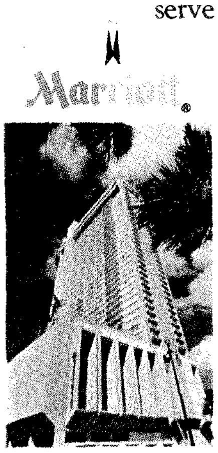

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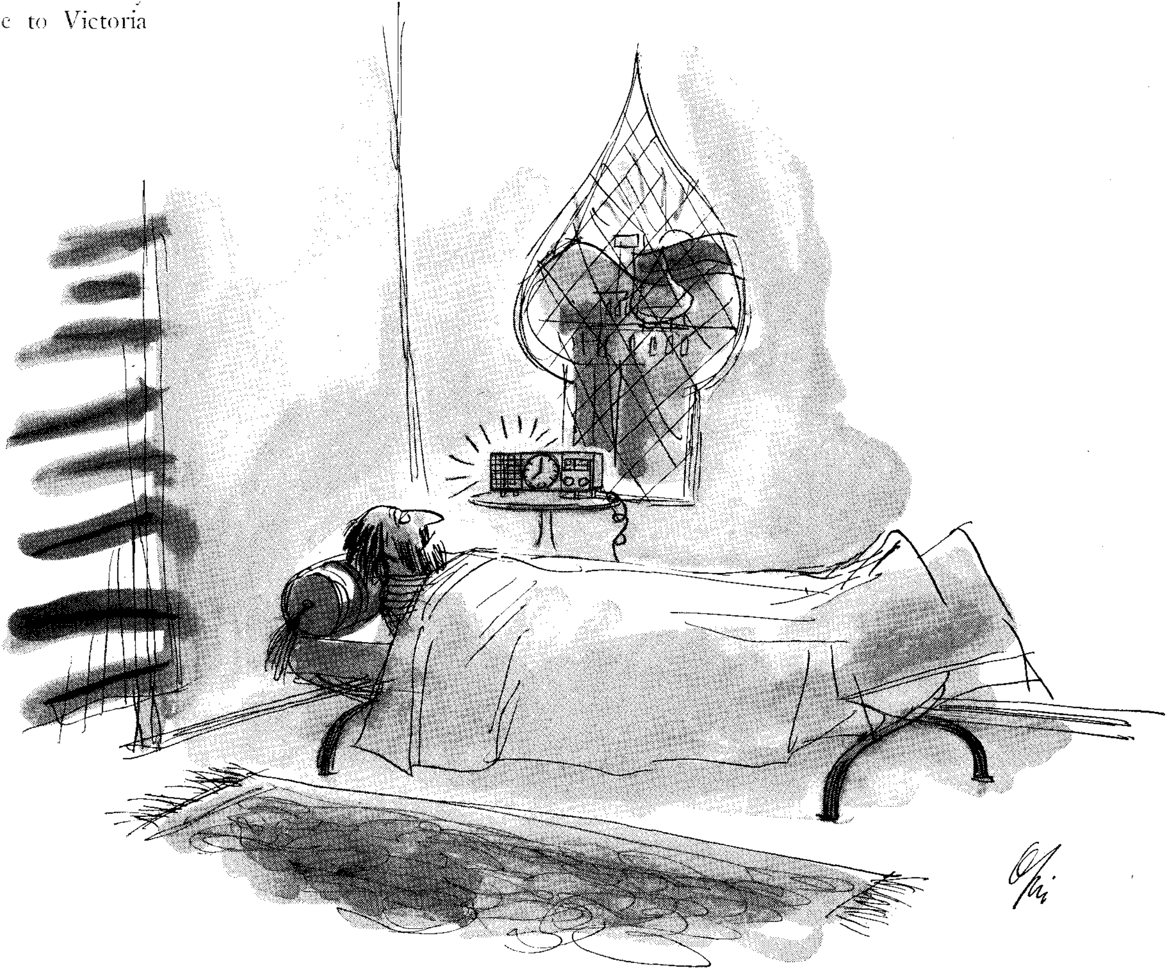
BOOKS

A Victoria and Albert Museum

Cecil Woodham-Smith's "Queen Victoria: From Her Birth to the Death of the Prince Consort" (Knopf) is an enormously detailed biography, and composed in an easy style, but it is a disappointing one, since it lacks a frame, a point, a purpose, or a shape. It is fairly long on trivia—the colors of the dresses Queen Louise of Belgium gave Victoria—and short on politics, and some, at least, of the political judgments are dubious: "It is not an exaggeration to say that in the coming years of revolution the Spanish marriages cost King Louis Philippe his throne" *is* an exaggeration. And it is occasionally hard to know why Mrs. Woodham-Smith has decided to put one thing in and leave another out. The work, in brief, does not replace Lady Longford's one-volume biography, but its minuteness does amplify—and sometimes correct—that more concise and better-organized book, and for readers who have the patience Mrs. Woodham-Smith's Ordnance Survey scale brings us very close to Victoria as a person and to the persons around her.

We know little about people of the past as human beings, and the exceptions are apt to be only a few who inhabited the summits of their societies. (Neville Williams remarked, in the preface to his biography of Thomas Howard, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572, that this was perhaps the first nonroyal Englishman about whom enough material survived to allow a life to be written, but Howard had royal blood.) We are cut off from the lives of most of the people who have preceded us in this world, and from knowledge that could help us know ourselves. Yet the powerful people who *are* recoverable mean more to us now, for today the lives of affluent people in affluent societies increasingly resemble the lives of rulers and aristocrats of the past. That is particularly noticeable in the way the affluent handle their children. Nelson, who came from a well-connected family, went into the Navy at twelve—not to a naval academy but on a ship, to make himself useful—and did not see his home town for nine years; his friend-to-be the Prince of Wales, Victoria's uncle, the future George IV, stayed home, studied Latin, and was browbeaten by his father, as, in the course of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's work, is Victoria's heir, the future Edward VII. These family dramas, once the province of royalty, have been democratized: little Edward VIIs all over Surrey, little Absaloms in Westchester.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith begins her biography with the brief courtship of Victoria's parents—the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III, and Victoria, the Dowager Princess of Leinigen, born a Coburg. Her brother Leopold had married Charlotte, the daughter of George IV; when that young woman died in childbirth, in 1817, the problem of the succession was acute, for Charlotte was an only child, with unpopular uncles and no legitimate first cousins. The Duke of Kent had been planning to jilt his mistress of twenty-odd years because he expected that Parliament would raise his allowance when he married, and the chance to father an heir to the English throne spurred his suit. Mrs. Woodham-Smith's listing of the Duke's purchases and debts helps us understand the nation's complaint about the scale of extravagance on which the sons of George III lived. George IV—this is in a way an extenuation—was forming a great art collection, but the Duke of Kent, in Mrs. Woodham-Smith's book, spends on this, that, and the other thing with the abandon of somebody who has a stolen credit card, and he is perpetually aggrieved that the nation is not paying. The history of the rise and progress of parliamentary government is a nearly unbroken series of



"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light."

squabbles about money, and the Duke has his expensive little place in this history: he exemplifies Lloyd George's remark in 1909, during a squabble about money and the powers of Parliament, that "a fully equipped Duke costs as much to keep up as two dreadnoughts." Kent married, and begat Victoria, and died, eight months after her birth, leaving his debts and his military equerry, Sir John Conroy, who fastened himself on to the joint household of the Duchess and the Princess—a sort of Irish Rasputin. Mrs. Woodham-Smith's story of the adolescent Victoria's struggle with that rascal recalls Elizabeth's fight for her survival under Mary Tudor. The formation of these two remarkably strong characters may have owed something to their having been idolized and doted upon when they were very young, before they were subjected to pressure when they became young women. Did being spoiled babies make them tough? Or did it only give them bad tempers? In any case, Victoria, like Elizabeth, was rescued by the death of her predecessor, and began her reign at the age of eighteen, in 1837, determined to be her own mistress and—Mrs. Woodham-Smith makes plain—to have a little fun after years of isolation and dreariness. That frisky young princess is an appealing figure even across these many years, and it is sad that her high spirits were damped by several domestic contretemps that look in retrospect like teapot tempests. Victoria, however, took them seriously enough to feel the need of a husband's support, and made up her mind to marry.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith follows Lady Longford and several other biographers and chroniclers who have wanted to do posthumous justice to the Queen's unpopular husband, Prince Albert, and who believe that the British people did not like him mainly because he was a foreigner. Yet it is hard to read her work without feeling that the British public, not the Prince, is maligned by this judgment, for Prince Albert is an unlikable man—one of those people so ill at ease in their own skins that they cannot allow anyone else to be easy, either. Albert was (to the Queen, at any rate) lovable, but then he was an exceptionally handsome and graceful young man when she was a dumpy young woman who had no more than glimpsed a few males of her own generation. Albert was also estimable; the work he did for art and design, as Winslow Ames described it in his entertaining and informative "Prince Albert and Victorian Taste," could not have been done by any other member

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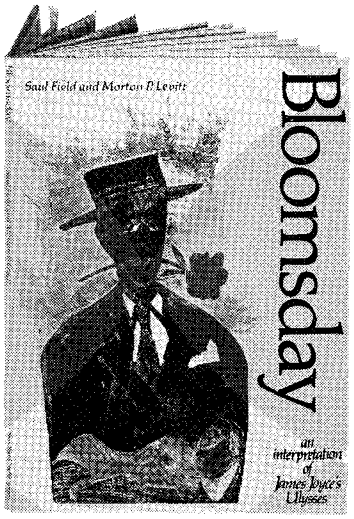
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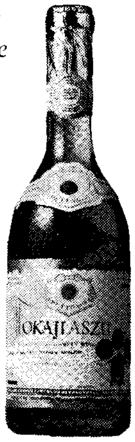

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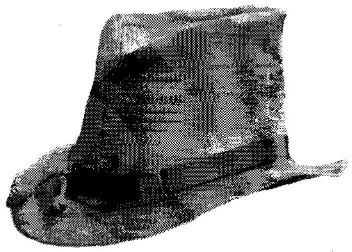

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of the royal family at that time, and nothing like it has been done by any member of it since. The fantastic stories about his treasonable activities which were current on the eve of the Crimean War were nonsense. Mrs. Woodham-Smith attributes them to anti-Germanism and war fever, but she does not mention that, at the moment, Albert was laboring behind the scenes to keep Palmerston, who was popular in the nation and the Parliament, from returning to the Foreign Office. One has to read, say, Jasper Ridley's biography of Palmerston or Donald Southgate's political study of Palmerston's career to learn this; Southgate points out that Albert had a lot to do with creating ill will between the Queen and Palmerston. Palmerston had, indeed, not shown copies of dispatches to the Queen until it was too late for her to comment on or alter them, as Mrs. Woodham-Smith tells us, but she does not tell us that Palmerston was trying to keep the royal couple from running foreign policy. It seems to have been Albert's idea that they had the power to do so. His being a foreigner would have mattered less if he had not attempted to impose, through Victoria, his foreign concept of the British Constitution, like a starchy German governess hired to shape up the unruly parliamentary system. Though Victoria, in her widowhood, dealt harshly with Gladstone, she kept within the Constitution; when Albert was her guide, she was edging outside it. All these maneuvers were not known to a public that resented the Queen's husband, but his personality—rigid, self-righteous, lacking humor and proportion, hysterical (if this word can, with etymological correctness, be applied to a man)—created smoke; the public suspected fire. Albert was not always wrong, and Americans must be grateful that on his deathbed he did his best to assure peace with the Union after the Trent incident during the Civil War. This is, perhaps, the most striking effect of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's detail: the possibly consoling reaffirmation of what we know—that much of the world's work has been carried on, for better as often as for worse, by deeply flawed human beings.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MANTICORE, by Robertson Davies (Viking). David Staunton, an enormously successful forty-year-old Toronto lawyer, gives himself such a bad fright in a theatre one night that

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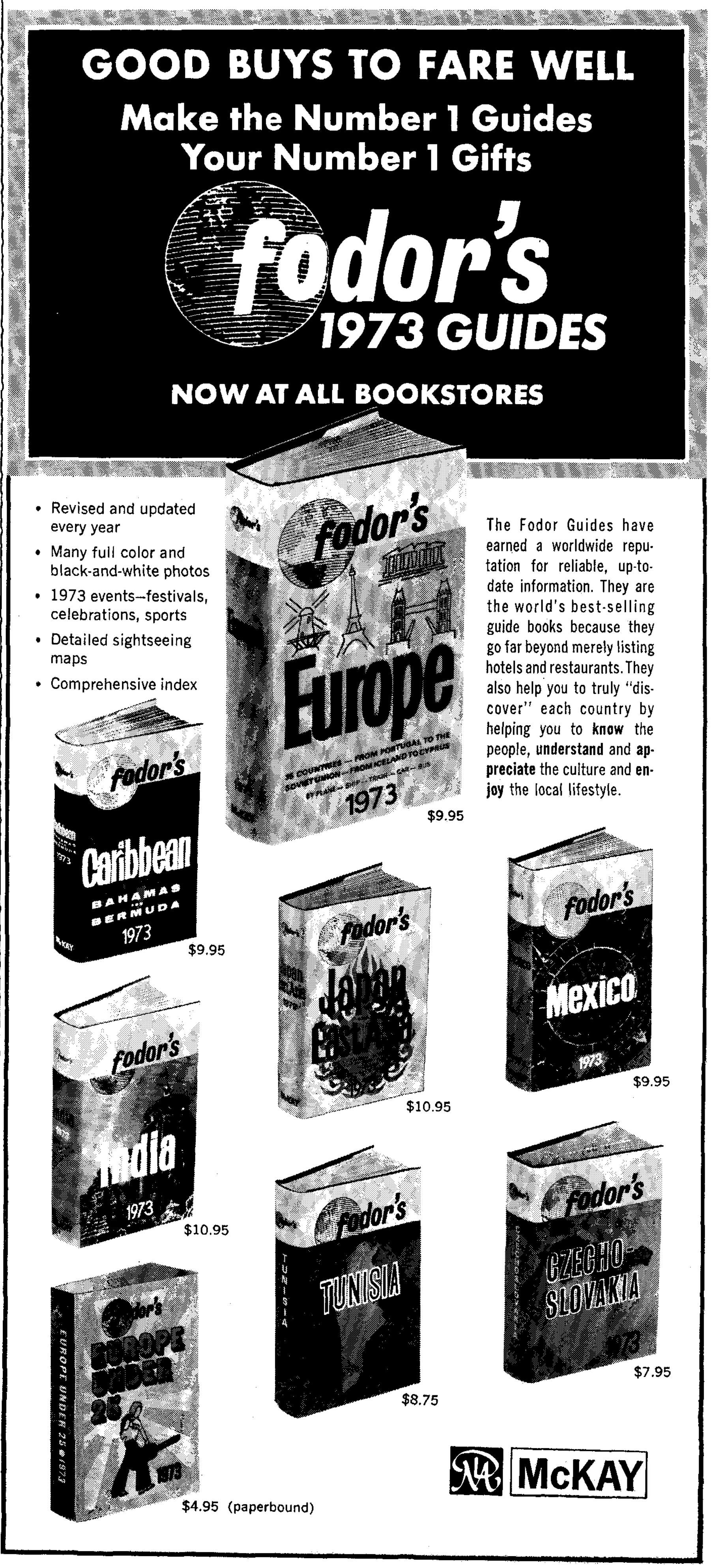
he rushes away to Zurich, hoping to find in psychoanalysis a solution to the problems that keep him trapped in a lonely, restless existence, which is further complicated by his heavy drinking. This is the story of the beginning of his exploration of his life with the assistance of his analyst, Dr. Johanna von Haller, and as the book ends we realize that David still has a long way to go in his voyage of discovery into himself, and we wonder whether he will decide to continue the search. Mr. Davies is a charming writer, but this book is barely interesting unless one has had the pleasure of reading his fine earlier novel "Fifth Business."

WEEDS, by Edith Summers Kelley (Southern Illinois). This beautiful novel, which saw its first and only previous publication in 1923, is the story of Judith Pippinger Blackford, a Kentucky farm girl whose bright, responsive, and perhaps talented nature is gradually dulled by the sordid limitations of her life until, at the end, she is little more than a replica of her defeated mother, dead years before. Mrs. Kelley's even, naturalistic style leaves no room for melodrama, but there is plenty of honest drama in this account of an innocent spirit cowed by circumstance, especially since we know that Judith's story is the story of generations of farm women, not all of them as pretty or as lively as she is, but all of them hopeful at the beginning of their time. It would be a pity for anyone to miss this statuesque and very sad book. There is an excellent introduction by Matthew J. Bruccoli.

NOTE: Knopf has published "The John Collier Reader," a collection of short stories by Mr. Collier, along with his novels "His Monkey Wife" (complete) and "Defy the Foul Fiend" (excerpts). Many of the short stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGNS OF ROCHAMBEAU'S ARMY 1780-83: VOLUME I, THE JOURNALS OF CLERMONT-CRÈVECŒUR, VERGER, AND BERTHIER; VOLUME II, ITINERARIES AND MAPS AND VIEWS, translated and edited by Howard C. Rice, Jr., and Anne S. K. Brown (Princeton and Brown University Presses). The journals of three junior officers in the French forces who came over to help the American revolutionaries, freshly and accurately translated, and annotated



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by Joseph P. Lash

"**Remarkable.** Will the huge audience for *Eleanor and Franklin* miss anything if it fails to go on to ELEANOR: THE YEARS ALONE? It will indeed."
—*Saturday Review*

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to a scholarly fare-thee-well, even including identifications of Newport belles the young men admired. (If the name Berthier sounds familiar, it should; the young author of one of these journals later became Napoleon's chief of staff.) The trio are a noticing lot—skunks and bundling, no native wine, a profusion of Protestant sects—and it is comforting to know that these alert professionals all agree that the American regulars (as opposed to the militia) were very good troops indeed. The three men also went to the Caribbean, and though North America had appeared strange, they found the tropics still more exotic, and they all seem struck, if not astonished, by the changes wrought in French culture by its transplantation to the Antilles. The second volume is a marvellously reproduced collection of maps and plans. The road maps are particularly lovely; each represents one day's march of the French Army from Newport to Yorktown, every one more enthralling and decorative than the last. Eighty-five dollars the set.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE, by John Betjeman (Macmillan). A brief, plausible, and on occasion quirky survey of the whole of English architecture, from Iron Age earthworks in Dorset to a London skyscraper built in 1967. Only the newly assumed Poet Laureate would have the nerve to risk such a task, and only he has the knowledge and wit to bring it off as if it were the merest postprandial smoking-room *jeu d'esprit*. Sir John writes prose as enchantingly colloquial as his verse—one doesn't often encounter works of architectural history in which windows are described as "whizzing," a frontage is said to compose "deliciously," and the architecture and landscape of a garden suburb are called generous "in an almshousey way." Sir John says, straight out, "What determines the architecture of a country is the people who pay for it." This dictum becomes the ground bass of his book, and it leads him to provide many glimpses of the individual owners who stood behind the architects and urged them into extravagances aesthetic as well as financial; the English upper classes have long been infected with that pleasing, incurable malady *la folie de bâtir*. The photographs, chosen by Sir John and mostly in color, are alluring; they make one long to take

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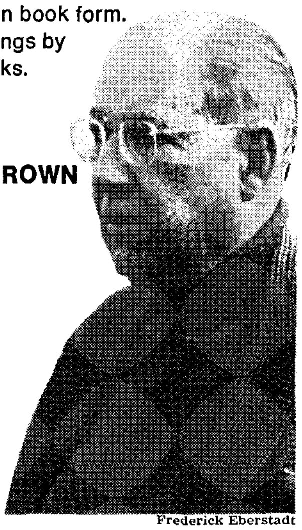

Frederick Eberstadt

$5.95 at all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN

[1] San Francisco Chronicle
[2] New York Times

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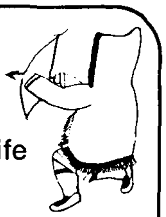

In this enchanting book—with text in both English and Eskimo—the famous Cape Dorset Eskimo artist tells, with poetic simplicity, of her growing up in the Arctic, of the old ways and the new. Illustrated with stone cuts, engravings, and drawings, many in glowing color. $9.95

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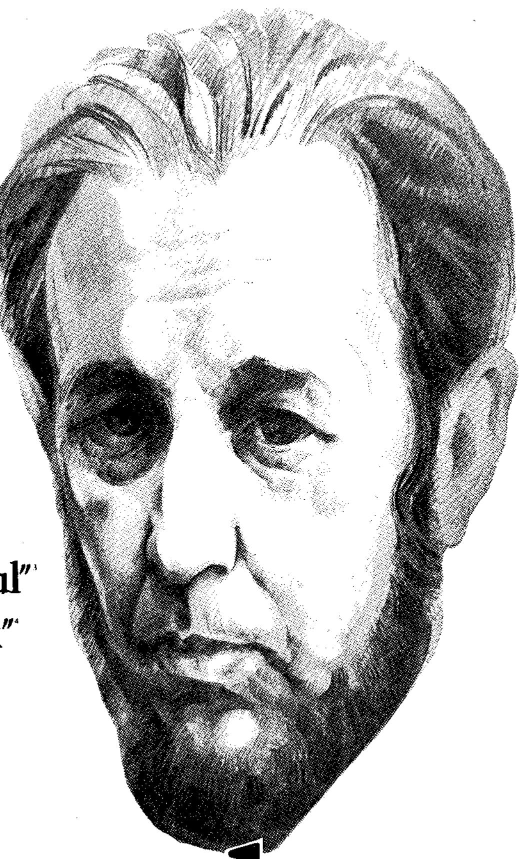
THE COMMON INSECTS OF NORTH AMERICA, by Lester A. Swan and Charles S. Papp (Harper & Row). This book, the work of two California entomologists, one of whom, Mr. Papp, is also an artist, is probably too heavy (it weighs almost three pounds), too wide in range (it embraces the whole of the continental United States and Canada), and, despite its scientifically careful title, too nearly comprehensive (it describes and pictures in sharp line drawings some two thousand species of the standard twenty-three orders of the phylum Arthropoda) to qualify as a field guide, but that is not to fault it. If it is too big for the pocket, it is just right for the desk, and there is no other book on the subject at all like it. The descriptions are generally brief but adequately descriptive, covering such pertinent details as range, food, and relationship (friend or enemy) to man. The authors also provide a general introduction that defines the insect anatomically, physiologically, and ecologically. In addition to Mr. Papp's drawings in the text, there is a section of vivid drawings of some of the more colorful butterflies, moths, beetles, and bees. Fifteen dollars.

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ: SIXTY YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1912-72, edited by Nicolas Ducrot (Grossman). Among the greatest of living photographers, Kertész is perhaps first among his peers for the intellectual power that informs his work. Each of his pictures is dominated by a strong idea, which he has taken care to purge of the least taint of melodrama. His portraits and landscapes and cityscapes are at once charged with tension and uncannily quiet; there is a hush over them that inclines us to try to force our way past simply looking at them in order to listen to them as well. Our longing to enter and share a picture is probably a function of the distance that Kertész, a witty man but also an austere one, has always set between himself and his camera and then between the camera and the subjects depicted. These subjects, taken over a long lifetime, are unusually varied; they extend from Kertész' early days in Hungary through his many years in Paris—there are extraordinary portraits in this period of Tzara, Laurencin, Giacometti, Calder, Vlaminck, Colette, and Mondrian—

"A masterpiece"[1]
"Invites comparison with *War and Peace*"[2]
"Haunting and powerful"[3]
"An illuminating book"[4]
"An epic venture"[5]



Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Winner of the 1970 Nobel Prize for Literature

AUGUST 1914

Translated by Michael Glenny

1 JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*
2 ANATOLE SHUB, *International Herald Tribune*
3 SIMON KARLINSKY, front page, *N Y Times Book Review*
4 CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT, *New York Times*
5 G. E. MURRAY, *Chicago Sun-Times*

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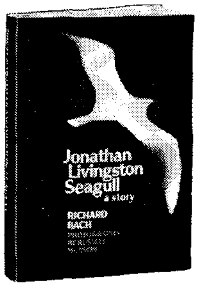
The Great American Shooting Prints, edited, with notes, by Robert Elman (Knopf). A superbly mounted presentation of eighty genre works (mostly oils, with a few watercolors and lithographs) by some sixty American artists. The pages are adequate for satisfactory reproduction, measuring thirteen by sixteen inches, and the color (to judge from a comparison of William Ranney's "Duck Hunters on the Hoboken Marshes" with the original, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts) is most uncommonly faithful. The artists include *all* the expected nineteenth-century masters (Audubon, Catlin, Eakins, Homer, Alfred Jacob Miller, Remington, Albert Bierstadt) as well as a number of lesser-known men (including, most impressively, William Ranney), together with their rather different twentieth-century successors: Roland Clark, Andrew Wyeth, Carl Rungius, Maynard Reece, Lynn Bogue Hunt. The difference between these two groups is striking and would seem to be related to intent. The earlier paintings have an innocence and a serenity that reflect the artist's sense of working in an artistic mainstream, while the later paintings, though more sophisticated, more painterly, are generally the work of artists concerned as much with sport as with art. That, however, is more a comment than a complaint, for this *is* a sporting book, and it is a very fine one. Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, contributes a useful historical introduction. Twenty-five dollars.

Note: "Tallulah," by Brendan Gill, with hundreds of photographs gathered from a wide range of sources, has been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Most of the text was first printed in this magazine in somewhat different form.

•

I know what I am talking about, Ann. I lost a husband after 23 years at an office party in Flatbush.—*Ann Landers' column in the Saskatoon (Sask.) Star-Phoenix.*

How long did you expect him to wait?



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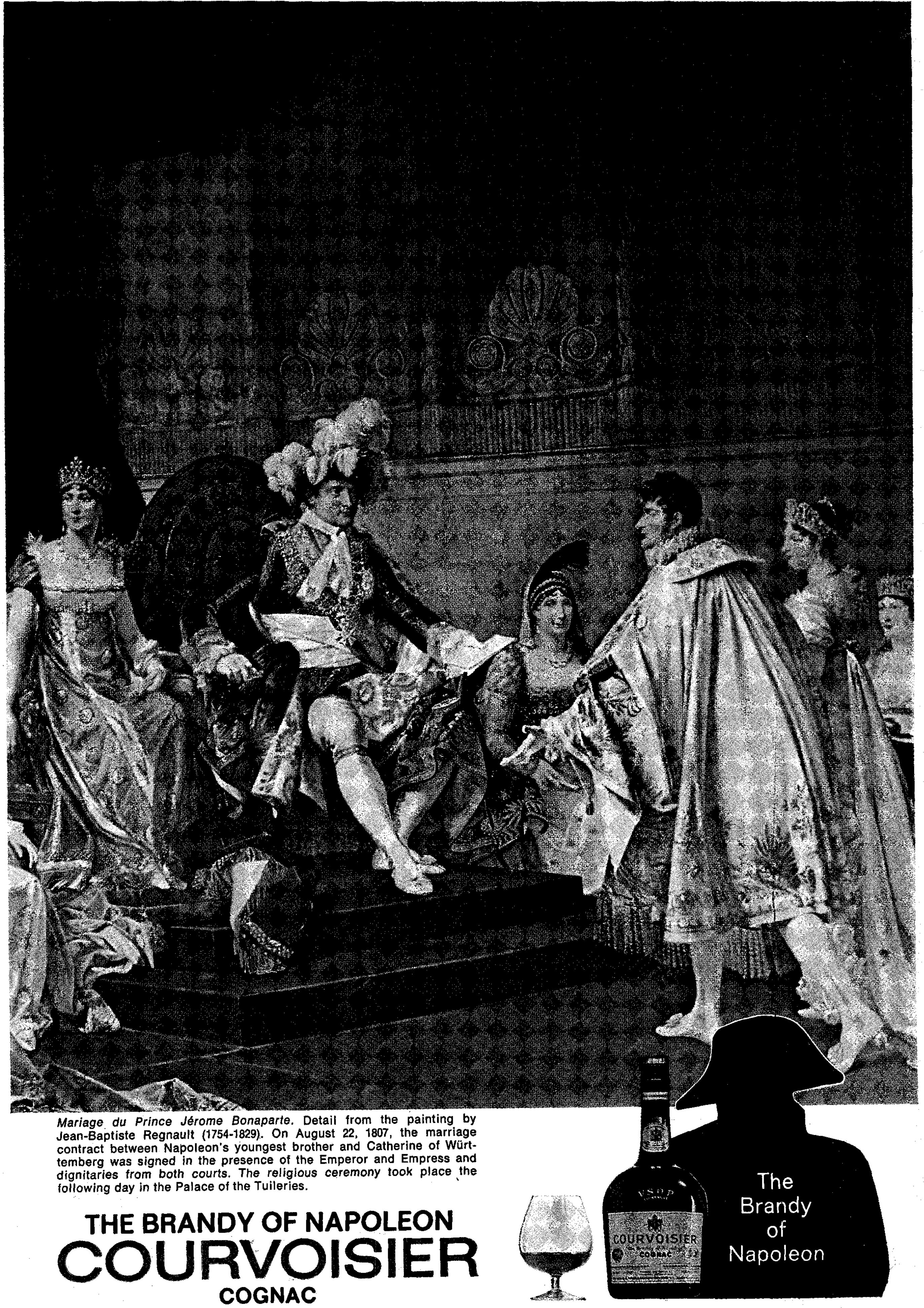

Mariage du Prince Jérome Bonaparte. Detail from the painting by Jean-Baptiste Regnault (1754-1829). On August 22, 1807, the marriage contract between Napoleon's youngest brother and Catherine of Würtemberg was signed in the presence of the Emperor and Empress and dignitaries from both courts. *The religious ceremony* took place the following day in the Palace of the Tuileries.

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